

Micha

A disturbance of lost memories

Aimée

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Note for Librarians: A cataloguing record for this book is available from Library and Archives Canada at www.collectionscanada.ca/amicus/index-e.html

Printed in Victoria, BC, Canada.

ISBN: 978-1-4251-6528-4

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

Acknowledgement

This book would be much less, if at all, had it not been for the wonderful editing talent of Val Gee. Val encouraged me, cheered me on. With a light hand, she took the many writings I had put together, polished them to their highest resonance, without once putting her voice over mine. As a writer, I learned, I grew. But most of all it was her compassion that helped me bring the book to its final chapter.

The cover has been designed by a very fine and compassionate artist. Inga Bertelmann managed to capture my vision of the cover. She had nothing but patience for me as I asked for changes up, down, sideways and backwards.

I am grateful to the Divine Intelligence for sending me these two creative souls, without whose help I would have been totally unprepared to bring the manuscript to The End.

Aimée

Preface

I will never forget that moment. It was a defining moment, a deciding moment, in my life, although I didn't know why.

In July 1998, my mom and her boyfriend were visiting me in Ottawa, hoping to escape the heat wave in Drummondville. As always, the proximity of my mother stirred up waves of emotion that made me feel something was very wrong with me.

I stood by the door to the master bedroom, looking at her down the length of the hallway. She was so small, petite and yet formidable.

"Mom," I said, "it seems to me that I have to find a therapist to help me to heal my emotions. What do you think?"

For a moment she appeared to recede farther into space, as if suddenly I was looking at her through the wrong end of binoculars.

"Sure, do it," she answered, as if daring me.

We never spoke of this again. They left and I resumed my life with my son. My husband and I had separated in 1992 and he had gone back to Drummondville. Five years later, he passed away. My son was nineteen.

Feeling guilty that our separation had been the cause of Jos's death, I had a difficult time as I grieved the loss of both my marriage and the love of my life. I prayed and asked for guidance, and that I would find a therapist who would be the healer I sought.

Then it was October, the first anniversary of my husband's death. Because a friend had asked me to join her for an evening of information, I sat in a small vegetarian restaurant and listened to a lecture given by a chiropractor. I knew I had found my healer. He spoke of Innate Intelligence. He explained that the body has its own intelligence, and that made sense to me.

As the aftermath of a bad fall when I was seven, my neck hurt most of the time. I had recently hurt my coccyx, overdoing a yoga exercise, and the pain in my legs was just about all I could endure. My legs had been damaged by frostbite when I was in my early twenties, and

there were times when the swelling made my legs throb, so seeing a chiropractor seemed just about what I needed.

That same week I made an appointment, and for the next few years I experienced the healing therapies of Network Spinal Analysis (NSA), Somato Respiratory Integration (SRI), and guided meditations. Later I was introduced to a different kind of therapist and a different kind of therapy, Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR), which, combined with the other therapies, helped me go deep within myself to find wounds unhealed and festering, yet hidden from my memory, hidden from myself and from my day-to-day life.

The following pages contain my notes as I wrote them after each Network adjustment, any related dreams that I wrote down in my diary, and letters I wrote to myself as the little girl lost in me, and to the man I named Hell, as I teetered and tottered, struggling to find balance while I desperately hung on to a bare remnant of sanity.

CHAPTER I

The Beginning

Oct. 19, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...uncomfortable. Felt back strain; not used to being on my stomach.

Oct. 21, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt back strain. No itching or tingling. Very soft. Felt like crying. Choking. Every third or fourth breath seemed to ease the choking.

Oct. 26, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt as if the top of my head was burning. Back still hurts (lower back). I could not calm my mind today.

Oct. 28, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...it seemed there was a pressure, like a coin resting on one particular spot in the middle of my spine (not touched at all in today's session), but pressure felt good on my stiff left hip.

Oct. 28, 1998 (Dream)

Subluxation Release No. 1, or Dead, Deader, and Stainless Steel

I spoke to Hell about subluxation release and asked him to explain it. He said that emotions are energy trapped in the meninges (I think). What I understand is that as he works, or I work, on healing my back, release will happen. He says some patients cry, some might laugh for no apparent reason. I asked if some had reported visions or dreams. He nodded yes, without going into any explanation; asked if I had had a nightmare. "Well," I said, "I wouldn't call it a nightmare." Thing is, I don't know what to call it. I know my dreams and how they behave. I don't know if this was a dream or not and that's what is bothering me. I'm not sure I want more of this stuff.

Today is the anniversary of Eddy and me rushing to Drummondville after receiving a call from the police in Drummondville that Jos. was dead. Actually Eddy took the call and I called the policeman back.

Flashback: I had taken the call in 1959 when my aunt called to say my father had passed away in the night. No matter how hard I try for Eddy not to have the same experiences I have had, there are still too many similarities.

Sunday, I guess, was the anniversary of his death — if I think in days of the week rather than dates. The policeman said he had been dead since Sunday but was only found Tuesday morning. The superintendent of the building where he lived wondered why he hadn't seen him for a week and decided to knock on the door of his apartment, then finally to open it because he noticed a bad smell coming from the place. He found Jos. on the floor, a few feet from the kitchen table, dead. There was a half-eaten plate of spaghetti on the table. He called the police and they called us, because Jos. had Eddy's (our) telephone number plastered all over the place. The sad part is that he never, ever called Eddy.

On Wednesday morning I was at the morgue, and the coroner's assistant handed me a Polaroid picture of Jos. for identification, rather than having me go inside to the slab and identify him in person. Mind you, she knew exactly what he looked like and probably felt the picture was bad enough.

Jos.'s head was huge, big as a pumpkin. The features were hardly recognizable. There was no hairline, the forehead was so swollen. Could not really find the nose, just two small holes where the nostrils were. One eye was open and one was shut in a wicked wink. I don't remember seeing the mouth either. All I have been able to think of since then is Jos.'s big pumpkin head. Very fit for Halloween. The funeral service was held on October 31, 1997. Nice joke, Jos.

When she asked me if I could identify the man in the picture as my husband, I said I could not for certain because this man looked so awful. I was in full denial. She was kind, she didn't insist. After all, the superintendent had identified him. The body was released to the funeral director the next day.

For a full year now I have turned things over in my head, over and over and over. I have gone through that week in January 1992 more

than a hundred times. The day I went to the hospital and told Jos. he was not to come back home.

Eddy and I...I could not take more of this. Jos. was totally and completely out of control. In my stupid little head, I thought if he went to Drummondville and stayed with his sister, his brother-in-law being a doctor, maybe, just maybe, he would stop drinking. So on January 25, 1992, I took him to the bus terminal in downtown Ottawa and put him on the midnight bus to Drummondville with one suitcase and the Royal Doulton figurine *Tender Moments* I'd bought with my Christmas bonus.

He could barely walk because his feet were still incredibly swollen from frostbite — the result of his escapade that fateful Sunday when he went out to drink and his legs gave out on him. He was found in the middle of the street, one shoe missing as he had worn no boots. He had no gloves on, no hat. It was one of those freaky days where the temperature plummeted to -35° Celsius. The people who found him called 911 and Jos. was saved. His hypothermia was severe and he was so drunk that he hallucinated. He was released after a week in the hospital, but he did not come home. My survival and Eddy's depended on his getting well before we could even consider being together again. The blisters on his hands were still as big as olives, filled with yellow liquid. There were gaping wounds on his knees and he could barely walk. And some people think I'm a nice person. Ha!

And now he's dead. He died alone. After he moved to Drummondville, the few times I saw him at Christmas and in July, he was still drinking. He was on lithium. He drank. He took lithium, Antabuse, and heaven knows what else. The autopsy report said there was no alcohol in his system. Of course not, he died on the 26th, two days before his welfare cheque was to be deposited. He had no more money for alcohol, not until his cheque came in, and I supposed the cycle would start all over again. When I went to his apartment, there were empty two-litre wine bottles and just as many empty beer bottles. Jos. was a long way from the days when he drank a 40-oz. of Scotch on a daily basis.

And so, I think of Jos. and his pumpkin head. I think of what could have been. I think sometimes yes, I did the right thing. All I have to do is look around and see how my own reality has changed and it

has to be because I did the right thing. I like my life so much now. I like who I am. What I have become. Eddy is growing into such a fine young man. Then I think, oh God, Jos. died all alone!

I imagine him still with his pumpkin head, walking about the apartment, not knowing what's going on. He didn't believe in life after death. He said that when you died all there was, was this big black hole. I thought I was so close to him, yet I had no idea how sick he was. I thought all he had to do was stop drinking, not take that next drink, just postpone it indefinitely. I was shocked by the doctor's report.

In the end, Jos. was everything that he despised. He despised people on welfare. He despised drunks who went to AA meetings. He despised drunks who had lost their family and wept and felt sorry for themselves. He despised hypocrites. He especially despised sick people. In the end he was all of these things. So now I think he is just there in the apartment, still drunk, walking around the place with his big pumpkin head, not going anywhere, not knowing where to go. He was alone. He is still alone, I think.

This Sunday, my radio came on at 7:20 a.m. and, since I had a whole hour to spare thanks to Standard Time, I decided to read in bed and opened Shakti Gawain's book on visualization. Then I noticed I was crying; nothing to do with the book, just crying. I thought of what Hell had said and I thought okay, I am going to go with this and see what happens. I won't ignore it. I'll just go with the flow (of tears).

I closed the book and closed my eyes. Did I fall asleep again? Was I half asleep and into that state where one is not truly conscious yet is aware of the surroundings? I probably have forgotten quite a bit, but how this starts is I see some hands wrap around my back. I am lying on my side and the hands are making adjustments on my back. I can feel the adjustments. I would say three of them most particularly. The next thing I remember is seeing Jos.'s face, or rather his big pumpkin face. Both eyes are shut. There is no wicked wink. The face is so swollen that the closed eyes are just small slits. They are barely visible. Then I see Jos. as he was the last time I saw him, all swollen from the pills. But the flesh is dead flesh, almost black ash. I touch him on the arm and dust falls off of him. He is decomposing or, rather, becoming mummy-like. Kind of like what you see in documentaries when they uncover remains and they touch them and they just collapse into dust.

Then the next image is of his arm (the one I touched?). This arm is coil-like. Kind of like the adjustable arm you often see on lamps. It is bright stainless steel. I don't remember seeing the hand at the end of the arm, just the stainless steel coil attached to the shoulder. Finally, what I remember last is my being upright and having Jos.'s back to the wall of my bedroom, yelling at him and pushing him and shaking him. I was angry. I was so angry. I don't remember what I yelled but yell I did — something about, "How could you have done this to me? Why did you have to be such a drunk? I was waiting for you to stop drinking. Why didn't you...why couldn't you..."

I don't recall Jos. saying anything. Mind you, all he ever said when I yelled at him when he was alive was, "I'm allowed to drink if I want to." And so he did. I think then I woke up very upset. I cried until I finally started doing my Sunday housework.

I did not mention the anniversary to Eddy. Earlier in the month I had asked Eddy if he wanted to go to the cemetery to visit his dad. He said he would think about it. I said I would not mention it again, and I haven't.

So I don't call this a nightmare. But what do I call it? Three adjustments, three subluxation releases, three Jos. — dead, deader, and stainless steel.

Not until today, during my treatment at the clinic, did I associate the stainless steel coil with my spine. But how the two are connected I don't know.

Nov. 2, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt that middle spot again, aching. Pressure in my lower back. Strain. Pressure where the opposite side was hurting.

Nov. 4, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Subluxation No. 2, or pushing too far

So now I am home. I had three pieces of toast and a glass of soy milk for supper. Not because I was hungry, but because it is a good way to push down those feelings and keep them down. Can't eat and cry at the same time.

Yes, I went to Hell's clinic because I strongly felt this is the way I should go. I have been thinking and looking and searching for a place

to heal my emotions. Or so I thought. I am stuck. I cannot go any further unless I do this thing. If I don't, I will regret it. If I do, I may very well regret it. Do I really want to bring to the surface whatever is there? What kind of ugly beast is it? Is it past life? Past of present life? Guilt? Anger? Pain? Hate? I can go on and on here. Some of my dreams are pretty nightmarish but always without emotion. As if I was far removed from the drama happening.

What if once I get there I find I'm a terrible person? That past-life dream with Donald...Did it really happen as I saw it or was it all my imagination? Those dreams with Jos. — imagination?

Maybe this is all it is: my imagination. Maybe I psyched myself into thinking there is something wrong with me. Is Hell a true healer or just a very clever chiropractor? It's not my bones that he's cracking; it's the very fibre of my being. What if I fall apart? Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again...

Tonight at the NSA clearing session, I stopped myself. I put on the brakes because I didn't want to start sobbing uncontrollably. Not there. I like the openness of the place, but I am much too vain to let others watch me break down and sob like a child. I was afraid to lose control, to start screaming and thrashing. To be reduced to my lowest self. To reveal a part of me I don't want to know.

I ache, there's no doubt about it. I yearn for healing. I know something is there. It's been there a long, long time. Was it born in the convent? When Donald and I split up? When I was cured of smoking? With Jos.? Every time I saw myself hurting Eddy emotionally and could not stop myself? Eddy is not the entire reason I went looking for Hell, but he is part of the reason. If I can heal my emotions maybe, just maybe, Eddy will be willing to seek healing for himself too. After nineteen short years, his emotions are already all bunched together; how will he survive the next fifty years? I would like to give him this gift before I die, to know at a younger age the things I found out so late in life. But I am afraid; very, very afraid. Once that Pandora's box is opened, I will not be able to close it again. At this time in my life things look pretty good. I am happy. I have all I could want. Why go looking for trouble?

Hell said he would call. This is what we will talk about: Once the box is opened will any good come of it? Or will I simply go mad? I know I have to open it before I die. Thing is, is this the right time? I'm always pushing...maybe this time I've gone too far.

Nov. 6, 1998 (Letter to Hell)

Questions

Wednesday night, I did not wish to comment on my chart, not because of the release of emotions, but because of something Hell did during the treatment that felt like a slap or a punishment. There was a sharp jab to that very sensitive area. Then Hell crossed my legs. What did I do wrong? That's what I thought. The patient next to me was bothering me some, but only some. I was busy with visualization. First I pictured the mountain path that I like and rested there a while. Then I thought maybe I can visualize myself walking up and down my spine with that tiny little self I like to send places, but I got nowhere with that. Then I imagined a lute, and when Hell would tap or touch I would see a string and tighten it or loosen it, depending. At some point, the patient next to me came into my thoughts and for a moment I wondered if I could help her in any way, but realized I couldn't, and at that moment Hell seemed to go into a frenzy with the adjustment. I found it disturbing. Odd coincidence that, at work that day, someone mentioned that if you were bothered by someone's behaviour, you could cross your arms and your legs and it would offer some protection and you could then keep your thoughts to yourself and they would not flow out to that particular someone. So, Hell,

- i. Why the impatience and the crossing of the legs? Was my friend right?
- ii. Do you see your patients' auras?
- iii. Do you see their demons?
- iv. Do you do adjustments over distance?
- v. At times I hear you letting out a deep breath. Is it caused by energy you are moving? Is it something you see? Or is it my imagination and you are simply tired?
- vi. That pressure I feel in the middle of my back, even though you have never touched that point, is it related to my heart chakra?

You do realize I would have never asked such questions of the chiropractor across the street from where I live, but then he would only have cracked my bones. What you do is shattering me.

Nov. 6, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Telephone Call

Hell phoned, as he said he would. Of course, I was going to be cool and composed and just shrug the whole thing off. Or not answer, and that would have been that. I was seriously thinking of not going back. Well, not for treatment; just to get the receipt and pay for the book.

I hate that wimpy, wimpy self. Wish it didn't exist. I don't know what Hell thinks of this crying Michelle; all I know is that I find it humiliating to go back to the clinic and face him.

A few things did come out of that orgy of self pity:

- a) I had never said out loud or admitted to myself the things I said. I turned this over and over in my head for a year, but I never admitted my guilt.
- b) Hell did mention I ought to look for some kind of support group or therapy. That's one long, long road I have been avoiding for quite some time. I have been sort of exploring the map, so to speak, which is the reason I went to Hell — I knew it would be some sort of a start. I thought the first leg of the journey would not be too complicated.

Now I have to decide whether I want to talk to my family doctor or find some other sort of therapy.

Nov. 9, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt the same as always...except I might have felt some space opening up. Very subtle.

Nov. 13, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Sensors

I slept better last night, even if not the whole night. The book Hell lent me has brought some peace.

I think I now understand what is going on. When I first met Jos., I used to thrill to his touch. He would gently touch my back, time and time again. Each time, each touch was wonderful. It seemed every

one of my sensors rejoiced at the touch. The touch brought joy to my soul. And how Jos. could hug! Never, ever, was he the first one to pull away. It was always me. When we first met, I think he could have kept me in his arms forever. Then came the drinking.

As he increased the drinking the thrill of his touch, the joy, started to fade. Then when he would touch me anywhere, my cheek, my arm, my back as he liked to do so much, the touch became painful. I wanted back the Jos. I had fallen in love with, not this drunk. But he was gone, and in leaving he left me with a terrible ache, right down into my soul.

I think what I did then, a little at a time, not really being aware of what was going on, is shut down my touch sensors. I shut them down one by one. Jos.'s touch became undesirable. But he could still reach me, weaken me at times, by just rubbing my back. Then came that night in January when he pushed me backwards over the counter and I thought my back would snap. Never had he ever been violent, but then I was becoming violent with my words. That night, the last words I uttered were, "All I want to do is throw you to the floor, then step on you and stamp on you until there is only dust left, and then I want to stamp some more until there is nothing left!"

When I went to the hospital with the suitcases, I think then I shut down the last of my touch sensors. He had nearly broken my back. I could not, *would not*, allow this to happen again. Sometimes, after he had moved back to Drummondville, when I was with him, he would touch my back, but the feelings were totally, completely gone. I could stand next to him and be dead as stone. Never would I allow the thrill of his touch to move me again. Never.

When Hell started his gentle therapeutic touch, totally opposite to what I had expected of a chiropractor, the touch awakened the sensors again. The pain was almost unbearable. It was shattering. I thought I was made of glass, for no matter how gentle, no matter where on my back, the touch would shatter me into a thousand pieces. Last Wednesday, I tried to shut them down again, but to no avail. I could cry out in pain all I wanted to. I could refuse the healing. I could shut everything down and disconnect completely and totally. I could...but the Self wants to be alive again and it is stronger than my desire to be dead.

The concept of honouring a feeling is totally new to me. But the Self is screaming for me to honour its feelings.

What was that dream I read about in some forgotten book? The dreamer (a woman) was walking on a long, deserted beach with a companion. Half hidden in the sand were masses that might be described as rocks not totally hardened yet. Her companion explained to her that these 'rocks' were souls who had chosen to ignore Life, to ignore the God force in them. They were in what we might call 'Hell.' They could get out of it at any time. In order to do so, they had to wish to know themselves again. God could not do this for them. They had to do it. (I have probably distorted some of the information, as I read this a long, long time ago, but I think the Truth of it is right.) I think I was becoming rocklike — the waking up again is incredibly painful; something the dream or the book I was reading at the time did not mention.

It seems to me that my dream, 'Dead, Deader, and Stainless Steel,' was all about this but it took me three weeks to figure it out.

Nov. 14, 1998 (Dream)

Petifille (Little Girl)

I was in a store (a convenience store?). A man walked in. He was scruffy looking. I thought a drunk, a homeless man living on the street. He seemed haggard, confused and desperate. I recognized him as someone I used to work with when I worked at Bell Canada. He moved toward the back of the store where the owner (a woman) was standing behind the counter. I thought he was about to hold up the place out of sheer frustration. I rushed to him and struggled with him, because I thought he was about to pull out a gun. I thought he was either going to use it against himself or to shoot the owner of the store.

I said to him, "I know you, we used to work together." He stopped and looked intensely into my eyes. Then he staggered and said, "Yes, when I came in, there was joy when you recognized me, when you remembered me."

I had my back to the owner so I turned my head toward her and yelled, "Do something! Call an ambulance! Can't you see this man is sick?"

I looked at a photo I.D. he must have given me, as I could not recall his name. It was a black-and-white picture of a tall slim man with his four sons. It looked as if he and his sons were Indian (from India). There was a name on the back of the picture. The name was Petifille.

The last thing I remember of the dream is standing where the man had been, turning to the right and looking past the store, where I saw him sitting at a long table dining with several men. He sat in the middle.

Symbols

Store: Hell's clinic.

Owner: Me.

Man: Higher self.

5 Men: Five phases Hell was talking about.

Petifille: Petite fille = little girl.

Long table: Last Supper.

INTERPRETATION

When I was working for what was then called The Bell Telephone Company, we all called it Ma Bell. When Hell phones, the listing is Bell. When I first saw it and realized it was Hell, I thought of Ma Bell and how, as Seth says in the books written by Jane Roberts, we surround ourselves with symbols.

So, dear Higher Self, you acted out my feelings of inadequacy, of pain, and of frustrations. I never saw the gun, just felt there was something in your pocket you were reaching for. I am not Freudian — I know very well what his explanation of a gun would represent — but then I have no idea of what Carl Jung would say. Let it suffice to say it was a weapon of a sort.

When I yell to the owner to call for help because the man is sick, it is my admission that I am sick. I need help. I came to that realization last Wednesday.

Then you show me the photo of the father and the four sons. I think, and I may be wrong here, for you have introduced a new symbol, but I think this is an image of what Hell was talking about concerning the adjustments. He said there were five phases (I think he used the word phases; I am not certain). I associate the picture with the treat-

ment. The fact that I thought they were Hindu probably refers to the idea that I think of Hell's kind of chiropractic medicine as ancient and wise, and very 'Eastern.'

The word 'Petifille' is self-explanatory. The treatment will put me in touch with that little girl in me. The one I hate. The one I have been keeping as far away from me as possible.

As for the image of the Last Supper, I associate it with Communion, again connecting with that little girl. There is probably more to that image because I have not been able to go to Communion since I put Jos. on that bus. Because now, when I attend Mass, I start to cry and can't seem to control it. So I stay away. I find going to church too painful. I disconnected from God that Sunday because I could no longer believe in the God I had grown up with. When I moved out and left Donald to his girlfriend, I took the Bible with me. When Jos. moved out, I packed the same Bible in his suitcase. The resulting void has created an aloneness that is unbearable to my soul. However, I do not wish to replace Him with any other form of god or with some other religion. And the emptiness remains.

Nov. 16, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...Lots of breathing. Lots of heat on my back. Like there was a heating pad.

No Date (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt nauseous when my legs were crossed. My jaws are so tight it hurts!

Nov. 18, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Hands. 1

I woke up yesterday and this morning with both of my hands totally numb. It was not possible for me to hit the snooze button on my clock radio because I had no hands. It took a good five minutes for my hands to feel normal again.

That has happened from time to time when I have awakened with my hands half-numb, but at least there was a tingling sensation. Both these mornings, my hands were totally, completely numb. No sensation whatsoever.

In the onset dream at the end of October, the stainless steel arm had no hand.

These last few days, I find myself sleeping on my stomach. I have not done that in a long, long time.

Nov. 22, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Hands. 2

Now I wake up mostly with only my right hand numb, my left hand just slightly tingling. My wrist is beginning to hurt. I can feel a definite line of separation. I think maybe next time I wake up my hand will just fall off.

Thinking about that this morning and rubbing my wrist, I remembered a dream I had. Though I wrote the dream down at the time, I no longer have that journal. I destroyed it about six months ago. It took a while to remember when I had the dream. Since I had shown it to a friend at work, it means it was after Jos. and I had split up, and at least more than a year after I started working where I do now. I have such difficulty with time. It slips by me mostly unnoticed.

Here is what I recall of the dream: I was asleep in my bed (I hate dreams where the reality is my bedroom). I was awakened by a soft, eerie sound like gentle scratching. I saw a hand severed at the wrist. It was bigger than an ordinary hand and it was ash grey. It was creeping along the floor toward my bed.

That is all I now remember. Did I chase it away? Did I wake up? I don't recall. I did associate the hand, at the time, with the story of Frodo in the barrow. But I never really searched for the meaning of the dream. Today I looked up the story again. In the barrow, when Frodo sees the hand, his first thought is to put on the magic ring and escape. But, bless his little heart — and that would have been the end of the story — he protects his two friends by cutting off at the wrist the hand that was about to bind them into darkness forever, and the spell is broken.

There is a sentence from Tolkien's *Fellowship of the Rings* that resonates in me: "The night was railing against the morning of which it was bereaved, and the cold was cursing the warmth for which it hungered."

I also had a dream this morning that may just follow that thought.

Nov. 22, 1998 (Dream)

Hunger

I was walking somewhere and there were two women walking and talking behind me. I don't recall their words, though I did listen in on the conversation. What I remember is that one was glad that the other had come into her life to help her fix things.

I was walking on a 'passerelle' (could not think of the English word) and it was raining. I was holding, not an umbrella, but some kind of yellow canopy (sort of like the kind on parachutes). I seemed to be walking west.

On the roof of a building the two women go to a 'lucarne.' There, through the open window, they release a dog from a cage (this place is a laboratory). The dog, a black-and-brown German Shepherd, jumps past them and comes straight at me. I think, "Silly women, letting that dog loose." As is often in my dreams, there is no emotion.

I had in my right hand what might be a shield. It was milky white, made of plastic, rectangular, about two feet wide and maybe four feet long. I could call it a grid, though it had no crossed ribs vertically, only ribs along its length, but very close together. The dog attacked twice, and twice I used the shield, and the dog simply yielded to it and went running back to the two women who were out of sight by now. It seemed to me that the dog was hungry.

Turning around I saw a fish market. Against a rail on the wall to the right were pieces of all kinds of fish. I expected the dog to come back at any moment, since here was the food he was hungry for.

Symbols

Two women: Myself and myself (good and bad, I suppose).

Passerelle: I looked up the word: '(pasrel) footbridge, gangplank.' A gangplank leads to a ship. Or a gangplank is something you walk, to go to your death by jumping off a ship.

Rain: Sadness, tears.

Yellow umbrella: Could not find *Dreams*, which is very odd since it is my working book for dreams and is usually next to my bed. It offers, if I recall correctly, a few explanations of the colour yellow,

the first one being the obvious one, coward, and this is the one I will use for today's dream. I suppose that there is a yellow chakra as well.

Lucarne: Again looked up the word: '(lykarn) dormer window, skylight.'

Dog: I have seen this German Shepherd before in my dreams. It was at the time Donald and I were splitting up. The dream is long gone. I associate German Shepherds with exceptional cleverness.

My mom had Skippy, a gentle, clever, and protective German Shepherd. Skippy had to be put away because of throat cancer.

Fish market: Fish food is brain food. Fish is also associated with Christianity and with Christ. Note here that the fish was all gutted and broken up in pieces — nothing beautiful to look at.

Laboratory: Cartoon, "Pinky and the Brain"

Explanation

How very clever of my dreams to send me looking up words. Once you look at the symbols, the dream pretty much tells it all. I am ignoring things, and I am deluding myself. The footbridge or gangplank is dual in that I can choose to jump off the ship or to walk to the ship and take that journey I have been avoiding.

The symbol of the 'dormer window' speaks for itself. The fact that the lab was there on the roof (mind) is also self-explanatory. I saw the cartoon "Pinky and the Brain" a few times with Eddy. We both love it. We usually discuss the content of the cartoon and Steven Spielberg's incredible creativity. I told Eddy that to me 'the Brain,' who is a laboratory rat, is like man. He wants to rule the 'World' and tries and tries all kinds of schemes to reach that goal. The funny part of the cartoon is that not only does Brain fail miserably each time, but he has forgotten that he is a lab mouse and that he will never be free. He is and always will be stuck in his cage and in his maze. His sidekick, Pinky, always follows his orders and never questions, yet he is the one who sabotages Brain's schemes each and every time. Yet Brain is nothing without him, because he would have no one to rule.

I love the symbolism. Brain as the Ego and Pinky as the Body, just following orders no matter how stupid or destructive they may be. I often think this is who we are: mice stuck in a laboratory created by

God. No matter what our little brains can dream up, our reality is entirely different. I often suspect that we are both the lab scientist and the mouse experimenting with matter.

The beautiful dog is that part of me that is noble or even courageous. Hell said something about courage that Wednesday and just about called me a coward. "Only making a point," he said. I remember saying, "Great. Now I'm a coward." Yet that is who I am.

The shield is a new symbol. It was made of plastic and milky white. Like that white you see on cars; so creamy, so white, white. I remember that Jos. and I discussed that colour when it first came out. We loved the milky white and thought it was a wonderful colour.

The dog does not snarl or bark or bare his teeth. He merely yields to the shield as I put it in front of me with a downward motion. Earlier in my dreams, I have come to associate anything plastic with illusion.

I know the dog is hungry. I think the women silly for letting him loose. However, the food is there just behind me. This is the food he needs. I expect the dog to come around and find the food.

So the food I need is there. I am beginning to see through the illusion, as I could see through the grid of the shield. I only need to turn around and look at what is available. It does not look very appetizing, gutted fish in bits and pieces. But it is the food I must feed on.

Note

Rereading the explanation of the dream, I now know what the shield reminded me of: a radiator!

Nov. 22, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Breathing — Last Wednesday's session

I was having trouble breathing when I left the clinic. My teeth were clenched together so tight I thought I could compete with any dog for bite pressure. I wondered, if it could be measured, what the pressure gauge would read. I also felt I would start trembling all over and not be able to stop.

I have read Chapter 4 of Donald Epstein's *The Twelve Stages of Healing* three times. The book amazes me. The stories are incredible, even in light of my own experience at the clinic. Stage Four is what I went through when Jos. moved back to Drummondville, and it would seem I did it all:

- i. I got out of the relationship.
- ii. I got a new job.
- iii. I moved.
- iv. I tried dieting.
- v. I stayed away from any intimate relationship.
- vi. I went through menopause, 'the change of life.'
- vii. I patted myself on the back for being so good.
- viii. I felt I was stuck in a place I did not like and went looking for Hell.

Not necessarily in that order.

I must now be in Stage Five, which I read last night. What a scary place to be — no wonder I am afraid of what this will do to me. I don't think what happened in the clinic, that Wednesday I cried so much, is what Epstein calls merging. I shudder to think of what will happen when I do.

I have tried some breathing exercises, and something is going on. As I hold my hand on my chest (where the heart is) and breathe fairly easily, at times I seem to pause between breathing, and sometimes there are 'soubresauts.' Again I could not think of the English word and had to go looking in my French/English dictionary. It reads: '(sub-rcso) sudden start, jerk; palpitation, jump (of the heart).'

I have lost my appetite, which is not a bad thing. I feel my stomach all the time now. I feel I have rocks in it. At least one big one that is taking up all the space. There seems to be no room for food. I can feel the hunger at times, but after a bite or two I can't seem to be able to swallow any more food. I suppose it is hard to eat through clenched teeth.

Nov. 23, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I had a headache all day. I cried in the car on my way to work this morning. After work, I started feeling bad as soon as I got in the car to come here.

Nov. 25, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...The stress has moved it seems, from my lower back to my upper back. There was pain 'down there' for the first time.

Nov. 26, 1998 (Dialogue)

Little Girl Lost

Me: Why are you in the forest at the back of the convent?

Micha: I happen to like this place. This is the only thing I ever liked about St. Bruno. I love it when we come here for studying in May at exam time.

Do you know that you tried to please everyone all the time? You thought if you were good, did all that praying and all the Miss Congeniality stuff, that the sisters would like you. You became whatever they wanted you to be. You used to say, "When I grow up I'll be a nun."

Me: I meant it. I think I meant it. The life of a nun seemed so simple. There was no struggle for survival there. All they had to do was follow orders. I could do that. Not think, just follow orders. Not have to be responsible for anything. And there was order in their lives. Mine was in chaos. They called it an Order. You joined the Order. Order, order, I loved that word. I wanted order in my life. The nuns had order. I wanted it.

I have to go, the timer just went. I have to go to work now. You've been screaming so loud these few days I had to start this dialogue. I'll see you, I guess whenever I find time to come to the computer.

Nov. 27, 1998

Little Girl Lost (cont'd.)

Me: You can't just keep nagging me all day long. I have to work. I can't listen to you go on and on. I can come and talk to you when I'm at the computer, but otherwise I don't want to hear you.

Micha: Excuse me for wanting your attention.

Me: I couldn't pay attention to you. I had all kinds of responsibilities. I always tried to be grown up. I did what Mom asked me to do. I took care of Simon. I babysat. I fed him. I was with him all the time.

Micha: There was the time you fell at the park and you ended up in the hospital. You were supposed to be watching him. Instead, you went on the parallel bars. You fell and lost consciousness. You never tried the bars again. You gave up. You always give up. Why didn't you go back on the bars and try again?

Me: They didn't have any in the convent. I tried more gymnastic stuff in summer camp, but I'd grown so big for my age everybody called me big: "Oh, what a big girl!" "Oh my, she is big isn't she?"

I kind of felt like a freak most of the time. Why couldn't I be small? Why did you have to be so big? Even in the convent, the girls laughed and called me fat, fat, FAT!

I have never been able to get rid of that fat. I am still big. I will always be big. Even when I lost weight I was still big. If I wasn't too big, I was too tall. Thank God today's children are big and they are tall. Now I can disappear in a crowd. I don't stand out as much.

Micha: I don't eat more than the other girls. As a matter of fact I have serious health problems; I am so anemic I have to take all kinds of medicine.

Me: I remember. Your place in the refectory was covered with medicine bottles. I felt like a freak. Besides, you kept fainting at Mass. The sisters were convinced you did it on purpose. Why did you have to be different? Why couldn't you be like everybody else? The other girls had their laundry done at home, not at the convent. They had their parents coming to pick them up every weekend. They were normal. You weren't, and the sisters knew it. I mean maybe Mom hated me because I was so big. Simon was delicate like she is. Seems to me if I had been a delicate child she would have loved me too.

Micha: You can't blame me for that. I am just a little girl. Why does it have to matter how tall or how big I am?

Me: Because nobody in the family is. So where did you come from? If it wasn't that I look so much like Mom I could pretend I was adopted.

Micha: You make me cry all the time. And, speaking of who is responsible for what, I like to draw. You stopped it. I like sports. You stopped it. I like writing. You stopped it. All you ever wanted to do was go to the library and read.

Me: Well the library was safe. There was nobody to laugh at me and there were lots of books with nice stories to escape to. I could pretend I was all these things and I was the hero and nobody would laugh. The best thing about reading all these books was that I could pretend I was a beautiful princess, nice and small. And

don't you know you can't do sports in the convent, they have no sports facilities. All they ever had was gym class once a week, and again the girls laughed at me because I was big. I stood out like an elephant. And talking about talents, you couldn't sing, you couldn't dance or play the piano; those were Mom's talents.

Micha: You never gave me a chance. You gave up.

Nov. 28, 1998 (Dialogue)

Little Girl Lost (cont'd.)

Me: Do you know that I visited St. Bruno in 1990? I had to see the convent again. I don't know why. We had been living in Ottawa for two years, and we were visiting in Drummondville during the Victoria Day weekend. It must have been the month of May. During the month of May my thoughts always seem to turn to the convent.

It was a nice drive coming down along the river, visiting all those little villages. Well, not so little anymore. But St. Bruno hadn't changed much. The convent looked the same: three stories high, red brick, with a window it seems every five feet. That building is what the houses look like in Christmas villages. I've got one in mine that looks just like it, red and all, except it's called 'Post Office.'

The sisters must have sold the place because it is now an old people's home. I didn't go around the back so I don't know if the forest is still there. I suspect they sold that land, too, and there are houses on it now. The little bridge across the ravine must be gone by now. That big rock in the clearing must be gone, too. The forest was a good place to be.

I like that you are wearing that black-and-white checkered coat with the red beret. I loved that coat. In those days, May was still quite cold. Do you know that today, here in Ottawa, people wear shorts in May? Anyway, I am glad that you are hiding the uniform. You looked terrible in it. The other girls took theirs home on weekends and came back with the dresses all clean and pressed. Yours always seemed to be wrinkled and, if not dirty, dusty-looking somehow. The collar was sewn on wrong and so was the logo for the Sisters of St. Marie. The only thing I liked about the uniform was the blue sash, and even that

was sewn on wrong. Mom was never the best of seamstresses. Just one more way you were different.

Micha: She was probably drunk when she sewed it. Why do you always make excuses for her?

Me: Well, even then I understood she didn't have it easy. No, she didn't send you to the convent to punish you. Something happened that year, just about after my first communion. Try to remember. I came home from school and, going up the stairs, I came face to face with Mom coming down in a stretcher. Aunt Josephine was there and she sent you and Simon to stay with the neighbours on the second floor. A few days later I was taken to the hospital; just me, not Simon. There she was with arms stretched out like she had been crucified. There were tubes in and out of her everywhere. Aunt Josephine was talking to the doctor and they said it was good for her to see me as she was dying.

If I can recall some of this without too much distortion, Mom had been pregnant. She was carrying twins. She had had a miscarriage and the doctor had not realized there was a second baby. The second baby was dead inside of her and it nearly killed her. This I gathered from hearing Aunt Josephine talking to Aunt Sophie.

Mom never spoke about it, so I never asked the reason she sent me to the convent. Could be, too, that she was in some sense trying to protect me. She had a boyfriend; maybe she thought it was better for me to be away.

Micha: She sent me away because she couldn't stand the sight of my face. That's the real reason. I know this for certain. And now you can't stand the sight of your face.

Me: Yes, as I grow older, I look more and more like her. My face, that is, not the rest of me. She is even smaller today at five feet tall, and she weighs a hundred and eight pounds. But my face is so much like hers I have trouble looking into a mirror. When I put on makeup I have to look specifically at the area where I am applying it, not at the whole face. Do you know that the other day I saw a red beret. I thought I'd try it on, so I went over to a mirror and put it on. The sight! I nearly threw up. I gagged! I hate my face.

Nov. 29, 1998 (Dialogue)

Little Girl Lost (cont'd.)

Me: It's going to rain. Can you hear the thunder?

Micha: Why did you give up? You weren't true to yourself. You gave up. You didn't stand up for yourself. Even when I'd be punished for no reason, or because the sisters always thought I was guilty of something, you didn't fight back. All you did was try to please everybody more. When I wanted to scream at the nuns, to yell at the girls, you stopped me. You didn't want to fight. You just stood there like a lump of clay and you let the sisters mould you.

Me: All I wanted was to be loved. There was no one. No one. So I became Little Miss Goody Goody Two Shoes. I didn't get angry. I tried to be friends with some of the girls, usually the ones that gave me the most difficulty. Sometimes it worked.

Micha: I miss Mom. The few times she comes to visit, she's drunk and I get punished for it.

Me: She doesn't know that. She doesn't know how the sisters were. They punished that girl whose father was Protestant. They had her pray at chapel, too, and do the Stations of the Cross with her arms in a cross, just like they made you do.

Micha: Why? My prayers are never answered.

Me: I don't know. She brought you a cake for your eighth birthday.

Micha: I couldn't eat it. The sisters put it away because it was Lent. By the time I got to eat it at Easter, when everybody else had gone home, it was hard as a rock. It was beautiful, though, I must say. I loved the merry-go-round and the horses. Anyway it was thrown in the garbage. I think there were bugs in it. They had only put it in a pantry, without any protection. And there were mice in the convent. I could hear them at night.

Me: Mom talks about that cake sometimes, that one and only cake. She wasn't told I never got to eat it. I don't think it would have made a difference. I think it was her boyfriend who got her to buy the cake.

Micha: Where is Daddy? He never writes.

Me: He was the one who paid for the convent. But he never came to visit. And Simon and I never got to see him except a couple of times

when we were older and we could go to Aunt Pauline's place and see him there. That was not very often.

I remember an argument one night, before Mom and Dad split up — not that Dad was home much anyway, but I remember hearing Mom say to Dad that no judge would allow him to take the children away from her. It was in the middle of the night and their argument woke me up. There was a terrible crash and the next morning I saw that the coffee table had been broken. He must have put his fist right through it. He was gone.

Micha: I try to remember Dad sometimes, but I have trouble. He wasn't home when I was just a toddler. I only remember a few images. The time I set fire to the curtains and he spanked me. He came and sat on the bed and held me close. He explained that he'd had to spank me so I would understand not to play with matches, they were dangerous.

Me: I am not certain, but I don't think Simon had been born at that time.

Micha: I only remember two other images, no more. One was at the beach and he was floating in the water. I was sitting on his big belly and he was explaining to me how he had air in his lungs and that made it possible for him to float. Then he taught me how. I remember that so vividly. I don't know why; I seemed to have forgotten everything else. Then there was the time Mom and Dad were talking in their bedroom and Dad was concerned about his arm. It doesn't make sense, but what I remember is that he was talking about the doctor giving him arsenic to get the infection out of his arm. I was scared for Daddy. Mom put stuff on mouse traps with arsenic in it to kill the rats. I thought he would die.

Me: Mom says Dad was real lazy. She couldn't get him to go to work. Seems he was a plumber and worked at some plumbing company. She said he went to the movies while the other guys got all the jobs. Dad was in the war. From the pictures Mom has, he didn't get to see you for the first time until you were two years old.

I think Mom and Dad split up right after Simon was born. You were five then. So there are maybe three years there when Dad was home. I am not even certain it was that long.

Micha: So I don't get any hugs from him either.

Me: No. No hugs. Not from anyone. I am so sorry I gave you up. I am the one who has been crying all these years, not you. I am the one in the soap opera, not you. I am the unhappy one, not you. Do you know I once met someone who read my palm. That was after Donald, but before Jos. He had said at the time, "You have a child." I told him, "No I don't." You know, he didn't believe me? He was convinced there was a child. He said that maybe I had had a miscarriage or had had an abortion. He was so sure of what he was reading in my hand. I guess now I can think he was seeing Eddy. Or maybe he meant you. He further told me that the reason I never had any energy was because there was a hole in my aura. I didn't know at the time that it was because I left you behind. I know that now.

Micha: It's beginning to rain and it's getting windy. It's dark too. I'm cold. I sure could use a hug.

Me: Me too. But, dear one, there is nobody. There was no one then and there is no one now.

Nov. 29, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Dialogue

So I think I have now finished 'dialogue,' at least for the moment. I did the dialogue not just because Hell mentioned I should do something of the sort, but because now that I am writing again, I kind of like it.

If Hell thought there would be healing in 'dialogue,' I think he was wrong. There was some discovery, but mostly pain.

I want to be well. I want this to end. I want to be well so that Eddy will not have children growing up in a dysfunctional family. I think maybe if I do this right, maybe he will go looking for healing before he starts a family. But, like everything else I ever hope for or wish to do, I doubt this will work. There is too much of the Charlie Brown in me.

I doubt now that I will ever be capable of getting out of Stage Four. I will just keep going around and around in the lower stages. There is no way, from my point of view right here at the computer, that I can even make it to stage eight, never mind those other higher stages.

Now thanks to Hell and thanks to having followed his suggestions, I feel worse than before. I feel the way I felt just before Jos. and I had that terrible fight and he got too drunk to come back home.

The aloneness, the hopelessness, the aching void, it is all back. Why do I always inflict these things on myself? Why am I going back to the clinic? Except for that pain in the butt, as Hell puts it, I was doing very well. I thought everything was over, once and for all. I used to think I would like to hold off dying until Eddy is financially secure. Now I think I cannot die until he is healed, so that his children will have all the hugs in the world and grow up in what Hell calls a nurturing environment.

Right this moment, I feel devastated. All is dark and I feel lost, again.

Nov. 30, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I feel...the adjustments seemed to take me into a dark space. Pressure on my upper back.

Dec. 2, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

The changes I have noticed...my arms are looser. I feel I could swim again.

As for how I felt, very unsettled!

Dec. 6, 1998 (Letter to Hell)

Right Place

I wish to apologize for Friday night. I was spinning faster than a top. I had worked myself into a frenzy, I wanted to quit and get off the emotional merry-go-round I was on.

It was all about a question of trust. I am sharing things with you as I would with a priest. I have grown up to believe a priest would never betray what was said in the confessional, and I sort of think of my relationship with you not just as patient/healer, but also that of priest/confessor. What is said in the confessional can never be revealed outside the booth. This is how I trusted you, though I still had reservations.

When I walked to where the Centre has relocated, I became convinced that I was in the wrong place. Before, when I wanted to run,

I wanted to run from myself. But in this new place, I wanted to run from the place.

I am sure you are in the right place, but that place does not seem to be comfortable for me. I miss the openness of the other place. I miss the tree of life. I miss the spiritual fountain. I miss the bathroom just a few steps away. I miss the plush animals, especially the big teddy bear. What I miss most is the accessibility of the door that was right there if I wanted to act on my impulse to run.

This new place has a difficult passage to the stairs, the bathroom is downstairs and, once upstairs, there is no way out. The way out is like running a labyrinth. I feel trapped under that low ceiling and by the darkness of the place. That is why I could not go through the adjustment on Wednesday. I thought this was not the right place. I thought that, in spite of the dreams, I was making a big mistake. I was afraid I would get hurt in this place. How many times has it happened that patients who have finally gotten comfortable with their physician find that he or she is moving away and they never see them again? I thought all day Thursday that this would happen to me. And worse, something that happened downstairs on my way out on Wednesday made me feel betrayed. You were not involved, but because it involved a practitioner in this supposedly healing sanctuary, I assumed you did the same thing, too. I could picture you telling your wife or someone else about this basket case you had to deal with in your practice. I could picture the both of you laughing at me and I became more frightened than a rabbit.

I was wrong. Thank God you introduced me to your life companion. It made a difference of such a proportion, you have no idea. When she mentioned the opening of your healing centre, I was reminded of my dreams and of their support.

Again I would like to apologize for being rude and refusing any help you were offering at the time. I have tried to pick up *Homecoming* at several book stores, but though they have other books by John Bradshaw, this one does not seem to be available. I think it is probably because they are pushing the audio tapes. That is what I bought: the audio tapes. I thought it might be a bit safer, as I cannot jump ahead and read other chapters. I will have to follow the order and rhythm of the book.

What happened on Friday is acting as a catalyst, I think. I left, Friday night, resolved to see this through. For the first time, I feel I can truly trust you and I can let myself go. I find it difficult to believe that your life partner had to scream into a pillow, but I believe that if she said she did, she did. Somehow knowing this makes it easier for me.

I do hope you will have that group session you were talking about. I would like to go to the other location for my first appointment in the New Year and see how that would be. If it proves to be too far to drive to after work for a six o'clock-or-so appointment, I may look into changing my work hours.

If you have the time, please call me some evening, at around 9:30 p.m. I would like to speak about what is happening with *Homecoming*. I will start the book tape tonight. Also please let me know when my next appointment can be, at the new location. I assume it will be Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Dec. 12, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Little Girl Lost (cont'd.)

Micha: You're back. I did not expect to see you again.

Me: Neither did I, for that matter. But all day today I was thinking of you, though I don't quite know why. I spoke with Mom today. Do you know that, now, she is a totally different person. Now she says she loves me. I did not expect it would ever come about that she would really care for me.

Micha: Why didn't she care for me then? What did I do wrong? I miss her. She hardly ever comes to visit and when she does she's drunk and she makes me feel ashamed of her. The sisters are treating me as if I have some sort of disease. They act as if it is my fault Mom drinks. She doesn't even let me go home on weekends. I have to stay here all the time.

Me: I don't remember how I spent my weekends. I guess I mostly stayed indoors. Help me; help me to remember. Everyone went home on Friday afternoon. What happened afterwards? There had to have been supper and the evening. How was it spent? Did I eat alone at the refectory? Did I eat with the sisters? Why can't I remember things once I am at St. Bruno? I can remember where we

lived. I can remember our phone number at the time. I remember the neighbourhood very well. But I don't seem to remember much from the convent. Any of them for that matter. For there wasn't only St. Bruno. Mom moved me from convent to convent. I still don't know why.

Micha: I am not alone on weekends. My cousins, Angela and Rita, also remain at the convent and some other girls do too. Mom sent me here because my cousins are here as well.

Me: I never got very close to them somehow. We were not in the same class, but I remember Rita more; she was the youngest. Mom gave her my First Communion dress. She got pretty much the clothes or toys I no longer used. I was sad when she got my beautiful white dress and the veil. I never seemed to be able to keep anything for long. There is nothing from the past. Today I mentioned to Mom how I enjoyed those wonderful books I had when I was a little girl. The Spirou books that came every month where I read all those wonderful stories. There were the books with the adventures of Bécassine. I loved these books, but I had them at home, not in the convent. She wondered what happened to them. I mentioned they probably were lost because we moved so many times. Or maybe, since Aunt Louise was so poor, her girls got most of them after I was done with them. Rita, if I remember, got a lot of my stuff.

Micha: I do chores on weekends; nothing much, some dusting, some laundry folding. I like it when we have to polish the floors. The sisters wax them with this hard paste and we put on woollen socks and slide all over the floors to polish them. That's fun. Because they also do some catering, we have treats during the weekends; crusts from sandwiches, cold cuts, different food than during the week. Sometimes we go into the village for walks.

Me: I remember those walks. It looked kind of like a scene from the cartoons of Madeline, with two nuns at the back and us walking two by two. It was a very small place. We could walk the entire length of the village in an hour or less. I remember the small river and the paper mill. The church, of course, was next door to the convent. Sometimes we had the stuff that's leftover from the Holy Host after it's been baked. We ate that as candy.

Micha: Sometimes there are movies. I saw *Aurore*.

Me: Yes, I remember. I had nightmares for months after that. I used to think Mom would leave me at the convent for certain, and the sisters would treat me exactly the same way. I would be alone with no one to take care of me or to save me from them.

Micha: Do you remember the raps on the knuckles with the edge of a wooden ruler during class? Just the other day a sister was chasing me around the back of the convent where they put the laundry out to dry. She wanted to spank me with that big stick she always uses, just because I'd stopped cleaning the floor of the gym with the green stuff and gone outside to play with a ball I'd found. She never caught me. She gave up because she was so out of breath. I ran to the front and got back in and went and finished the floor. Then the bell rang for supper and I went to the refectory. She was red as a beet at supper, but she never did spank me that day. She always watches me like a hawk now, but I don't care.

Me: Well, I remember being sort of more wishy-washy. I remember the episode out back and the sister chasing me, but I also remember wanting to please them immensely. I'm sorry. I started to behave in a way that would keep me out of trouble as much as possible. I was afraid I would have to stay there forever. Mom never let me know she'd come back to get me and, each time, I thought I would never be taken back home.

I felt I was serving a life sentence and I still feel that way. I became increasingly morose. I started to have nightmares. Gone were all the wonderful dreams of flying through the air, of those fabulous buildings filled with light and all sparkling. Gone were the beautiful people. All I could dream of was that I was Aurore and that the nuns were keeping me prisoner. I thought Cinderella had had a better life than I did. I started to read and read and tried to escape that way. Even when I was home for vacation, I would spend my days at the library, or at home reading. One summer I read the entire story of King Arthur. There were three big books. I read them all. I loved the story. Most of all, I loved that I could leave this life I had already started to hate and become some heroine in another place in time and space. I withdrew. I stopped living inside my body, so to speak. I stood on the outside

looking in. I started to hate myself — you — and I started to wish I was not here, wherever here was.

Dec. 16, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt like I was on pins and needles. La dance de St. Guy. I think it's called St.Vitus' dance in English.

Dec. 18, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt very sad.

Dec. 18, 1998 (Computer Journal)

Little Girl Lost (cont'd.)

Me: I have done the tapes with John Bradshaw and he takes you back to when you are very little. I remembered some nice things. I remembered that Dad had a hammock strung up on the back gallery and that we used to take naps there together. I remembered the Navy blanket.

Micha: Yes I loved the Navy blanket. It was all so soft and woolly. Simon got it. He chewed it to bits. He was as bad as Linus with his blanket.

Me: John Bradshaw takes you back very far. I can remember things when I was three or four. Micha, it will have to be a little while I think before I come and see you again. Some of the memories...well, I will have to explore that a little bit more because I'm not sure what's going on. I will come back though. We will talk again. John Bradshaw said something on the last tape that may help us both. At least I hope so. In the meantime keep warm, will you? The forest is nice but May is still a cold month. Here at the computer I have stopped biting down hard and my jaw doesn't hurt as much, but now I am mostly cold. I don't have a Navy blanket but I find I have to wrap myself up in a soft blanket in the evenings. My right arm is stiff and aching and the joints in my hand are hurting.

Dec. 21, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I feel pretty good. I feel very relaxed. It feels like the calm before the storm. My back feels happy.

Dec. 23, 1998 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I feel...I did lots and lots of breathing.

CHAPTER II

Nothing new under the sun

Jan. 8, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt pain on the left side of my hip. Pressure on my middle back the size of a silver dollar. Now it feels cold.

Jan. 10, 1999 (Dream)

Karma dreams

I have at times dreamt of what might appear to be images of past lives. Each time the images were far from glamorous.

Dream

A woman, Indian, is walking in the tall grass. She walks fast and is carrying a child in her arms. She reaches the end of the prairie and stands on the edge of a precipice. Far, far below are rocks and water cascades. She looks back for a moment, then jumps, still clutching the child.

Dream

I am walking along a long, long corridor. There are no lights that I can see on the walls or ceiling; rather they seem to be within the walls themselves. It is a bright greenish light. It almost hurts my eyes. I am alone. The corridor finally comes to a bare room. Behind a desk in the middle of the place sits an old man. He is all in white. He has a long white beard and long white hair. His robe makes me think he may be Greek. He sits in front of a big book. He turns it around for me to see. I can read my name written in large letters. Then he points to the wall on my right. I can see right through it. In a hospital room lies a woman. She is terribly hurt. Doctors and nurses are busy about her. The old man says, "You must go back." I start to cry.

I tell him, "No! I don't want to go back!"

I wake up sobbing, feeling great despair.

Cayce says that aloneness is the punishment (karma) for having committed suicide in a past life. Is it his beliefs that are showing here? That staunch Baptist who studied the Bible and had difficulty accepting reincarnation? My life seems to point to that kind of karma. Is being unloved the punishment for taking one's life? If so, what kind of God punishes his children over and over again by taking love away from them? Is it not possible that those who commit suicide do so because they feel they are not loved? That a life of despair is punishment for having taking one's life? What kind of logic is that when it is despair that usually pushes a soul to commit suicide?

Someone once asked me if I could explain what karma was. Being a Catholic, I answered, "Easy; think of it as original sin." But when did it start for me? How many layers of sins are there? Can one have a lifetime without sin? If we live over and over again, then what is our hope? Every life then must have elements of sins/karma. If one seeks to heal, how deep are the wounds? How old, for that matter? I am very glad I do not remember any of my lifetimes. But what if I did?

The dream has been dreamt. At the time I ignored it. I shrugged it off. Today I can't. The reason I can't, I cannot tell here. I do not know what I can do. Karma is merciless. It is Law. How does one end karma?

Jan.10, 1999 (Computer journal)

Yes. No. Yes. No.

Hell mentioned on my last visit that one of his patients had committed suicide. It must be devastating to be a healer and to have someone you are putting on the road to health suddenly end it all so tragically. I have been thinking about her, about how dark her world must have been; about how the present moment became so unbearable that the only end to the torment of her soul seemed to her to be death. Immediate, unforgiving death.

I cannot pretend to know how she felt, or what her world view was, but I have been very close to suicide and I think about it almost continually. Am I more blessed than she was? I do not believe for one moment that she is in some kind of Hell or that Heaven was denied to her. But then I believe in neither. We are very confused, we west-

erners, as to what death is all about. We are confused as to what living is all about. I know I am.

After my first marriage ended in divorce, I rented an apartment on the eleventh floor of a brand new building, rent-free for the first three months. I had no job, but they had not checked into that, so I was given an apartment. I'd lost my job simply because, when my first husband and I separated, I spent my working days with my office door closed, not taking any clients and not taking care of business. It had been a great job, placing executives, but I had simply stopped functioning. I was a robot. I went to work but did nothing, and after a month of no clients they simply fired me. So here I was in an empty apartment. The only thing I had with me from my marriage was my twin bed. My ex and I had had twin beds put together to make a king-size bed, in the manner of most European couples. So somehow I had my bed. There was nothing else. No furniture. No curtains. The walls were bare. I felt utterly and completely alone.

I stood on my balcony one starry night and looked down at the concrete below and for a long, long time I pondered the thought of simply jumping. It would be easy, it seemed. Once you are over the ledge, there can be no turning back. No "Oh my, I've changed my mind about this." How long would it take? Five seconds, ten seconds and I would be over and falling and falling until I hit that concrete. What is five or ten seconds? What is twenty-seven years?

I believed in reincarnation and in karma. What kind of karma would I make for myself? What if this was all bunk? What if there is no life after death? No Heaven or Hell. No salvation. What if there is nothing, only a black hole? I would welcome that blackness as I hit the pavement and, hopefully, died instantly. Then I thought what if, by some fluke of bad luck, I didn't die? Would I go to an asylum? Would the Church excommunicate me? Eleven floors seemed high enough. Maybe it would be better to try something else.

I stood there and I thought and thought: Yes. No. Yes. No. I was alone. No one would miss me. Who would be advised of my death? Would the cops make inquiries or just send my body to the morgue? The Church did not bury parishioners who committed suicide. There would be no Mass said for me. I hadn't spoken to my mom in months.

She did not know that I was no longer married. My brother was a stranger.

Maybe what saved me is all that chatter that was going on in my head. I was so alone. How was I going to survive? I had no job, no friends, no one who cared for me. No one. There never seemed to be anyone to love me. I had thought my ex did, but I was wrong. He loved someone else. I met him at fifteen, married him at twenty-one and, until I was twenty-seven, he'd been the only man in my life. I thought he was my knight in shining armour. I tried and tried to save our marriage. I endured his relationship with another woman. I had thought it was the right thing to do, and I did not judge their actions.

I was wounded deeply. I could not foresee that I would one day remarry and have a child of my own, I could only mourn the fact that I had never become pregnant. Now he wanted to have children with someone else. He wanted a life with someone else. It seemed our life of six years meant nothing. How does one validate one's being on this earth? No one seemed to care if I lived or died. What mattered to me was that I could not at that moment relate to anything other than my pain and anguish. I wanted this to end, and jumping seemed a good way to do just that — end the hurt. There is a difference between living by oneself and aloneness. Aloneness is a bottomless pit that no light reaches.

I looked up at the stars. I counted, one Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi...

What stopped me? Maybe I was just a coward. Maybe I was just my usual wishy-washy self. It's not, I thought, that I want death. It's that I want things to be different. Yes, I want this to end. I want some joy and to feel loved.

I looked at the stars and said silently, "God, I will make a deal with you. I will take whatever you throw at me. I will endure, but please, do not let me become a bitter old woman, ever. That seems a worse punishment than whatever the universe reserves for a soul that fails its calling. The race is long, just do not let me fall short of the mark."

I have heard of athletes who compete and win many events, yet when it comes to the last hold, the last throw, the last race, they stumble and fall. They do not reach their goal. "Let me reach my goal, whatever it is, but do not let me become bitter."

So far, I have kept my end of the bargain. I am still in the race. But God didn't do what I asked. Anyone can read the bitterness on my face.

People do think that people who kill themselves are cowards, but I think it takes only one moment of total and complete despair. If the moment is rescued by a thought or a deed, then the action is stopped. Maybe, just maybe, there is a merciful God and for those who commit suicide there is healing on the other side. What haunts me the most is the awful thought that there is only a terrible wailing cry at the realization we are still aware of who we are, still stuck with our pitiful selves.

What would have happened to me? If there is no death, then does it matter? If there is reincarnation, then does it matter? If all that we are accompanies us in the other world, what futile actions do we attempt in the hope of annihilating our thoughts of despair and taming our emotions? If I had jumped and, upon rising from my dead body, found that my despair was as fully present, would I have let out a loud scream of distress? Would there have been any godlike figure to take me by the hand and lead me to a place of light and healing? Or would I have sought a darker darkness still, in the hope of obliterating my being? If we are eternal and indestructible, what hope do people like me have?

It seems that no matter where we are, whether on earth in body, or in Hell or Heaven, we are stuck with ourselves. There does not seem to be any escape. There does not seem to be any hope. I envy those who are autistic or who dissociate themselves completely, not only from their bodies, but also from their souls. Maybe this is the only true escape or alternate route. Healing is a harsh and difficult journey. Madness seems easier, but ultimately one has to take the journey that leads to healing. No miracles, just day to day grit. I suspect it is an eternal journey and that it cannot be avoided, no matter how much we would like to end it.

Jan. 20, 1999 (Dream)

Colours

In a living room (mine?), I was talking with my mom who was lying down on a futon, with her head propped up on one arm. She was very relaxed. I was standing looking at a beautiful rectangular carpet of vibrant colours. It was mostly dark green with a circle of graduated colours of orange and pink, the lightest pink being the middle of the circle. An ottoman, the same tone of green as the carpet, had been placed on it. The ottoman was made of rich cloth and it was square, with four brass legs on coasters.

INTERPRETATION

This dream was probably prompted by the fact that Tuesday night's group meditation was cancelled. The images were picked up from a conversation I had with a co-worker where I had been talking about taking out the wall-to-wall carpets in my apartment to replace them with area and scatter rugs. I mentioned they would provide me with the kind of colours and hues I would enjoy along with new living room furniture, and that the colour theme would be green.

My mom lying on a futon, relaxed, refers to the first group meditation. I was sitting on a futon in Hell's place. My mom and I enjoy a very relaxed relationship at present.

The solid forest green colour I associate with healing, the graduated orange with an energy force, and the several hues of pink with universal love.

Cayce interprets carpets in dreams as 'being stepped on' or being someone's doormat but, in whatever way it relates to this carpet dream, I disagree. Because of the colours and the middle area that looked almost like a wheel spinning, I think it may represent a chakra, possibly the heart chakra.

The green ottoman, I think, represents unfinished business. An ottoman is defined in the dictionary as 'a low, cushioned seat without a back or arms — a kind of couch or divan, with or without a back — a low, cushioned footstool.' Furthermore, an ottoman usually accompanies a large comfortable chair, which I did not see in the dream but felt was somewhere in the room. Its square form and solid legs make

me think that the foundation (the carpet) is solid, but there is still much that is required in order to get the full picture.

Jan. 22, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...not much going on.

Feb. 3, 1999 (Letter to Hell)

Sharing

Anger has been building all day today and I guess the best thing to do is simply write how I feel.

YOU HAVE GOT TO STOP ASKING ME HOW I FEEL!

YOU HAVE GOT TO STOP ASKING ME DO I WANT TO SHARE!

I feel awful. I feel pain. I hurt. It is always the same when I do the breathing exercises. So stop asking!

No I don't want to share how I feel. BECAUSE I CANNOT EXPLAIN WHAT IS GOING ON!

Little Micha in our dialogue (Bradshaw exercises) says she was sexually abused by her grandfather. I don't think she was more than four years old. I am not a freak show and I am not about to tell anyone — complete strangers — about this. It's bad enough I find I have to tell you just so you'll leave me alone when we are in a group.

I do not remember. I have no recollection of what Micha describes. It is completely foreign to me and when she writes (lefthanded) I am completely detached and there is no emotion. I feel emotion during an adjustment or during the breathing — that's it. But the emotion that I feel is extreme sadness, to the point of pain.

I CANNOT DESCRIBE — I CANNOT SHARE — I CANNOT — I CANNOT.

I would like to turn back and start the month of October all over again and never come to your centre, but it is now too late. I cannot go back. Damn!

I keep thinking this cannot be, and maybe I am just making it all up. I have such an imagination. Maybe all there is in the pit of my stomach is gas. If there is anything at all stored in there, it is a scream, one long guttural scream. I cannot, will not, give people whom I do

not know, no matter how nice they are, the satisfaction or the opportunity to gloat or to feel pity. But I feel trapped.

Help me. Please.

NOW PLEASE GIVE ME THIS PAPER BACK SO THAT I CAN DESTROY IT. THANK YOU.

Note

Hell did give it back to me and I destroyed the paper there and then. However, I was certain I had also destroyed the document on diskette. It is a surprise to find it today (August 13) as I was transferring documents from one diskette to another. Now it does not matter so much whether or not Hell has that document as there has been a lot of healing since. However, on this date, I still do not remember what Micha is describing.

Feb. 5, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...♫ ♫ I am stuck on Band-Aid and...♫ ♫. Aside from that jingle running through my head, felt pretty much at ease.

Feb. 10, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt pain, a burning sensation between the shoulder blades. First time, the first time, I felt like making a fist and hitting...what? My back burns.

Feb. 13, 1999 (Letter to Hell)

First, I wish to apologize for my behaviour on Friday. I should not have called you in the first place and I think I was rude when you called back. Come to think of it, I have not been very nice toward you since the beginning and I am sorry. I will try not to be so difficult in the future. If there is one. Dear God, how I want out of this nightmare.

I nearly lost it on Friday, and I must not lose control at work. That is unthinkable. Friday morning, I almost went straight to your office instead of work. But I had no appointment and I thought a simple phone call might do the trick. I am a very independent person and Friday I realized I was becoming dependent on you. That is not an acceptable relationship for me. I suppose it is common for patients to become dependent on their healer; however, I am a big girl and I

am certain I can deal with what is going on, by myself, without finding myself running to you every time my emotions get out of control. So on Friday, with everything going on, when I realized on top of it all that I was behaving like a schoolgirl I got angry at myself and decided it was best to stay away from you for a while. So, and I wouldn't blame you if you got tired of the game, I think I will skip this Tuesday's session.

I will tell you, however, about the roller-coaster ride I have been on since our last session. I am telling you because I think you are indeed the healer I was looking for, and because as such you deserve respect and the opportunity to understand your patient. I am so fragmented that I am going off in all directions. I feel positively schizophrenic.

Doing the Bradshaw chart during the group session really rattled my bones. Because of the work I did on it on Tuesday and then yesterday, I now have to come to terms with the fact that I am not my father's child. My mother has been trying to tell me this for years but I would not listen. Silly me. A woman knows who the father of her child is! But each time, each attempt, I would deny it. It was okay for my brother if she wanted to say he was her lover's child but as for me I wanted to be my father's child. The child of the man she married.

Then there is an entire different story going on with little Micha. I do the writing exercises, as Bradshaw suggests in *Homecoming*, whenever I feel drawn into Micha's world.

Once she refused to write. It is so hard for me to accept what she says. But Thursday night she did a drawing before she wrote. The drawing is enclosed and I certainly do not want it back! She drew a man and as she was drawing I was struck by terror. It remained with me for the rest of the night and all day Friday. Have you ever been on a roller coaster? If you have, then you know the feeling in your stomach when the railcar is poised on the edge of the highest peak for an instant, and time seems to stand still until it plunges into the void. That's what I felt Thursday night and it has not gone away. What I have done is push it down with the help of as much food as I can swallow without throwing up. I have not binged in a long, long time and here I am wolfing food down my throat. Again.

I do not recall being terrorized by my grandfather. I have few memories of him. I remember playing checkers with him. That he courted

the widow next door and lived there at one time. I remember a long drive to the village where my grandmother is buried and him singing silly songs all the way. I remember briefly a second wife different from the woman he courted. I do not remember going to his funeral. How can that be? If what little Micha says is true, why can't I remember and why don't I remember these feelings toward my grandfather? My mother once told me that she had caught him raping her grandmother who was in her late 80s at the time. My mom cried telling me this. Maybe I feel I should not disappoint you and I should find something wrong in my past, and maybe I made up this whole thing based on the things my mom has told me about him, and like a child in search of thrills, I am scaring myself silly.

Finally, there is big Micha sitting patiently on a big boulder in the forest back of the convent. She waits as I find I cannot do more work with her until the issues with little Micha, and who my father is, are resolved.

I think I cannot be with the meditation group or go for an adjustment until I have found some leverage. You, of course, cannot know what goes on in a patient's head, but now that Pandora's Box has been opened there is no stopping the shrieking monsters that are jumping out. What do I do next?

My definition of healing: growing pains

About group meditations: during the first group meditation, I felt a great healing light passing through me. At first it skimmed off the rock in my stomach, but then it started to target it and the rock, at the time like a marble stone, all black and dark green with silver veins, started to break apart. There was slime oozing out of the cracks. I shared that image with the group and in the silence that followed I could see a pod beginning to sprout and I thought, yes, this is what healing is about — no seed can grow unless it first breaks through its envelope.

Last Tuesday the stone was all of one colour. Dark grey with dark brown veins, and the stuff oozing out was dark orange. I felt no energy or light going around the group while we held hands.

My definition of Michelle: totally schizoid.

One of the people in the group thanked you on Tuesday night, but I couldn't. Given the time, I will come around to thanking you...hopefully.

Feb. 15, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...There was lots happening in my upper back. Wish I could just let go and cry like a child.

Mar. 1, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Felt like vomiting. Also wished I could just fall into the darkness. Sat up to stop the nausea. What are you saying?

March 2, 1999 (Home Computer)

Wicked Witch

When I came home, I started to eat and eat and eat, until I realized I was stuffing myself so that my stomach would want to heave on its own and I would finally throw up. I stopped eating.

I stopped eating because I realized that what I feel during an adjustment, or rather what I react to, is my body remembering. My body remembers in spite of the fact that I don't.

Hell calls it Innate Intelligence. Seth calls it UC, Units of Consciousness.

I reread some of my diary with Hell and I find I first mention the spasms on Nov. 22, 1998. The sudden jerking of my stomach, some kind of retching. But then I have had stomach problems all my life.

In hindsight, there may have been other times when my body has remembered while I have not. In 1975, I was attacked on the street coming home from work (shift work that ended at midnight). Even though I got my face beaten up pretty bad, I was not raped by my assailant. A car turned onto the street where we were and he ran away. Just in time, because I had finally fainted and fallen to the ground. For the longest time, I could see in my mind's eye this huge black glove with thick seams on the outside of the fingers, just pounding away at my face.

Days later, while I was temporarily staying with Oma, my ex-mother-in-law (too complicated to explain this), I would have nightmares at night. My ex-father-in-law would have to get up in the middle

of the night and come to my room and speak to me, telling me I was safe, that I was dreaming, that everything was all right, and I would finally wake up.

I would wake up to find myself standing up, next to the bed. What would wake him was the screaming. I would be screaming at the top of my lungs. Actually, I remember one instance when I had dozed off (a Sunday morning, while everyone was in church), and I had started to moan. Then I thought to myself: “no, this won’t do.” And then I started to scream a little louder and a little louder, until I lost it. I finally came out of it as Oma was repeatedly saying, “Michelle, open your eyes. It is okay. Mommy is here. Open your eyes; all is well. You are safe.”

I had assumed that the screams and the nightmares were due to the beating. Now, I am not so certain. Maybe the beating triggered some memories I have no conscious knowledge of to this day.

I can also recall times when I would cry for no apparent reason, or rather my eyes would cry, though I felt no emotion. Yet the tears would just fall; uncontrollable tears. It has happened in school, at work, at home.

Is it possible that my eating disorder, my stomach problems, my migraines, all have one common cause? Or am I oversimplifying? Or is all of it very true, very right, very real?

When little Micha first talked about her grandfather, I thought, ‘Michelle, you have read too many books.’ When she drew the first picture, I was struck to the core with fear. I was terrified. Now, this second drawing leaves me cold. I think she has gone too far.

Hell has pointed out more than once that my body seems to remember something I have forgotten. And, more and more, the joints of my jaws are hurting. My mouth feels bruised. The pain is real. I am not sure the nausea is. The nausea could be a memory of a time when I retched and convulsed and vomited because unspeakable things were done to me.

Dorothy has been captured by the wicked witch and the hourglass is almost empty. Where are Scarecrow, Tin Man and Lion? I sure could use their help just about now.

Mar. 6, 1999 (Dream)

Such a mess

1. I arrive at a destination and park the car on the grass, but it is some kind of parking area. I am looking for Hell's office. I go into a building and into a large hall on the ground floor where several doctors have their offices and are giving consultations. There is a receptionist in the far left corner of the place. There are people everywhere. Lots of people. I look on directory boards but, though I do not recall any of the doctors' names, I do not see Hell's or even that of any chiropractor. The place is like a zoo. I do not like this place.
2. I am inside a house where I find a little girl about three years old. She has just taken a bath and is wearing a bathrobe (I do not recall the colours). Her father walks into the room, arriving from the basement. He is fresh out of the shower and is also wearing a bathrobe. I think, why did he leave the little girl alone? Where is the mother? I tell him I am looking for the front door trying to find my way out. He laughs gently and points to a room behind me. I go into the room. I look out a window and see that it is light outside. I can see the ocean to the left.
I am outside. It is night and I go down a stairwell; it seems I found the door to the backyard. These are black metal stairs, tightly spiralling down. To the left, I can see some kind of fence made of chicken wire wrapped around the bottom stairs. The fence seems to be blocking the way into the backyard. As I go down the steps, it gets darker and darker until I cannot see anything anymore — all is black.
3. I am in a room. Possibly I am in a motel. My buddy Frank is there and I am happy he is with me. However, the room is a complete mess. It is all cluttered. I cannot describe anymore what the stuff was, as I have forgotten, but it took up all the space in the room. A crew from the hotel came in to clean the place. I sent Frank to get the car. I found more doors and other rooms inhabited by other guests. I was confused. I did not know where my room was or what door I had come out

of to find all these other apartments. Lots of doors, lots of apartments, lots of people.

4. In the parking lot, I cannot find my car. There are a few cars still there but mine is not. As I stand there wondering where my car could possibly be, I see a pickup truck painted electric blue. It is carrying a load of wooden planks in its small open box. The lumber is not tied and is loose. Much of it is too long for the truck. The gate is down and the planks are sliding and moving back and forth as the truck sideswipes a car. It looks like the truck is doing this on purpose: running back and forth and jamming into the right side of the car (I do not recall the colour of the car). As the truck finally pulls away, someone (a man) comes out of the passenger seat of the car. I am surprised. I thought the car was parked and that there was no one in it. The man is tall, with salt and pepper hair and a greying beard. He is dressed in jeans and a sweater (colours?). I could say he looked a little bit like Steven Spielberg.

Comments

I awoke feeling depressed. It seemed to me that I would forever live in a messy house. That I was not up to the challenge. That I would never make it.

INTERPRETATION

Though it was probably several dreams, it seemed to me that it was all one long one.

Looking for Hell: My search for healing.

Bunch of doctors: Confusion.

Car: My own body.

House/building/motel: My own psyche.

Doors and more doors: Trying to find the answers.

Stairs: What happened Tuesday night, complete with the 'chicken' wire fence blocking the way. Chicken! Chicken! Cluck! Cluck!

Backyard: What is hidden.

Stuff: Emotions, thoughts, feelings, beliefs, etc.

Mess: I need to throw out and discard all of these things that clutter my psyche.

Crew: Help that I need.

Frank: What is familiar. Feeling secure. But he cannot help me so I send him away.

Blue truck: What has come out of the blue? The unexpected.

Lumber: My grandfather worked for a lumber company. He worked on the saws in the sawmill cutting the logs into planks.

Man in jeans: I consider Steven Spielberg one of the most creative men of the twentieth century. My higher self? (Why is he always so scruffy looking?)

Right side: The right thing to do in spite of the jostling and the bumping and disturbing emotions, I think.

I found the dream depressing.

Mar. 6, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Magic Door

I am a coward, no doubt about it, such a coward. Who would have thought? Not I. I would have sworn I am very courageous. There it is. I have to own up to it. I could not go through the black. I was afraid. I was very afraid. I was afraid of many things and many voices.

There were no images. There was no knowledge. There was only the black. The black and Hell, and the voices that came and went. I could hear Hell's voice. I could hear mine. I could hear the other voice. There was a Michelle standing next to me, looking down at me, shaking her head and saying, "You are wasting his time. You are making all this up. You are being ridiculous. You are being foolish. You have to stop this."

I remember saying, "I don't want to remember," yet I would swear that is not what I wanted to say. I wanted to say what the other Michelle was saying. "I don't want to remember" was not there until I said it. Then it was very there. "I don't want to remember," said the Michelle on the table. Said coward Michelle.

I am wasting Hell's time

He certainly does not do or say anything to indicate that I am.

I am making all this up

Why then did I shake so much afterwards? In spite of the fact that I did not go through the black? I can't call it a black wall or a black curtain or a black whatever, for I do not know what the black is. I could call it 'a black fog,' if there was such a thing, or just a place where there is no light, which might be more accurate. A place in my consciousness where light does not shine could be the proper name. Now I sound like Treebeard.

I am being ridiculous

What else is new? Seems I am constantly doing things that are ridiculous to others.

I am being foolish

I have been made a fool of more than once. I have been very foolish more than once. So what's once more?

I have to stop this

Why, then, do I go back? Proper Michelle does not like thrashing on the table. Proper Michelle is way too proper. I would never have thought I was so prissy.

I don't want to remember

And so I didn't.

Hell did not push any further. I have wasted the chance that was given to me. I was unable to seize the moment. I am a coward. When Hell stopped the breathing exercises after I said I didn't want to remember, but before the shaking began, there was a kind of movement of my self. Might be better to say my consciousness, racing forward to catch up to my present self. I do not recall moving in the opposite direction. But I can recognize that, if I am making all this up, why did I experience that? I did mention to Hell at some time that I had wished I had an adventure in consciousness. He said be careful what you pray for. It's just that I had expected an adventure in consciousness to be rather fun, not terrifying. Besides, I have always

thought of myself as the courageous type. Now I discover I am actually a coward.

Last summer I was in search of an adventure. I told a friend that I wished I could meet a teacher who would teach me things and I would think: "Wow! Wow! How marvellous! How incredible! How wonderful!" I wanted to learn new things. After reading so much about consciousness in the Seth books I wanted to experience the adventure for myself. I wanted to find JOY.

What is most magical about this whole adventure, and an adventure it is, is the fact that even though I was too much of a coward to go through the black, and after the trembling, I felt I had been given a bit of magic. I felt giddy. I felt like giggling. I felt loved. I felt good. I felt I had discovered a secret door. Whether I will get the chance to go back to that door and finally have the courage to open it is still debatable, but at least I was given that chance.

Wednesday I was as tired as if I'd run a ten-mile marathon, yet I felt good about myself; something I do not experience very often. I went to bed at 8:00 p.m. and slept without waking up until 11:30 a.m. That is how tired I was. But this was not a mental tiredness. It was a physical tiredness.

I should be terribly upset with myself for being such a coward, yet I am not. The psyche is a very strange animal, to say the least.

When I came upstairs, I realized that Dorothy had been freed by Scarecrow, Tin Man and Lion. There they were, all three of them in the kitchen. But now Dorothy has to kill the witch. Dorothy cannot flee. She has to turn and face the witch, and she has to kill her.

Mar. 7, 1999 (Computer Journal)

The rowboat

Since Friday, I cannot help but think of this damn rowboat. Part of me seems to believe that it is in that rowboat that it all happened. There, smack in the middle of the lake. Far away from searching eyes. Alone with my grandfather. Unable to escape.

Micha is asking me to remember, but I still can't manage it. For the moment, there is only the rowboat. I remember that it was painted grey and that grandfather always called it the Verchères, after the company in Verchères that builds beautiful big rowboats.

I remember that I played cards with my grandmother. We played canasta. I seem to remember that my brother played checkers with my grandfather. And that I also played checkers with him.

I try to remember him. I remember a man who had blue eyes. They were very blue. He had white hair and his face was red, due to small broken veins on the surface of his skin. I remember that his right hand was missing the ends of his fingers and they had no nails. He had cut his hand on an electric saw at the Mill where he worked. It was all healed, but they were strange to look at.

I remember the sunroom and that the windows had an incredible number of little squares. I remember the beach. I remember the rowboat, but I do not remember being in the rowboat. I do remember that my grandfather touched himself constantly.

I do not remember being afraid of him. The only real memory is the one in the car. We were probably driving to where my grandmother is buried. Perhaps this was the trip to her funeral. I remember that my grandfather, who was sitting in the front, kept singing dirty songs. There is this memory, too, when I was ten or eleven. He moved to a new city after he got married to a big woman with white hair. I did not like her. That is all.

I do not think I even went to his funeral.

I am not certain of these memories. How am I ever going to find the truth in all this?

My grandfather died at eighty-two years of age. My grandmother was sixty-four when she died.

Mar. 8, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt lots of pressure on my lower back and on my middle back. The back of my head feels like I was hit from behind.

Mar 15, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...not much going on except my head (forehead) hurts and tingles.

Mar. 17, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Fifty-five

So it is my birthday Saturday and I will be fifty-five years of age. I would never have thought that being fifty-five would be such a good place to be. I have come to like myself some, if not as much as I should.

At the moment I am healthy

At the moment I am happy

At the moment I have a great job

At the moment I have no serious financial problems

At the moment I feel privileged

At the moment I have a loving son

At the moment I am not alone

At the moment I feel loved

I feel loved because I have come to recognize that I have guides. They are my dreams. They have led me to find a healer right here in Ottawa. There is love, a universal kind of love. The kind without dependency, without mirror image, without ego. We were told that next Tuesday will be our last group meditation. That will be the end of that, I suppose. Nothing is forever.

This journey that started in October 1998 has been quite an adventure. I was driven. I wanted out. I wanted to quit. I could not quit. I am glad of the darkness and the light, the fear and the trust. I wished for angels and teachers and guides, and I found them.

I know there is still that unfinished business, but I think somehow, someday, I will remember. It is no longer a question of whether or not it happened. I know now that it did happen. Soon I will be in the second part of the journey. I do not know if Hell will be there to guide me beyond the black, but I have to do this. I no longer have the choice for I have gone beyond the point of turning back. I cannot say how I will feel when I remember, but I would like to believe that I will recognize the truth that makes you free. The dream of the blue pickup truck holds the promise of great creativity.

Strange as it may seem, now, at fifty-five years of age, I want to live. Not just live on the outskirts of my life, as I have always done, living but constantly wishing that I was not living. I am so very glad to be alive. I want to believe that, whatever is in store for me in the

next twenty years or so, I will always be glad to be alive. These past fifty-five years I have journeyed with several nasty companions. They were despondency, despair, sadness and melancholy. Now when I turn around I do not see them anymore. I hope they are gone for good. It would be fine with me if I were now to travel with joy, creativity, humour and vigour.

Gaping open for years and years, the door into darkness has been shut. Miraculously, a door leading into the light has been opened.

CHAPTER III

Enough already!

March 19, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I feel lots of fire flowing in my spine.

April 7, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I feel my lower back tingling, itching. My right leg was cramping; almost asleep. My right foot and toes are numb.

April 10, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Little Micha, Dialogue 2 (Bradshaw exercise)

Me: Micha, I've finally come to talk with you again. We have not spoken in quite a while and I have learned so many things since then. I know now that I am not Paul's daughter. Poor man. Mom told me that she had an affair while he was stationed in Nova Scotia. She gave me the name Marcel Lebrun.

However, I don't quite trust her. You know, Mom told me something a long time ago; I must have been thirty. Then I did something stupid and went and told Simon. That was not the right thing to do. Mom never spoke of it again. What is sad about all of this is that when she gave me the name, it felt as if something was not quite right. In 1974, she had mentioned in a drunken state that the man who was my father was Jewish. I don't see anything Jewish in Marcel Lebrun; what do you think?

Micha: I have always suspected I was not Paul's daughter. I always had the feeling that Mom used to hate to look at my face. I must be a constant reminder of that mistake in 1944.

Me: You can imagine how you were a constant reminder that you weren't his daughter. More so, that man without scruples must have been fairly well built, as I am heavy and tall. According to Mom, he was Paul's best friend. I do not like that man at all. My birth father was screwing the wife of his best friend. And I bet it wasn't the first

time. He was working at a hotel while Paul was in the war overseas. I think he was spineless. I do not like that man; no, not at all

Micha: I understand now why Daddy doesn't love me and isn't at all concerned that I'm in a convent.

Me: I asked Mom if Paul knew. She said that she had never openly mentioned her betrayal, but that she believed that Paul suspected. What a shameful story. I am very ashamed of who I am.

Micha: I have always known it and I am ashamed. I hate myself because I am a bastard child. I would not be surprised if the nuns also know this. No wonder they keep sending me to the chapel and that I'm being watched as if I were possessed.

Me: I don't know what to say. You're right. Even if I feel dirty and ugly, she's so old now that to hate her would serve no real purpose. Please don't be upset with me. I know I should show anger and be very upset, but I am not. The years have made me wishy-washy.

Please don't hate me. We have so much to talk about. There are so many things that we must discuss. I am now fifty-five years of age and I have forgotten many things, but you, you're only eight years old, and you must remember many things even if you don't talk about them. You must remember the vile things Grandfather did. Mom does not speak about it, but I am convinced that she knew. I think that deep inside she feels that she managed to live with her pain, therefore I should be able to live with my pain.

Tell me about Grandfather will you?

Micha: You're asking a lot.

Me: Talk to me. I sense that you know something. It's been months now that I've been trying to remember and I can't seem to manage it. I want to remember so I can put an end to this. Please help me.

Micha: What do you want to hear? What atrocities to you want me to tell you? You must remember all by yourself. To tell you will get you nowhere. If you must remember, then think of the rowboat.

Me: I try and I try and I can't seem to manage it.

Micha: Keep trying. Think about it. He used to take me in the rowboat and there on the lake, far from everyone's eyes, especially Grandmother's, he would do things that hurt me. Remember how he used to take hold of me at the bottom of the rowboat.

Me: No, don't say anything more. Even if you gave me the full details, I still would refuse to believe you. I will keep trying to remember. Micha, don't cry. Do not cry. I know there is no one to hold you in their arms and dry your tears. It is the same for me. Often, after a session at Hell's centre, I feel the need to cry while someone holds me in their arms. But there is no one; not for me, not for you. Keep up your courage, I will get there, even if I must travel all by myself. I will get there, and then you and I, we will cry in each other's arms, and then, perhaps, we will heal our pain. Wait for me.

April 16, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...Why do I get this way? Cold. My head. Who is banging on my head?

April 17, 1999 (Dream)

Grey

I was talking with a young woman from the States. She was thin, had shoulder length dark brown hair with bangs. She was wearing a grey suit. She showed me black-and-white photographs. She had several pictures and she spread them out on a table. In one there were two young boys, one smaller and younger than the other, with eyes half closed, about eight, and the other ten. Both were in their bathing suits, clowning around at the beach. I saw a picture of a little girl standing with several adults. She was three or four years old. When I saw her I started to cry. Another picture showed that same little girl sitting in a train with several other little girls and with a nun who must have gone on the trip with them. The young woman (I did not know her name) said to me, "You don't believe me."

I answered, "Yes I do. My mother lied to me all my life. You're the one with the pictures."

I was in her living room with a man and, I think, another woman. She dimmed the lights and several crystals came to life as if they had a light within them. They were not shaped like natural crystals but were beautiful works of art, each of a different shape and colour, and each glowing. However, the room remained in semi-darkness. I exclaimed how beautiful the crystals were. There were several objects

moving about in a circle, but in mid-air, as if they had momentum of their own. The man next to me grabbed one (something like a frisbee or a tambourine) and gave it a spin, only to send it careening against the wall.

I was walking outside in the backyard. It was night. It was a small backyard, almost square. The grass, though not wet, was the kind of grass you still have before it turns green in the spring, after the snow has melted. Directly behind was a black building, an old wooden structure of the sort where the wood has become black and worn from weathering. I did not really look at it, I simply noticed it. I walked up the stairs to the gallery, where the woman was talking with a man and leaning against the rail of the balcony looking out into the night. It seems she lived on the second floor.

INTERPRETATION

Woman from the States in grey: My mind? Consciousness?

The Thesaurus says in part for State:

The noun: The way something is with respect to its main attributes.

The verb: Express an idea, etc. orally, in writing, or with gestures.

A replacement word: One of the words listed is "spin."

Also, though the United States is another country, it is one without frontiers, so to speak, and easily accessible.

Photographs in black and white: A form of record.

Black and white: the past.

Picture of the two boys clowning at the beach: Similar to the picture of Jos. and Marc taken in Florida when Jos. was seven and Marc eleven?

Two best friends?

The two boys my mom said she had out of wedlock?

Picture of three-year-old: I recognized myself and started to cry.

Picture of me in the train: I remember going on a trip by train with the nuns when I was either eight or nine, when I was a boarder at the convent in St-Bruno.

Living room: Everyday life.

Crystals: Don't really know, except I have been thinking of buying one. In my Feng Shui class there is a mention of adding a crystal to cure imbalance in a room.

Floating objects: Circle?

Man next to me: He grabbed the object and gave it a spin but it ended up against the wall; unbroken, though, and the object simply adjusted its trajectory.

Spinning: Method of chiropractics? Spine?

Backyard: Bare. Nothing growing. But it is spring (hope?).

Something hidden?

Building next door: The tattered shed on the parking lot of Hell's office?

Stairs (second floor): Going up....

Mind - Consciousness?

(In another dream I was going down some stairs into a backyard. Is this an indication of a change in consciousness?)

Overall feeling

The dream is dark with very little colour. Almost entirely black and white, or at least mostly grey. Very bleak.

I woke up feeling depressed and wondering whether I will ever know the truth about myself. About who I am really. About my past. About my memories. About Micha.

A dark dream, like a dark movie — a black comedy starring a very bad actress.

April 18, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Bastard Child

Just when I was beginning to believe I was someone people could respect, I find I am nothing more than a bastard; that the man who fathered me was an irresponsible s.o.b., a lowlife who thinks nothing of having sex with his best friend's wife. If Paul was overseas fighting a war, why was this coward working in a hotel and not in the armed forces? Was he a drunk, the same as my mother was? I hate him. Hate him.

Just when I was beginning to have a loving relationship with my mother, I find myself hating her for not taking responsibility for her actions. Four times! There may not have been the pill in those days but there were condoms.

I find myself feeling disgusted with her. Worse, I cannot trust that she's telling me the truth, because she's changed her story several times over the years. First there was only one boy born out of wedlock. Now she says there were two. Then she tells me all four children are from different fathers — not one the child of Paul. I don't believe a word of it. There have been times when she was blind drunk and told a different story. Will I ever know who I really am?

Years ago, in the late 60s, I was called to her apartment by her boyfriend and had to take her to the hospital to have her stomach pumped. In the ambulance, she thought she was dying. She was delirious and talked about the man who was supposedly my father. She said he was Jewish and that she had loved him all her life. Several weeks ago she gives me a name: Marcel Lebrun. Sounds very French Canadian to me. Where the hell is the truth and what is the use of asking her?

April 24, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Cheat

I am a cheat. I am someone who does not belong in the circle. These women are incredibly courageous. Every day they must go about their lives carrying the pain of their ordeal. They know what it is. The memory of the violence done to them is not hidden from their consciousness. They must carry on in spite of it all.

Tuesday night, I wallowed in all the attention I got from two other patients. Sitting between the two of them gave me such a good feeling.

All of the women at the circle are wonderful. They are genuinely concerned, and their kindness and love is undeserved. I, unlike them, do not know. I have invented the entire fable. I listen to these women and I do not belong with them. Their pain is for real, while mine is imagined. I take up space — someone else's space. Someone else who is not getting her chance at healing because I am there on the floor feeling sorry for myself.

I don't know why I cry during or after an adjustment; it must be the nature of Network. I'm feeling sorry for myself over and over again because, because...what? That's all it is, just feeling sorry for myself. I never used to feel this way and it has to stop.

I think the only reason I keep going back is because deep down I love all this attention. Nowhere else have I ever been treated with the kindness I receive when I go for adjustments or join the circle. I think if I stayed with the circle I would interfere with the healing process. There is no room there for a cheat.

I am not going back. If ever I do remember, assuming there is something to remember, then I will go back. But how can that happen?

I was talking with my mom tonight. What am I to think when she tells me she believes her life has been good, all in all? What am I to think when she tells me how she thanks God daily that her children are healthy? These are not the words of someone who let her daughter be abused when she was a little girl! I am such a fabulist! Such a liar.

No, this has to stop. Right now. It is enough. There has been so much war going on inside me. It is enough. No more. No more searching, trying to remember. No more crying. No more feeling sorry for myself. I've had it.

CHAPTER IV

Letting go

May 8, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Truce with Micha

Me: Micha, are you calling me? My arm hurts. I think it is coming from you. I think of you often. Do you wish to speak to me? Say something? Talk to me? I'll let you write.

Micha: Yes, I want you to remember.

Me: I can't manage it. What do you want me to do?

Micha: Let me speak. I am telling you the truth. You must stop thinking that it is all a lie. Don't you trust me? Don't you think that I want only what is good for you? The pain is there, even if you ignore it. Your arm hurts because you refuse to believe the memories. Your arm hurts because it is a memory. The first time, he practically broke your arm, to scare you into silence. He said he would break your arm and would do worse if you cried or screamed.

Me: How can you expect me to believe such a story?

Micha: I am telling you the truth. You can believe me or not, it will not change anything. You're not feeling very well, are you? You're nauseous. Do you think you would feel this way if it was a lie?

Me: I am not feeling very well, that's true. But how can you tell that it's what you're saying that is making me feel this way?

Micha: You really go to extremes to deny that experience.

Me: My arm hurts more and more. What should I do?

Micha: Lie down for a while.

Me: It's better, thank you.

Micha: You will remember soon. You must not be so harsh with yourself. You must treat yourself better.

Me: Can you not understand that I would never have survived all this? Look how I managed to bury all that so far down in my soul. I have never understood evil. I have never understood cruelty. It is beyond my comprehension. I cannot manage to understand this.

During the circle, as I was looking around at all these courageous women, I could not understand why someone had hurt them so much. If we are beings of light, can anyone explain how men and women, for there are women too, can possibly hurt their children that way? As for us, how can we possibly manage to heal ourselves?

Micha: You ask too many questions. How can you possibly question God Himself? What has happened has been for the better. You must have faith that your life is an offering to give wings to your soul. All barterers, all victims, we are children of God, we are dear to Him. Even if you do not see Him, He is always with you. Ask no questions. Resign yourself.

Me: You are asking me to accept that human beings hurt each other terribly. We torture not only strangers, but also those dear to us. Is this acceptable?

Micha: No, no, that is not what I'm saying. I am saying that in All That Is, this divine personality we call God, there resides all that is Love. Here on earth, you, along with millions of others, have chosen to take human form in order to experiment with matter, the five senses and emotions. Here on earth, everything is divided into two opposites. Good and evil. Light and darkness. Duality.

Me: I'm screaming inside. I am very afraid to let out such anger. Do you believe that I have forgiven this man? I hate him. I wish him harm. At least, in the silence, under the cover of forgetfulness, I do not have to acknowledge my bitterness and my hatred. I can believe that I'm a good person who will go to heaven because she has never wished anyone any harm. You know very well that if I remembered, I would want to kill him. Even though he is dead, I still wish to see him suffer, I still wish him harm.

Micha: How can you possibly heal when you carry all this inside yourself? You will never receive the grace of forgiveness if you insist on hiding and ignoring your emotions. Whether they are good or bad, you must face them. You do not see it, but your stubborn insistence on keeping all this inside yourself is costing you spiritually. So, my dear Michelle, stop shaking your fist in the face of God and accept your destiny as the best thing that ever happened to you, in order to become the being that you are forever seeking to be.

Me: You're harsh with me. I cannot guarantee that I will make it, but I will try not to deny anything anymore. I do this as an act of faith for the salvation of my soul.

May 13, 1999 (Dream)

Going for a stroll

At first I was walking with Rose somewhere on vacation. I don't recall what I was wearing, but Rose had a really nice coat on, sort of a silvery moss green. We were on vacation. We went down one street and saw mostly rural scenery.

Then I was walking with a nice young man who looked like the young doctor in *Star Trek Deep Space Nine*. He wore a dark navy-blue trench coat. Rose and Isabelle had gone ahead. The young man and I walked down the same street and, after a while, we realized they weren't ahead. We thought they'd probably taken a different street, a different direction. We'd gone straight down from the hotel. Now we turned left and took a street that was very much a city street, and I wondered if it was safe to walk there.

Then, in a small rural area again, there was a fountain, an old one and there was rust on the metal and the concrete. My companion had brought it to my attention by laughing and telling me he was getting wet. There were people around the fountain, but I didn't pay much attention. We climbed a hill and, looking down, we could see where we'd been and where the fountain was. Now there seemed to be a ravine between us and the fountain. I thought I'd seen Rose down there, where we'd been. Then she was with us. She looked different somehow. She had longer hair. She looked real nice.

The young man and I were walking again, but this time we seemed to be right in the middle of the city. A European city, I think. We arrived at a carrefour, but it seemed to be a five-corner crossing. We crossed in front of a stopped streetcar, red and beige.

I suddenly realized that I didn't have my purse. In my mind's eye, my purse was a gold clutch bag and I thought I'd left it at the restaurant where we had eaten. The young man showed me a shoulder bag he was carrying over his left shoulder. It was pearl grey and looked like a large leather wine bag. He showed me the bag so I could see the outline of my gold purse, which he had put inside the bag for safekeep-

ing. I was surprised. I laughed and said, "I'm going to marry you!" He did not seem to think much of that remark.

The whole time we were walking, no matter where it was, we were very close. He was holding my waist and I was holding his. He was very handsome, very slim, and at least as tall as Eddy. Almost like Eddy, I guess, but with black curly hair and looking very much like that young doctor. I liked him very much. At one time I mentioned money, but I don't remember exactly where in the dream. I had asked, "Your family are very rich, aren't they?" I don't think he liked the question and I don't remember that he answered.

Just before the end of the dream, he had his hand over my shoulder and tried to touch my left breast. I said, "You're very young to try something like that." I took his hand away and said, "Wow," as I could not believe he would think me so attractive he'd try a stunt like that.

INTERPRETATION

Rose: Rose is our communications officer.

Isabelle: Isabelle is our translator.

Fountain: Life. But this is an old one. I feel old and very unattractive.

Walking: In the country or the city, represents for me the different walks of life.

Vacation: Time to enjoy life, to feel good, to have a good time.

European: Foreign and attractive.

Carrefour: Five corners: five senses.

Streetcar: On track.

Purse: Something valuable. Usually I dream of losing my purse, but I do not find it again. This time the nice young man had kept it safe for me. Sounds like a good omen to me. I think the fact that it was gold is also a good omen. That it was kept in a fine grey pouch means that my thoughts are on the right track at present.

Young man: Higher self?

Colours: Silvery green moss; new growth. Gold; the best. Navy blue trench coat; stability.

COMMENTS

This dream is very encouraging.

If it concerns what's been happening with past memories and my decision to go forward, then it shows I'm on the right track.

If it's regarding my finances, then again it's very encouraging because my purse is safe.

If it's about my soul, again I think the dream is very encouraging and shows some kind of gain.

May 14, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...Changes. I did not fight any of the movement or emotions. I just let it happen.

May 14, 1999 (Dream)

Looking for my car

I was in a parking lot (at a mall?). It is daytime, possibly in the afternoon. Summer, I think. I pulled out but stopped in the lane. There were several cars stopped. There were also several young men leaning against a car that seemed to be blocking the way out. I got out of the car (red Sundance).

I am walking back to the parking lot to get the car and it is night. I am walking behind a lane of houses. There's lots and lots of snow and I'm trying to find my way to the street. I go through a backyard but am stopped because the snow is too high.

Walking on the sidewalk, still lots of snow. I pass in front of a church. It looks pretty from the outside and I wonder about it.

There is much more in the dream about walking and struggling in the snow, but I don't remember.

I enter a house, coming in from the backyard. As I enter, I bolt the door, then turn left and go up some steps and through another door, to the inside of the house. The door is painted white with several layers of paint on the push button that latches the door. As I press it to lock the door, I think how old this lock is and how secure it makes me feel. It seems to me this house is very secure and no one can get in uninvited. Going in, I find the bedroom. The bed is unmade, with lots of stuff on it. Next to it and half-hidden under the bed is an open trundle. The mattress is small enough that I can see the springs, and

this bed is also unmade. (For a child to sleep in?) I think I should tidy up as I wonder what Oma would say if she saw this mess.

A man is in the house. I explain to him about losing my car, that I think it has been stolen. He asks if I left the keys inside it. I say yes but, looking through my pockets, I find the keys to the Altima (champagne colour). I think maybe the car is still in the parking lot after all.

INTERPRETATION

Snow: Familiar theme. Too much snow. Being snowed in.

Struggling through the snow. Being buried under snow. Walking through a tunnel under ice. I have always associated snow with the need to pray, snow representing total lack of life and love (cold; night). These dreams always come when I am struggling spiritually.

Church: I do not go in as I am uncertain and confused about my relationship with God.

Car stolen: Familiar theme. I have dreamt time and time again of losing the car and not being able to find it again. I associate this with the loss of something valuable. This time there is an indication that the car is not lost at all.

Red Sundance: My little red car, which I associated with life and spirit. It was a sort of miracle that I got the financing for it. Serendipity.

Champagne Altima: I associate the Altima with my better life, 'mon char en or,' my car of gold.

Backyard: The past.

House: Self.

Locks: Shutting out the past. Double bolts. Double doors.

Bedroom: Usually associated with either rest or sex. Either association indicates unrest and struggle.

SUMMARY

In her dialogue, Micha talks about losing ground spiritually because of my stubbornness over the issues discovered since I started seeing Hell. I have locked out the past really good and tight, and I'm extremely reluctant to unlock the door leading to whatever is there. Micha talked about having faith and I did commit to that, if nothing else (walking in front of the church).

May 16, 1999 (Computer journal)

Diary #1

I went to see Hell on Friday night. The two dreams and the dialogue with Micha portend the last of my struggle to not go through this. They have brought me fortitude and hope. I have finally stopped wishing that this was only a fantasy. I have come to accept that what I have are nebulous memories of what did actually happen. I now accept my fate. I accept that whatever is there needs to be brought out in the open and dealt with. It has been one long, long struggle, but I think I am finally going to make it.

All my life, I have been afraid I would fall short of the mark. This journey now indicates to me that it was because, deep down inside, I knew that this secret would have to be dealt with one day, and that I probably have always struggled with the desire not to deal with this, to just let it pass. But now I'm at a crossroads and I am — as odd as this may seem — I am happy to finally come to terms with it. I am very fortunate that Hell has been such a good guide. He has probably known from the beginning that some terrible monster was buried inside my soul.

Friday was certainly different. I did not fight off the emotions. I did not stop the pain. I let it happen. Hell was happy with the results.

I hope I will not back down again, but simply move forward from now on.

Good luck Michelle, you will need it! But whatever happens, do not stop the pain! Do not hug it! Just let it flow! This is something you must try very hard to do.

May 20, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I could have gone on much longer. I felt relaxed. Not as much pain as the last date.

No date (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt as if I would like to explode. Like a firecracker that's wet and can't ignite.

May 25, 1999 (Dream)

Earth School

I was in a bedroom which I shared with someone. It was very small.

At school, we were moving. It seemed we were in a school that went from kindergarden to Grade 12, and the high school students were moving to a high school only; no children. The move seemed complicated somehow and I have forgotten nearly all of it.

The last part of the dream is that we are not moving after all and are to stay with the young kids. In the play yard, children are playing ball and football. One football lands in an old woman's lap. When I pick it up it is all deflated and looks like the eye of a needle. It's still brown, as a football is. The ball had gone over some trees and I made it a point to move further back to pick it up, but the old woman did.

Back in the bedroom, this time I see two beds in an ell shape and I think, "Good, I can sleep in this bedroom instead of the one downstairs that has only one small, pitiful bed, more like a cot. But the girl I was sharing with said no, that we would get in each other's way and not be able to sleep. I thought yes, we would tangle our feet. I was disappointed, but accepted the bed downstairs. The commode, on the other hand, was at the top of the stairs.

I saw this same girl, the one I was sharing the room with, talking with another woman. They were both painting watercolours. I remember her words to me as, "I am serious now about this." She was painting, or had painted, the face of a woman with dark blue hair. On her cheeks were large tears. What made the painting beautiful was that behind the crying woman were many, many faces of women, all of them different. It seemed to me that this woman was crying for them, for they had suffered much.

I woke up thinking I would incarnate again.

INTERPRETATION

I think of the school as earth school.

The moving as wishing to go somewhere else to learn.

The moving back as accepting this school of learning (incarnations).

The football ?? The football was kicked by a young boy and went way above the trees. I think of the trees as life. I do not know what I could possibly think about the football.

The old lady?? Me??

The bedroom ??

The girl I share the room with: ego??

Painting: creativity. Crying for all my lives?? A sort of Madonna??

CHAPTER V

Fed Up!

June 11, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Tell me what I need to know, soul. I am listening, finally. So much sadness.

June 14, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Wind in the night

Did I dream this or was I awake?

I heard a bell clang. Once. Very loudly. It was a bell, not a telephone ring, not a gong ring. One loud DONG. I opened my eyes. I was lying in bed, on my right side. A wind came. The sound was very loud. I thought there was a hurricane in my bedroom. I could feel the wind blowing over me and its force pulling the sheet back; I could feel it pushing against my back. It was swirling and twirling about me — just me; nothing in my bedroom was moving. There was no wind anywhere else. Nothing stirred around the open window; nothing stirred the chime next to it. It was only around me. I seemed fully conscious of this. I turned on my back and everything stopped. I was lying there, wondering what it was all about and whether or not I had dreamt it, a voice coming from my solar plexus said, “You are now connected.” Not a voice in my head, not a loud voice. Not a voice from outside, heard by my ears. A voice inside of me.

At 2:50 a.m. I got up because I was having the kind of attack I get sometimes, caused by my stomach hernia. I drank an ounce or so of milk, hoping to calm my stomach. A half hour later I experienced severe intestinal cramps, and I spent the rest of the night eliminating excessive amounts of bile. Everything calmed down around 5:30 a.m.

Whirlwinds in the night! Being wired for sound! If life is a school, then I should get an A for Imagination 101.

June 14, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt (when Hell put pressure on my neck) that I am finally about to connect with my lower spine. I could feel a stretch from both, trying to meet in the middle. That pressure on my neck felt great.

June 18, 1999 (Dream)

Bad trip

Dreamt my grandfather picked me up as one picks up a small child, with legs around the waist. He said something in my ear, but I did not hear (or did not wish to). I think my mom was in the kitchen doing the dishes. He looked incredibly old, not like the old man I remember with white hair and smooth skin. His skin was all wrinkled and he looked more like a corpse than anything else. I was extremely passive. I did not move. I did not respond or struggle. Was I thirteen years old?

I was riding a bus. The driver was a woman. Sitting on the right looking out the window I saw a little girl (three years old?). She had gotten off the bus and was walking alongside in what appeared to be a roadside garden. She wore a pale blue apron with many pockets filled with tubes of paint. She was the driver's daughter. I went to the front, as the bus was moving very fast down the highway, and I told her that her little girl had gotten off the bus. I thought she would turn the bus around but she just kept right on going.

In a washroom where there is only a sink and mirror, I wanted to change into a sports outfit (was I a football player?). I looked into my sports bag but all that was there was dirty laundry. I realized I had no underwear and thought I should go to the mall to buy some to put under the uniform. Just for that day, as all I had to do was wash the clothes in the bag for more clean underwear. As I was leaving the washroom, Bernice came in. (Bernice is my boss's travel agent; all of his trips are booked through her agency.)

I am in a building (a mall again?). I am going down some black metal stairs with the bus driver and her thirteen-year-old daughter. As we are about to leave the building, I turn around to go back and pick up some paper I dropped on the stairs. I see several pieces of paper (I do not remember what was on them, but I think I never found what I was looking for).

All three of us are in a sports car (Trans-Am? Firebird?). It is a convertible and the top is down. The car is white. We are all sitting in the front. I try in vain to put on the grey safety belt. It has two D-rings holding the buckle and I cannot figure out how to work it to clasp the right part to the left part. I am concerned about getting hurt and I tell the woman driving (bus driver from previous dream) to slow down, as there is no top and if we should get into a car accident we will all be terribly hurt. She takes an exit the wrong way into a busy road. We are moving towards the cars coming from the opposite direction. There are many of them. Finally we clear the exit and run head on into oncoming traffic. She drives forward and misses the cars, as if with perfect timing, and finds her way into the proper lane, way over to the right.

Somewhere in the dream, the bus driver tells me that her husband has gone to go pick up the little girl, since they have a special connection and see each other through a mirror. Besides, she says, he was much closer to the girl than she was, distance-wise.

INTERPRETATION

Bus driver: Me. I always think I am as big as a bus. Take up all the room.

Three-year-old: Me.

Thirteen-year-old: Me (but why?) This confuses me. Where does me as a thirteen-year-old come in?

Stairs: Going down into consciousness (black).

Papers: Letters I write to Micha? Letters she writes back?

Mall: Activity.

Sports car: Going for one hell of a ride — it would seem. Was there not a phoenix painted on the hood of that car?

Sportswear: Hmm...new as a symbol. Getting ready for a match of some kind.

Bernice: Going on a trip?

Husband: ?

Grandpapa: Now there's a surprise. Never, ever dreamt of him as far as I can remember. Does he know something I don't? What did he say in my ear? For that matter was I the thirteen-year-old? If so, why? He looked like the walking dead. Why was I so passive?

No date (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt like throwing a temper tantrum. I felt like screaming, "I've had enough! This has got to stop! No more!" I want to scream, to trash everything in sight.

June 20, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Help. Asking my guides

Me: Please tell me what it is I am doing wrong. (Does it matter what language I write in?) What is it that I must do? Why is nothing happening? What is wrong with me?

Guides: First of all, you have to stop wanting to control everything. Let go. Let go. All will come in good time.

Me: I do not know what to do. I am impatient. I am also very scared and that is why I want so much for this to be over.

Guides: You must be patient. The work you do is on the inside. There is much to change. In a way, you are very fragile so you must be gentle with yourself.

Me: Today, it felt as if God wanted to remind me how much He loves me, even if what will be shown to me is very painful. It must be pretty bad, for so many precautions to be taken to watch over me. What really happened? And why did I dream I was thirteen years old? How much of this is a fabrication on my part and, if it is a fabrication, what kind of monster am I? Am I terribly sick? Crazy? What is wrong with me? Will it end soon? One way or another? I am so fed up!

Guides: Patience. You must be patient.

Me: Please help me enter into some sort of trance, that I might write and that I might believe what I write.

Guides: Sorry, you must make a choice. Choose here and now.

Me: I have no choice. I must believe. Otherwise, I am truly crazy. I need help. I can't go on anymore. I need help. I will trust. I will trust that whatever happens, it is for my own good. I will trust that God loves me, and that a part of these atrocities (how, how can I understand raping and sodomizing a little girl who is three-and-a-half years old? Or for that matter, an eighteen-year-old? Or an old

woman?) is that there's a part of us that accepts the aggression and the aggressor.

I cannot express anger because I do not remember. I am always so passive. I never seem to get angry. Am I wrong?

Guides: You will have to get angry eventually, but it can wait. You must express anger. Anger can be good. Not because you were hurt, but because these things should not be part of any society. Belief systems, expectations, and standards breed such oppressions. It is important to want to make changes by bringing about good and healthy relationships.

Me: I do not understand. Am I supposed to do something about this? How?

Guides: We will show you, we will guide you. Be patient. All things will come in time, just at the right time.

CHAPTER VI

Slowly but Surely

July 1, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Checkpoint

This journey started at the end of October, 1998, at the time of the first anniversary of Jos.'s death. What a journey! Why on earth did I ever start on it? What was pushing me? There is a chiropractor just across the street, literally. I have a friend who recommended her chiropractor several times. Another friend and his daughter go to the one across the street. So why did I decide to ask for a business card that Saturday evening at the little vegetarian restaurant? So much has happened since then.

First it was all about Jos., and when that was done, the crying still would not stop. In November, while listening to Bradshaw's tape, "Championing your inner child," Micha mentioned for the first time her grandfather's abuse — my grandfather's sexual abuse. It was quite a shock and I gave a copy of that particular Bradshaw exercise to Hell.

This winter I learned that there is every indication I have repressed memories of sexual abuse at the hands of my grandfather.

This winter I learned of my real father. My mom finally gave me a name. Still, her tale makes little sense.

This winter I learned that my mother has brought other children into this world. Quite by accident, she admitted that I had had an older half-brother, when she let slip that she had a grandson named Stéphane, whose father had been William, a son born to my mom two years before I was born. She had given William up for adoption when he was six weeks old. The next, I think, was me (she was married then, but I am not her husband's child). Then there is my brother Simon, five years younger than I am. Is he the son of Paul? Poor husband. Poor children. Poor Mom.

This winter I learned about honouring oneself. This was entirely new to me. But also this winter I went through hell and it is not over yet.

Now, I am struggling in vain to remember repressed memories and I also have to deal with the fact that I am illegitimate. Haven't I always known I'm a slut? Didn't my grandfather call me his little whore? "You like that, little whore," "Do me, little whore," "You're a real little whore."

I also have to deal with the fact that my boss is retiring this year. That I must relinquish my post and be demoted. My boss will stay on until spring of next year, and I suppose I will remain his secretary until that time. Then I will be either out of a job or given every bit of work the other secretaries hate and that means dull, dull work. What fun I will have. I will lose close to \$8,000 a year — not to mention having to endure smirks from the other secretaries. Options? At fifty-five, none.

I'd like to say that I can't take this anymore, that I wish I were dead, that I wish I could die, that I wish I were on the other side, like I used to, but I can't. That is the one marvellous chapter in this whole baleful story. I now suspect that at some time when the abuse was taking place, a door opened to the other side and I always looked to it and wished I could pass through and never, ever come back to that godforsaken place that I hated so much.

All my life it has felt as if I've been punished, as some kind of vengeance, by having to live a life I did not wish to live. And all my life I wished I had the guts to commit suicide. And now? Now, in spite of the hurt, in spite of the struggle, I am glad to be here, to be alive, to be dealing with my gut being pulled out of me — eviscerated, it feels like. I have seen medieval pictures of victims being eviscerated and, yes, it feels just like that looks. Yet I have never felt more alive. Go figure!

Last Sunday (or was it Monday?) I told my son about my birth father. Eddy was bowled over, which surprised me because he has never shown any interest in his grandfathers. He said it was because I'd never mentioned my dad (Mom's husband) and, since he was dead, he figured there was nothing there to question. His grandfather on his father's side passed away before I met his dad.

Well, I don't know about the classic syndrome I always seemed to have, of idealizing my mom, but at this moment, at this stage of the journey, I do not wish her hurt. She is seventy-seven years of age. Even if she was to live another twenty years, I would like us to travel on a healing journey together, not one of hate and resentment.

This July, I will be going to Drummondville again. This time I will probably travel further in order to meet her grandson, my nephew Stéphane. This young man (thirtyish) actually hired a detective to find his biological grandmother. He was wise enough to wait until his grandparents (William's adoptive parents) died, so as not to hurt them. It took him two years to find her. It probably cost him quite a penny as well. William was an alcoholic and killed himself driving while he was out-of-his-mind drunk. Stéphane was nine years old. I don't know if my nephew is an alcoholic, but my brother is, my mom is. How come I'm not? If I ever get the real truth out of my mom, I will write a book.

The most important thing for me now is travelling to Machu Picchu this coming October. I am determined to go, no matter how much money it costs. When I watched the documentary, and the city unfolded in front of me as the camera panned slowly from the highest point, and they said runners for the King used to arrive by this high trail with fresh fish from the sea every day, I started to cry and cry. There has to be something there for me.

When I started seeing Hell, I could not sit without feeling pain in my coccyx. It has been eight months since then, and now I can sit again in my nice ergonomic chair. There has been healing; a different kind of healing. Not only is my back being healed but all of me.

No matter what the future has in store for me, surely it is good. Things are getting better all the time.

July 2, 1999 (Dream)

Jewelry Store

At a jewelry store with a friend; Frank, I think. I go to the counter to buy a present. There are several sales attendants behind glass counters. I go to the one on the left, as he is the only attendant who is free.

Before that, I think in a mall, I line up at a ticket counter. Many people are in the line and it stretches right outside.

I ask the sales attendant for something that I want to buy. I forget what it is, but he does not seem to know or want to understand what I want. I ask to see the manager. The manager ignores me. I ask to see the owner of the store.

Then I find myself standing in front of several men. The little man I talked to at first, I remember him. He looks like a blend of the husbands of two of my coworkers. He wears glasses. The manager looks like the colonel in *Are You Being Served*. As to the owner, I cannot say who he resembles; he is tall with dark hair. There are also three other men standing with these three. They are all lined up in front of me and I am giving them a lecture on service. "What do I want?" I say, "Service."

They consult together, come back and apologize. I say, "So you checked who I am, and I am a very good customer who makes many purchases." I say, "Where do I live? Ottawa. Where do I buy? Drummondville." They all nod in agreement. I tell them I have always shopped at this jewelry store. That it is my favourite store.

As the dream ended, I was being handed gifts, as they were wrapped, by each of the men. The only gift I vaguely remember was something green. Might have been a long green silk scarf; green as in forest green, money green.

INTERPRETATION

Sales attendant: Ego.

Store manager: Id.

Store owner: Higher Self.

Jewelry store: Represents wealth to me. A place where beautiful things can be bought only if you are very rich. I used to spend my lunch hour browsing through jewelry stores enjoying the beautiful objects. Not gloating, just enjoying the beauty of things you can possess only when you have wealth.

Other three men: Shadows of things to come?

Lecture: Asserting myself? Talking to myself. Telling me things.

Green scarf: I associate the green with healing and with wealth. I love wearing long silky scarves and wrapping them around my neck.

July 2, 1999 (NSA Journal entry after adjustment)

Today, I felt as if electric shocks were shooting into my head. I may have found the place again where everything is black, a velvety black, but not threatening. Oh, yes, my right arm and wrist bother me.

July 6, 1999 (Dream)

Mom Connection

There is a dream in my diary about a pickup truck painted a beautiful electric blue. In the diary, I have interpreted the dream. It concerns all the stuff I have been working on with Hell regarding my past. A few days later, when I talked to my mom, she mentioned a dream she had had about a blue box, electric blue. A box she had found. She liked the box but somehow had not opened it. When she awoke, she felt that what was in the box had to do with something that had happened in the past.

At the time, I was working with Bradshaw's *Family Secrets*, and who my dad was. A little while later, I went down to Drummondville for a visit, and my mom gave me the name of my father. She told me a story or two.

Now, yesterday, she tells me the following dream:

She met an old neighbour, one she used to know when she was twelve years old. This woman, when she knew her, had a cancerous goitre and was very, very sick. In the dream, she is surprised to find that this lady had her goitre removed. She can see a large scar. The lady looks well and healthy. Delighted, my mom gives her a baby to babysit. My mom was not sure if the baby was a boy or girl. She thinks it was a boy.

She asked what I thought of it. I explained to her that the throat means communication; that since it was the story of a cancer that was healed, it seemed to me to be a very positive thing. The baby reinforces the positiveness of the dream. I told her that maybe some communication would come to her and it would be very good indeed.

I did not mention my own thoughts. I did not mention the torture I am going through with Hell. She knows nothing of what has been happening since October 1998. To me it seems that in her soul she knows what is going on with me, and the dreams indicate that

there will be healing of a sort, related to something from the past (old neighbour). Throat, of course, means words: communicating, talking. The baby indicates the birth of something new: a new self, a new spirit. Naturally, the old neighbour represents my mom. I did not tell her any of this.

I find it fascinating that she taps into my psyche so well. I will see her on July 19. I wonder what kind of visit it will be.

I wonder if I will remember, really remember, seeing things through Micha's eyes and not my mind's eye. Right now it is nothing more than a story with photographs. A memory is more than that. A memory is a talking picture. A talking picture where everything is through Micha's eyes. I have yet to see things as she did, to hear myself talk as Micha talking. I have yet to experience any of that. There are no feelings attached to the snapshots. I can hear Micha crying, sobbing, screaming, but I cannot reach her. I try night after night but, though I can see myself picking her up and hugging her real tight, I do not become Micha — what value is there in that?

July 7, 1999 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today, I felt confused. Frustrated. Terribly, terribly sad. I can't even say I wish I were dead. The door is gone! Actually, I feel glad about that. But I am dead on my feet.

July 9, 1999 (NSA Journal Entry after Adjustment)

Today I felt very itchy at the lower back, which was good, because then my head stopped hurting so much.

July 16, 1999 (Dream)

Stormy Weather

I am in the country at someone's house. I am outside and I see the sky changing and getting darker. A strange dark, like steel blue, with white clouds billowing up and up into the stratosphere, pushing upward in huge bursts.

I go inside to find my mom. The floors of the cottage are painted grey (like in the convent) and someone has just washed them; they are still wet. I take my shoes off. In a large area (the kitchen?) I see a

young woman. She is small and thin with straight black hair. I comment on how she could be my mother when she was young.

I tell my mom that we need to leave now (in the Altima) before the storm breaks, because I do not want to drive in the storm. As she opens the back door to check the sky, a huge thunderbolt strikes just ahead of us. The bolt is blinding, the noise deafening, and it must have lasted over a minute (or so it seemed in the dream). I comment, "See."

In some sort of open area — it might be the top of a large hill — I am picking my way through many people lazing around on the grass. Some are sitting and chatting in family groups, some are lying down or leisurely walking. There's quite a crowd. I notice a little girl who breaks free from her father's hand. She's running straight toward me and I intercept her and catch her in my arms. The father seems unable to run after her. They are both dark-skinned. From India, maybe?

I am at a mall with my mother. We've stopped there to pick up some things for the trip (I think). I open a door and I see a large green field. The grass is thick and clean and cut, like that on rich people's property. In the distance I can see the back of several big houses lived in by the wealthy. I think this must be their backyard. I dare not step onto the grass because it's wet and I'm afraid of being struck by lightning. The sky is still threatening.

I am in my car (Altima) but there is a man driving it. My mom is in the back seat. This is an old man who looks sort of like her old boyfriend who was an alcoholic — a tiny little man with his hair dyed red, who could not have weighed more than a hundred pounds. I did not like him. My mom drank more with him. She tells me he is to drive us to our destination.

Next, still in the car, but this time the little man is no longer sitting at the wheel. However, the car is moving through traffic. I am upset. I tell my mom he must have been drunk and left the car in gear when he got out of it. To get to the wheel, I have to remove lots of baggage taking up space between myself and the wheel. I see the car moving behind other cars, though not at great speed, just sort of following traffic. I think I must reach the wheel before we have an accident. I throw parcels and bags and stuff, lots of stuff, into the back seat as I struggle to sit behind the wheel. As I finally take control of the car, I

think that I left my purse somewhere at the mall. My heart sinks at the thought of having lost my purse.

I awake with my stomach in knots. The clock shows 8:30. I am an hour late. I am never late.

INTERPRETATION

Lightning bolt: TROUBLE. ANGER. UPSET. STRONG EMOTIONS. A bad confrontation coming between my mom and me?

Man: Network Chiropractic.

Little girl: Me.

Crowd: Others like me, but who have resolved their conflicts.

Hill: Rising above.

Mall: Sort of life's activities.

Altima: Body (self).

Baggage: Unresolved issues.

Purse: Values, beliefs.

Houses, grass: Peaceful environment? Wealth? A better place? But the storm is not over yet.

My mom's old boyfriend: He may represent old beliefs, an old way of thinking.

I am not looking forward to going to Drummondville. But this is something I have to do. The problem is that I am weakened by a bladder infection and totally exhausted. I wonder if these emotional storms will ever stop. How much more of this can I take?

The dream indicates that this coming trip may prove to be more than I bargained for. I would love to go to my grandfather's old place in the country; the place may not even be there anymore. Dare I ask my mom where it was? That was over fifty years ago. A long, long time ago. Lots and lots of baggage indeed. However, I cannot escape from meeting my nephew.

I hurt so much. Last night, as I was drifting off to sleep, this visualization came to me unbidden: there was a sort of crablike creature, flesh-coloured, sitting on my stomach (where it hurts so often when my emotions are all in a whirl), about the size of a large turtle. It had four curved legs that were deeply embedded in my stomach; almost

like the roots of a wart, dug in deep, like tentacles. I was trying to pry it off me with my hands — of course without success. I felt frustrated and discouraged. I should be smart enough to know you can't touch something imaginary. It seemed to me I will never resolve these issues and there will never be any real healing. As always, I think I will fall short of the mark. Wishy-Washy Michelle, that's me. I fell asleep crying. So maybe that is why I had the dream — which is not much help, if you want my opinion.

July 16, 1999 (Letter to Hell)

You have become my confidant and sometimes I talk without thinking that you might take something personally. In spite of the problems at work, I will always be able to pay for your services, though I wonder how I could possibly pay you back for healing my soul.

You will remember how difficult it was for me to come for the adjustments three times a week. It seemed to me that all I could bear was one visit a week, especially this winter with the Tuesday night circle, and the thought of having three adjustments in one day was unbearable. I had such a hard time with just one visit a week. Now, I would love to come more often — if not three times a week, at least twice. What do you think? I am now looking forward to your special transformational days. Who would have thought?

See you when I get back from Drummondville. Ugh! (I mean ugh, Drummondville!)

July 23, 1999 ((NSA Journal Entry after Adjustment)

Today I felt...my hands became terribly itchy. Especially my thumbs and wrists. Only got relief by lying on them. Glad I got the Drummondville-trip tension out of my spine.

July 26, 1999 (NSA Journal Entry after Adjustment)

Today I felt...I felt very relaxed. I wish I could find a way to release the pressure, to pop these little volcanoes along my spine.

July 26, 1999 (Computer Journal)

To my guides (Diary #2)

Me: Can you talk to me and help me understand what is going on? I am not remembering very fast. What am I doing wrong?

Guide: Michelle, you must wait and be patient. All things come to those who know how to wait. You are making great strides, believe us.

Me: I am not so sure. What more can I do?

Guide: Read, write, pray; for when you remember, you will wish you had not remembered. You must be very good to yourself and be very patient.

Me: Why did Hell give me such a look this morning? Do you know?

Guide: He is wondering how things will be when you do remember. He worries a bit. He feels you will remember very soon, and he hates how this will hurt you. He watches you, like today when you are so well and relaxed, and worries about the crisis that is inevitable.

Me: I wanted to cry this afternoon, when Max dictated the letter for my demotion. It is grand of him to have managed it so that I keep my full salary until his departure next spring, but what will happen then? I pretended to be brave when he said I would be assigned to reception duties. What a comedown! I told him I did not mind. That I liked the idea of working only nine-to-five, without responsibilities.

I will never show Max how I really feel. I owe him so much. I will never give the others the satisfaction of seeing me down. I will show them I have class. Besides, it's a lot better than being unemployed. I constantly tell myself that things can only get better and better, physically, mentally, spiritually, and financially. Do you agree?

Guide: It is good. But believe me when I say that there are nice surprises in store for you this year and next year. You will positively love your new life. Be patient. I cannot tell you more. You will write more and more. Do not worry about money. You will soon have more money than you need, and I don't mean winning the Lotto, which should happen soon, at any rate. As I was saying, be patient, dear Michelle.

Me: This conversation makes no sense. We shall see. In the meantime, I like who I am, I like where I am, and I like the healing work that I do. I feel this will go far.

Guide: Well said!

July 28, 1999 (NSA Journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt great! But I can't seem to pop the cork. I know I can do this. I know I can.

Aug. 1, 1999 (Dream)

Fire in the Hotel

There was a lot I've forgotten about a dream and where it seemed to take place.

I was talking with Max, my boss, telling him there was a big fire in Drummondville, in the hotel where everybody was staying for the big golf tournament, only Max was staying at another hotel. I told Max I saw this on TV. He immediately went down a flight of stairs (were we in a stairwell, on our way down?) and through a door that was barely ajar, and he had to jump to the floor. I decided to follow him, as he seemed so concerned, and I thought there might be someone he knew who was staying at the hotel and who was in danger. Max seemed to have gone on ahead already, as I couldn't see him.

The corridor I was in was narrow and well lighted. I could smell smoke but could not see any fire. Everything was quiet. No fire alarm. I thought the firemen had probably already put out the fire, as it had been a long time since it started. At the end of the corridor there was a simple pine door, but no door handle; only a keyhole. I pushed the door open and found myself in another corridor, about the same length. At the end, there was another door with no door handle and only a keyhole where the door handle would normally be. I opened that one by pushing it, like I had done with the other one. I found myself in a small corridor, almost square. There were three doors. Not knowing which one Max had taken, I decided to go back. I worried that the doors would not open again and that I would be trapped.

Since I had pushed the doors open, I thought I would have to pull them open to go back and that this could only be done with a key — which I did not have. I found, however, that I could push the

doors open just as easily in the other direction. When I arrived back where the first door was ajar, and where the stairwell was, I decided to explore a bit. I followed the corridor in the other direction, and I found it led to the underground entrance to the hotel.

There was more, I think, of the other dream that this dream was inside, but I do not recall anything except my giving the remote to a young man who was sitting with others, randomly scattered in what I can only describe as a movie theatre with red plush seats. He was delighted at being given the remote. I then left — or woke up, or both.

INTERPRETATION

No door handle: A lever? A switch? Ability to manage (handle)? There is quite a bit that can relate to my demotion and the fact that Max is retiring.

Keyhole/Unlocked Door: Obviously I did not need the key.

Corridor: Transition time.

Stairwell: Transition also. Going down this time.

Remote/theatre: This is the second time I use a remote in a dream as a function to end it. Once when I thought a dream was taking too long, I fast-forwarded it, and now I used it to end the dream.

Hotel: Again an indication of something temporary.

Fire: Something destructive; but there was no evidence of it.

Notes

I think the dream is about my demotion; no doubt about it — going down the stairwell; Max.

But what is it about, the fire in the hotel? The corridors were okay and even the doors, without handles but with keyholes, were not locked to me and could be swung open both ways: In/Out. I think the dream is telling me that I will be staying at my workplace for another three years at least — it would be wishful thinking to think three months (August, September, October). I had hoped I would not have to swallow my pride and accept the post of bilingual receptionist. The fire in the hotel probably indicates how upset I am about this. The fact that the fire was obviously put out shows that I am probably beginning to accept that there is nothing I can do (no door handles). Going back probably means I will stay and take the position. What

smarts so much is not that I was removed from my position, but that they didn't even take into consideration my skills and my know-how. Seeing someone junior get promoted to bilingual secretary really upsets me. It seems that they have no intention of making things easy for me. I have started to grieve over this and I have told Eddy, so he will understand my mood swings (giving the remote to the young man?). I am allowed to cry a little, am I not?

Aug. 1, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Stéphane

So I've met my nephew. What to think. First of all, he is a red-head. As red as you can get. He has blue-green eyes. He is a Pisces. He is about 5'8." He's actually slim. He wears green a lot. He has a beautiful wife; her name is Catherine. He has three children. The boy is ten. His name is Robert. And there's Monique, who is seven, and little Suzanne, who is three. All are well behaved, definitely good-looking, and appear very healthy.

Everyone at his house was calm: the dog, the bird, the children. Stéphane, however, appeared to be unhappy in his line of work, and it seems he still has not found what he wants to do in life. As for Catherine, she works part-time with troubled children or physically challenged ones.

My mom looked forlorn. She pushed the children away and did not seem to want anything to do with them. She hardly spoke to Stéphane or Catherine. She just sat there with her sunglasses on, looking like a film star and, I think, feeling very insignificant. For the first time, I saw her in a different kind of setting where I did not idealize her. For the first time, she looked small — not small in physical stature, small in stature as a person. I did not like her, there. At least I remembered right; she is definitely not the hugging type.

On our way back, I asked if Stéphane had ever found out who his grandfather was. She said he'd asked her and she had answered, "I am not ready just yet." She likes playing the prima donna, no doubt about that. She knows she holds all the power, and Stéphane and I are at her mercy. We must wait for her, to know the truth. We must await her pleasure until she feels good and ready to tell us.

On my way back to Ottawa, I kept thinking that there must be a loving way to get her to tell us the truth. A friend in Drummondville, with whom I'd spent one whole wonderful day, mentioned that maybe Mom would be willing to write her story. Put it down on paper and leave it with the notary, and Stéphane and I could get the papers after she passed away. It makes sense to me. I have purchased two really nice journals, one for Stéphane and one for me, and I will mail them to her with a note. After I came back home with the books, I thought I really should get one for Simon as well. So I will get one and, when I have all three, I will mail them, but perhaps not before I go to Machu Picchu.

Aug. 8, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Pain

I read in *Childview* magazine about Rosemary. Rosemary was only twelve years old when soldiers from the Lord's Resistance Army (they raid families in Uganda and train the children in Sudan) grabbed her from the road near her family's home. Starved, beaten and forced to kill, she is among the children who escape, only to find their hearts are still at war. She says, "Many children just ate leaves. There was not enough water or food, so many died. I was so thirsty, I drank my own urine." Another girl, sixteen, says, "The rebels were murderous and merciless. I saw a young boy, with feet swollen from walking long distances, knifed to death because he was so weak and tired he could not walk anymore. I was forced to step on his dead body. I was warned that if I ever got tired or tried to escape, I would be treated in the same manner." In the magazine, there are drawings by those children, showing soldiers hacking children to death. So it would seem to me that my little pain is nothing.

I am beginning to be more and more certain that I have invented the whole thing. Why? Because, no matter how much I want to remember, I don't. If the pain was so terrible that I erased it from my memory, then I must be the biggest coward on earth. Others, many others, children and adults alike, have gone through pain and still manage to smile like Rosemary does in *Childview*. What is my problem?

The drawings, the writings, even seeing little Micha's smiling face floating in front of me in my mind's eye after my session with Hell, the one when I wanted to get out of the wooden box so badly, cannot convince me anymore. My decision is that I invented the whole thing or that I'm chicken. Of course I would rather think I invented everything — who wants to be a coward?

I have come to the decision that if there are no memories by the time I go to Peru, then when I come back, addicted or not, I will drop my visits with Hell. Hopefully by then my bladder infection will finally be behind me. As of today, I know there is still something lurking in my bladder; something that is making me unwell, but it is very stubborn and I can't seem to be able to flush it out even by doubling my dosage of cranberry juice.

I will stop everything after I have finished the thirty-day cleanse and, if I still have the infection, then I will take antibiotics because I do not wish to be sick in Peru. I don't think I can take the cranberry-juice pills through Peruvian customs.

Oh, dear God, why do I feel so much like crying? What is wrong with me? I wish I had never started this whole process — for the hundredth time. I must be back in Phase II, I feel so down. I keep repeating to myself over and over again, "I am not afraid of the pain. I am a big girl now. I can take it. I am no longer afraid of the pain, so I can remember." But I don't.

CHAPTER VII

I Hate This!

Aug. 9, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I was breathing; I was trying to breathe through that spot in the middle of my back. Saw images. One was an orange wheel with many spokes, almost like a slice of an orange. Also saw a blue hand at the left side. Is it Shiva who was blue? But no matter how hard I try, I can't find that place where the pictures are. It frustrates me and makes me very sad. I must have made it all up. Seems to me that, otherwise, I should have remembered by now, or, which makes more sense, that I would not have forgotten.

Aug. 11, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...Stage Three says to acknowledge that space where I am stuck. I did. Little Micha wanted to be rocked. So I did.

Aug. 13, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...that it wasn't me who felt, it was my body. I acknowledged every part that wished to talk and even my head that didn't want to. That's okay, I've ignored it the most, so it's allowed to sulk.

Aug. 13, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Journey

What a journey! How angry I was at Hell that Tuesday night in February, and no wonder! How was I supposed to tell him what Micha wrote while I was doing an exercise with the tapes from John Bradshaw? It has taken me a long, long time to even accept that she had written the words. Of course I destroyed the letter. I could not suffer those words to remain so real. I figured if I destroyed the letter it would go away. It never did, obviously, and little Micha has written many more times and has done some drawings, all of which I have

destroyed; they are too overwhelming. I think Hell might have one or two of them, though. I'm not even sure of that.

This week, I wanted this bad trip to end (again) but, as always, Hell telephoned and we talked and, as has happened before, something he says helps me take down one more wall, one more layer of concrete unfeeling, and I can move forward again.

Today something different happened. Even though it is never the same, today was definitely a different kind of difference. For the very first time, I could tell Hell what I was feeling. I could tell him what I felt because, this time, I was actually feeling things happening in my body, not just feeling that awful unnamed pain blindly searching for its origin.

Tuesday night, Hell mentioned the word *surrender*. I learned the word *honouring* this winter. This summer it is *surrender*. I did not think it was something I could do. However, if I wanted to be honest about this, I had to try. During the adjustment, I 'talked' with these areas of myself that seem to be suffering and proposed that, although I could not in all honesty surrender, for at this time there is still a part of me holding back, what I could do was cooperate. I am good at cooperation. I learned that in *A Search for God*. Of all the lessons in that book, it was the only one I was able to complete.

After a lot of breathing and coughing and connecting, for the first time since I've had the bladder infection I feel that a part of myself may finally heal. Striving to let the pain talk instead of working so hard at shutting it up is a definite change of direction.

Today, I feel I have reached a clearing in the forest. I'm no longer bumping my head on the trees and tripping on their roots. I am in a clearing. It does not let me see ahead, for it is not up on a hill where I could see over the tree tops, but it is a place to get my bearings and it gives me a sense of having covered some distance. From here I can see a path. It is not clearly defined and I do not know if it will lead out of the forest, but it is definitely a path. Since I cannot go back, the only thing I can do is follow wherever it leads. I sure hope there is a castle in this story. I may be the damsel in distress, but I know I am also the knight in shining armour, and that pleases me.

Aug. 15, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt lots of burning in my belly. Don't know why. In the middle back, too. Nevertheless, I felt it was a great session as, somehow, the stress from work was dissipated. I feel pretty good now.

Aug. 16, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt the pain in the pit of my stomach. It wants attention, but I don't know what I can do. When I feel overwhelmed and want to start crying, I tell it I am okay. It then can express itself and the panic sort of goes away for a little while and so it goes, back and forth. It wants attention, I get scared, but then I say I'm okay, and we're okay.

Aug. 16, 1999 (Computer Journal)

My Guides (Diary #3)

Me: So, what is happening? My life is being turned upside down, what do you think of that? Am I really shallow? Am I a hypocrite? Why is the guy at work always so damn upset all the time? Am I on the right track? How much more of all this? Did you know I was going to Machu Picchu? Will you talk to me, just for company? I feel so down tonight.

This healing journey is taking a lot out of me and there are nights like tonight when I wish I had a shoulder to cry on, someone to watch over me, someone to say, "There, there, everything's okay; don't you fret so much."

I am oh, so lonely tonight!

Guide: Well, you shouldn't take yourself so seriously, you know. Everything is as it should be. All is well. You think that you will not make it, but you are making good progress. I can tell you that you will feel much better during the holidays. The adjustments are difficult for you, but do not make everything such a big deal. Laugh a little. Laugh as you did today. It is very good for your ego.

Me: I feel so terribly alone.

Guides: You are not alone. Trust your guides.

Me: That's just it. I neither see nor hear you. Come to think of it, it is probably for the best, otherwise I would think I'm completely insane. What do you think about my going to Peru?

Guides: We are waiting for you there. We'll meet there and it will be joyful. Do not be so sad. There is nothing to be sad about. You are well right now, are you not? Take advantage of each day. Be patient. We love you very much and God Himself smiles when He sees you so anxious. Have faith in life. It is a perfect life, right?

Me: To tell you frankly, I find a few holes in its fabric. However, I am beginning to understand that life is perfect. It's that I am so confused. Especially to be so alone. This weighs heavily on my shoulders. Will I be punished much longer because I committed suicide in the past life, when I was the young Indian woman?

Guide: You are not being punished. You chose this experience to help you understand what it means to have chosen such a path. You must allow destiny to do the work that it must do, even if everything is so dark at the moment. You must have faith that there is light at the end of the tunnel. It is your destiny; take it by the hand and let it bring you near to God, for this is where you belong.

Me: Am I that bad?

Guide: You're taking yourself too seriously again. Let go a bit; be yourself. This is who you are. This person who wishes to help, that's you.

Guide: Continue being Michelle; it suits you to a tee.

Me: I am so anxious about what is going on at work.

Guide: You can stay at work as long as you wish. Never, never, and this is my solemn promise, will you be in need of money. You will receive everything that you need. You will not lack for anything. You must believe this.

Me: Yes, I want to believe. But it is worth remembering that I'm the one who's writing both dialogues here.

Guides: Laugh, Michelle, laugh; that's very funny.

Me: But I feel so much like crying...

Guides: Courage, little sister. Courage.

Aug. 18, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt a different kind of pain, something striving to make itself known, and I was listening this time. It wanted to cry. It took a while but there was a crying child looking for her mother. It was important for the pain to know that. It's not much, but it is something. I can still feel myself stuck right there, but the stone that's been sitting on my solar plexus has been moved aside a little. What it will take to break it apart I do not know, but I'm happy that my body seems to have found its own rhythm.

Aug. 20, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today, I feel...I want to get rid of this. Make it move faster than it wants to, I guess. My solar plexus has hurt for two days and I guess I'm getting impatient. Hell says to listen, to create a space. How to do that is the next step, I suppose.

Aug. 22, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Awakening in Time

Hell gave me a new book to read, *Awakening in Time*, by Jacquelyn Small. I've hardly started the third chapter, and it has me all upset. As I write this, I'm crying. I feel despondent again. I feel awful again. I feel I will never ever heal. It's as if Hell pushed me all the way down again. And once again I will have to make my way up and out. I am right back to square one — or, rather, to First Chakra.

I am angry at him for giving me the book and I know I should not be. If it upsets me so much, then part of me knows it's because I definitely need to read it. Is there no end to this journey? Like Don Quixote, I'm fighting windmills. I charge, fight like crazy trying to stop the whirlwind, but I get nowhere. There is no beast, just an impermeable rock formation.

Today I feel sorry for myself, yet again. I will never, never get out of this haunted forest. The path is forever changing. In my mind's eye, I keep seeing the scene from Disney's *Alice in Wonderland* where she stumbles upon a path, only to find a dog coming from the other direction, sweeping it both ways with his nose and tail, and therefore erasing it completely. She is left standing on the one remaining stone

on the path, with nowhere to step to. I don't recall exactly when she meets the caterpillar and "Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

Maybe Hell gave me the book because he felt I was beginning to depend on him too much. If he did, then he was right, because I went home Friday feeling I may be leaning on him a little too much. [Note: reading this again, the thought occurs to me that it might simply be because he thinks it is the next step.] I know deep inside of me that I must do this alone, by myself, with my own resources. At a certain level, I understand that Hell is only a facilitator and I am responsible for my own healing. The problem is, we don't get to talk about any of this. I don't get to talk about what is going on during the day, or at night, alone in my bed. Nothing about the struggle, the whirling, the buzzing, the tremendous pain in my chest (very physical; probably caused by my stomach hernia) and the sleepless nights.

He leans there on the railing and watches, and I have no idea what is going on in his head. Sometimes the look he gives me is veiled — something I do not like. He lets me struggle and struggle until I can struggle no more. He tells me "Yep; some movement here," or "You are beginning to develop some strategies," and I feel so frustrated. I would like to ask a thousand and one questions, like:

Am I the only one feeling so frustrated?

Am I the only one feeling this will never end?

Am I the only one going around in circles? Up and down the twelve levels of healing? Up and down the ladder of chakras?

Am I the only one crying and not knowing if it's caused by frustration or something deeper?

And, for that matter, what is wrong with me?

Tell me, Hell — tell me this is just part of the journey and that everyone on that journey feels the same anguish and aggravation. I see the others and I know they, too, are on their healing journey, but I feel so alone in mine. Don't you know that misery likes company?

Part of me knows it is not the remembering that is important, but the healing work. Yet I grow impatient, frustrated, and like Don Quixote I want to charge at whatever image I see, because each time I think it is IT.

The book explains the three basic chakras in new ways for me, yet it is familiar as well because I know about chakras. It explains the

chakras' urges as a function of the soul and that we must work through the pain stored in each one, and it explains these urges:

- the urge to control (First Chakra)
- the urge to excite (Second Chakra)
- the urge to merge (Third Chakra)

The book also tells how to do this and then it says that when these three basic chakras are cleared, we receive the gift connected with each chakra; in this case, Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. Each of these three chakras is connected to the Shadow (or the lower self).

It reminds me of the gifts of the Spirit I learned about in catechism, when we were being taught for Confirmation. There were seven gifts of the Spirit and, though I was only seven, I remember how sad it made me that there had been no gift bestowed on me during the ceremony. I remember I cried that night. I was convinced that God thought I was so bad he could not give me any of the gifts. I believed with all my heart that there were gifts and they were available to each and every one of us. To this day, when I think of that, it still hurts.

It's interesting that, while doing the exercises in *Homecoming*, the affirmation that affected me the most — the one I chose, the one for reclaiming your infant self — was 'God smiled when you were born.' This always makes me cry. Could God really have smiled when I was born? Or was He upset and angry at me? I always feel that God is angry at me.

And of course it talks about our Shadow. This reminds me of some sort of myth that I read a long time ago, that when Adam and Eve were tempted by the Devil and thrown out of the Garden of Eden, they went on to have a long and difficult life learning just that — life — instead of merely existing in bliss. When they die, the Devil comes back and welcomes them back into Eden, telling them that he had been their ally, their guide, their friend all along, for he knew of no other way for them to become all that they could be if they had remained in the Garden (now I sound as if I were Hell), and that he was their friend, not their enemy.

My desire to please is so strong. My desire to do well, to excel, to be the best one, to shine, is so strong. I want so hard to be number one, to be the one people point at and say in awe, "She's the one." How am I ever going to do this right? How?

I wish someone were here now to hold me, to hug me, to tell me everything is okay. But there is no one and, as always, I am all alone and I want to scream. Let me cry loudly, let me make a noise — and so I cough. The misery is overwhelming.

Dear Don Quixote,

The next time you see a monster, why don't you stand still for a moment and wait, and look and see what is actually there in front of you. It just might save you a whole lot of pain.

Your loving companion, Sancho.

CHAPTER VIII

The Dark

Aug. 23, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I could see little Micha. Not clearly, but I could see her on a carpet (brown and beige; the homemade, braided kind). She was hurting. When Hell pressed down on my back, I resisted because I was afraid of the pain, but then I thought, "Enough of this," and I let myself fall into her. I sort of melded into her, my big tall adult self melding into this little body. I saw the image repeat itself several times, then we recognized each other and, lo and behold, there was no pain. There was joy! I promised her I would never leave her again. Now I know that I left Micha all by herself; I let her suffer alone. But not anymore. Micha's laughing. I can still hear her.

Aug. 27, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...My mind is a blank, but my body is finding itself in space. It moves without me, as one moves when discovering oneself anew. I don't know how long it will last, but I enjoy this. It's nice.

Aug. 30, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...My belly hurts. But it is little Micha's belly. It is her pain, I want to remove her pain.

Sept. 1, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...This adjustment will change many things. I can sense this. Today something changed. I don't know what, but I am different. We'll see what we'll see. The journey is no longer the same. Who knows what tomorrow will bring?

Sept. 1, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Meditation

Tonight was the first night with Hell and his meditation sessions with a new group. Only new faces, with just Martha and me from the old group. I can't do this right. I should have known. I stopped meditating years ago because I always hit that place where I was in total panic. I thought it would be different now because of all the changes in the past year.

The others talk of great visions and colours and of God speaking to them. Me, what do I see? Scissors and the Tooth Fairy. How can I tell that to the others? I am writing what I saw as a matter of record, in the hope that as the sessions progress I will get better at this. I'm retelling this, but I am certain I do not have the order of the images right. It's the best I can do.

First one: Entering an energy field, all white and shimmering. It is pulsating slowly. I like this. Inside is a large room, all white. White tiles on the floor, white walls, and a white couch. There are large windows everywhere and I am, I think, inside the sky. The windows show nothing but blue.

Sitting cross-legged on the couch, I can visualize a green light around my belly. I see it go inside it, where my bladder infection is located. Then as I see that red parasite, the green light turns into a green cat. I tell it to eat the parasites. To play with the red one, as a cat with a mouse, and send it out through the urethra.

Next was the bridge. I had a bit of trouble with that. My bridge is in space. There are stars everywhere, but it looks like some kind of atomic structure with atoms swirling all around. The bridge is the space in the middle. I could not picture people on it. Not my mom, no one. I could not picture the 'fabric of my life,' as he put it. I am wearing jeans and a white T-shirt. Good enough for me.

I could not imagine the house very well. I found the chest right away, though. It was in the living room (all white). The chest is made of wood, the kind one usually has in the bedroom. The lid is made of a soft, green material. Inside, it is cedar lined. I do not see clearly what is in there, although I try and I try. Still, I put my hand in and pull out a pair of scissors. Small ones with mother-of-pearl handles.

I think maybe they belong to my grandmother. I'm disappointed; no treasure for me, no special message. Just an old pair of scissors, the kind used for cutting embroidery floss. I put them in my pocket (I might have been wearing an apron) and try to get on with what the doctor is saying. I am a bit lost. I stayed too long in the house.

He then says to imagine we are planting a seed. So what do I see in my hand? An acorn. There he is talking about flowers, and I plant an acorn. Typical of me. Nothing delicate about me even in meditation. I see the tree full grown but still young. It is not in bloom but has the most beautiful green leaves. It is magnificent. There is no one to tend it, though I seem to have a feeling that Jesus is looking after it. What can I say, I'm Catholic.

What I remember next is the part about going inside my head and opening doors or something about healing. Could not follow that at all. Don't remember anything else on that one.

I came out of the meditation feeling aggravated and frustrated. Everybody else said they were relaxed and had enjoyed the whole thing. I did not feel like sharing, as it seems I didn't do this right.

Where was the blackboard? I could see a nun erasing it. I could see myself back at the convent, but I didn't like it. I was not really successful at that visualization.

The second meditation was no better: Back in the white room. Sitting on the white couch. Back with the green cat, back with the red parasite.

This time, when he mentions the blackboard, I picture Kirsty Alley dressed as the Tooth Fairy, as she was in *Toothless*. I loved that movie and it made me smile to watch her erase the blackboard with those large emphatic gestures she always uses. She went on the bridge with me. I took her to the lake. There I lost her.

The bridge is different. It is now made of flagstone. It is curved and spans vast spaces. I can see my mom but not much going on. There are people, but I cannot identify them. The message board? Be Yourself. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE. BE.

At the lake, there was a cascade. I stood under it and let it wash over me. The water was the same transparent green as that of the green lake I once visited a little north of where I live. It is like a huge emer-

ald. I dive to the bottom and swim under water. I see one large fish silently swimming by. Then I put my hand into the muddy silt and pull out a cross. It is very large but fits in my hand. It is one of those square crosses with the same dimensions horizontally and vertically. I think it is called a Byzantine cross. I don't think it is made of gold. I think it is made of silver with precious stones of emerald and ruby.

The elevator was a surprise when he mentioned it, and I did not know quite where to visualize it. I put it to my right on the bridge, then I took it down to 1948. When I stepped out I met Micha.

She is wearing a yellow raincoat and a matching hat. She is also wearing blue boots. These are gifts from me. She giggles and laughs, and we go to make sand castles, her favourite pastime.

Later I see my grandfather. I try hard to see his face properly. To see what he is wearing, but he is mostly in browns and greys. He takes her by the hand and leads her away from me. She turns to look at me. I then see him pick her up and carry her away. I suddenly hurt in my chest. I am crying. Micha is going to get hurt and there is nothing I can do. I cannot move. I hope the raincoat, the hat and the boots will give her some sort of protection (how silly — what an idiot I am). I am not sure, but I think she had put the cross into one of her pockets.

The man is now talking about a beach, and birds, and learning how to fly. The others described that part and how they loved being a child again and how they loved flying. I never got to fly. I was unable to go to the beach. I saw the birds. They were seagulls screaming in my ears. There was no flying.

I was upset at having just stood there and not done anything to protect Micha. I stood there watching him take her away, and I was not even angry. How can I be like that? If I am going to visualize these things, why don't I visualize that I free her and make everything all right? Why don't I visualize that I kill him? Destroy him totally? Make him disappear for ever? I hate myself for being so wishy-washy.

Sept. 9, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...That son of a bitch! I want to kill him. The savage. The bastard. I hate him. I want to castrate him, to cut him in little pieces, to make him suffer slowly.

But I feel empty. I hate myself.

Sept. 10, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I am practising my punch, so that if I ever come across him again I can hit him for myself, the adult, not only for Micha. It seems to me that every time he's turned up in a meditation or a dream, I haven't had the right feeling, the proper reaction. Wishy-washy.

Why is it that at times I just want to jump off the table? I feel I have something urgent to do.

Sept. 13, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I am hungry. I am cold. I am very cold. I want to eat. Mother, where are you? Where are you, mother? Where are you?

Sept. 15, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I am dirty. All dirty. I am ashamed. Grandfather, you made me all dirty. I want to wash myself. All dirty, all dirty, all dirty.

Note

In the journal, I tried to hide what I wrote by scribbling over it.

Sept. 17, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I can stand my ground now, finally. I will run away no more. I stay. I look. I wait. I am here.

Sept. 20, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...I like these quiet sessions but I guess they're not very constructive. The energy from the adjustments just seems to wash over me like waves breaking on the seashore. My mind remains blank and the pressure is not painful. I wait. My eyes wide open, I look, I stay.

Sept. 22, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today it felt...just relaxing. I don't know if this is good or not. I do feel very sad. I just wish I could cross over. Little Micha opened the door, but it is barely ajar.

Sept. 27, 1999 (Dream)

Air Force Base

I was on an Air Force base. I think I was just an observer. I could see strange crafts coming in from the blue sky to land. They looked like wagons, complete with wheels, and one person was directing them to land. I watched at least two of them set down.

I also saw a large boat. It was a naval ship converted somehow to take passengers. The ship was crowded to overflowing. It was moored at the edge of the base.

I went for a walk. I walked along some kind of a river. Then I noticed it was getting dark and I wanted to turn around and go back to the base before dark. I got lost somehow, or at least I could not find my way back. I went around a church. When I first saw it, it was glittering, all gold, but around the back it was falling apart. I went through a gate that I thought was locked, but when I got there it was easy to open. Some people were coming in from the other direction.

I inquired about the base and how to get there. They said they had no idea, but to ask at Tourist Information. It was the sort of place one finds along a highway, to ask directions. The lady there was in some sort of uniform. She could not, however, find the base on any of the maps she opened. She even pulled down some large maps that were hanging on the wall.

Walking again, now it is sunset, and I think if I just keep going west, I should arrive at the base. I think it's the right direction, but I am not sure.

I woke up feeling incredibly tired. It was almost eight o'clock. I was an hour late for work. This seems to be happening a lot lately. I wanted to write the dream down tonight because it's been a long time since I dreamt of an Air Force base, although it has been a recurring theme in my dreams. That and watching strange crafts landing. The idea of refugees is also usually associated with a dream of an Air Force base.

I have forgotten much of the dream, unfortunately.

Oct. 1, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...Actually, I had a migraine when I came in. It intensified during the clearing and now it's back as it was. Today, I knew

when the clearing was over. I could feel tremendous heat in the upper part of my back. My body does things without my consent, in a sense. Like an automaton blindly following its program.

Oct. 6, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today, I felt...more relaxed. The middle of my back is painful today. No nice warmth like the other day. I could have gone on with the adjustment a little longer.

Oct. 8, 1999 (NSA journal entry after adjustment)

Today I felt...the pain in the pit of my stomach was back. I asked what it wanted. It answered, "To hurt you."

I asked why, and it answered, "To kill you. I am tired of living." I am too, but it is different now.

In this nightmare, I have found hope. Maybe one day, I will not be so tired of living. So I told it I wanted to reserve judgment on that. I have not asked my groin why it has hurt all week. I am not ready to discuss anything with it. Not just yet! I think there is some kind of rhythm now and I like it. My wrist has not stopped bothering me, maybe during the night we will have a long conversation.

Oct. 9, 1999 (Dream)

Exacto Knife

I took a nap this afternoon, as I am not feeling well and am very tired. Sometime today, I scratched my hand. I actually thought I had spilled boiling water on it, but looking at it, it looks more like scratches. Maybe I did both. I don't know how the scratches got there. I was boiling pasta, so splashing makes sense.

As I was lying down to sleep, I was thinking how this hurting myself mystifies me. I was thinking that I'm not one to mutilate myself, that I don't recall any major cuts to my hand, except for two years ago, when my mom came to visit me for a week in July. The day before her arrival was a busy one cleaning and cooking. Around 9:30 p.m., I was cooking chicken cacciatore and I cut my hand badly on a tin of tomatoes. I had opened it with the kind of can opener that takes the lid off, leaving a razor sharp edge. As I was about to pour the tomatoes into the pot, the can slipped out of my hand. Trying to

catch it, it cut through my hand in a “V” shape just below the little finger. You could see the tendon. I was lucky that wasn’t cut. Later that night, I had to have nine stitches. This new accident has me mystified. I am well aware that much of what we do to ourselves comes from the mind.

Today, I had the following dream:

I am sitting in a small cubicle (all white). My ex-husband is sitting across from me. He is sitting sideways, a computer to his left (again white).

My eyes are closed. I am either blindfolded or blind. All is dark but I know what I have described above.

Donald is holding my right hand. He bends my hand all the way back in an attempt to break it. I beg him not to do so. He then takes the middle finger and again tries to break it. Again I beg him not to break my hand. Then he takes my fingers and moves them in an attempt to break my knuckles all at once. Again I beg him not to break my hand.

Then I feel pain. With either a blade or an exacto knife (I do not know what he is using, it could be a very sharp knife) he cuts into my middle finger. The cut is deep and deliberate. My finger is bleeding heavily and I can feel the blood pouring out onto my hand. He dabs my finger now and then to stop the blood. I am in pain and crying.

He throws a bunch of keys between my legs on the seat where I sit. I grab them by feeling for them with my left hand, as I am still blind and he is still holding onto my right hand.

I am running down a hill. Someone is chasing me. I have difficulty running because my arms are restricted somehow. I am wearing something grey. It is wrapped about me in such a way that I cannot use my arms. I think if I can only reach the Altima I will be safe in the car. I have the bunch of keys with me. All is grey. I do not think I am still blindfolded, yet all is grey and dark.

Note

When I woke up, I remembered that at one time during my married years with Donald, I had indeed hurt my hand. Somehow I had cut my finger on a blade while rummaging in a drawer in the kitchen.

The blade gouged out a deep cut that took a very long time to heal. I had cut my finger then in the exact place I had just dreamt of.

INTERPRETATION

Knife: Sex.

Donald: Someone I trusted who hurt me.

Computer: Writing.

Keys: Answers.

Blood: Loss of energy.

Hill: Running away.

I know that the dream and the scratches on my hand are related, and that it has to do with my past. I hope writing this will help to free some of the stuff frozen solid in my memory.

I need to look up what the middle finger represents. In palmistry, it is related to the Pineal gland.

Saturn Finger: Destiny, The Corporate World, Karma

Long finger: Lots of karma to work out. Section closest to palm, your family; section in the middle, business world; section near the tip of the finger, your spiritual path

Oct. 10, 1999 — 7:30 a.m.

Bradshaw Exercise

Dear Little Micha,

Now that I have found you, I want you to know how wonderful I think you are. I am so glad you were born. You are precious to me. A delight and a joy. I love you so dearly. I will take care of you from now on. I will be your best friend.

Together we will heal your pain. I promise, one day you will be free of the pain. I love you.

Michelle Tooth Fairy.

Note

The following was written by little Micha as I followed the exercise and wrote with my left hand:

I am cozy in my bed. I like that you are here. My needs are met, but Mommy is upset with me. She doesn't love me. Already, I feel as if I'm in the way. I'm as quiet as I can be. I am so alone. Will you

really be my friend? I need you. Stay with me a little while. Take me in your arms. Hold me tight.

My reaction was unexpected. So much crying; so much emotional pain. Crying aloud; still crying as I write.

Little Micha's physical needs were met. I had been fed, my diapers had been changed, I had been bathed. But that was it. My mother resented me from the start. She left me in my crib, and I tried to remain as quiet as possible.

She had me, so she says, "because it didn't matter anymore." She was a respectable married woman and could pass me off as her husband's child. But Paul was never around, and everybody already knew I wasn't his daughter. They knew I was different. That made my mother angry — she'd thought she could hide her sin but she couldn't; I was living proof.

She never cuddled me or cooed babytalk, never really held me in her arms at all. She played no games with me. I was a finger pointing disapprovingly at her, a constant reminder of a one-night stand with her husband's best friend. I thought my brother was more important to her, that she loved him more than she loved me. I still believe it.

She resented me all my life. That changed only a few years ago when she lost Simon; that is, he did something that really hurt her and she stopped seeing him. He tried to have her put away. He wrote to her doctor, saying she was crazy, a drug addict and an alcoholic. He frightened her into soberness. She's petrified of him now. Then, after an operation to fix her broken hip, she turned to me for love. As the unwanted, shunned child, I was more than happy to oblige.

Did she know that I was tortured by my grandfather? I hesitated before writing that word, yet I can think of no other accurate word. He did torture me. It wasn't just incest. It was vicious sex. To him I was worthless, I had no soul. I was a bastard child and bastards are lowlifes that deserve to be used as sexual objects; there is no question of morality where they're concerned. You can do what you want with them; why would anybody want to defend a bastard?

So little Micha was tainted, dirty from the start. Nothing could make her clean. No hugs for her, no love, only resentment from her mother and leers from the others. Bad girl, bad Micha. Bad, bad girl.

How could you shame your mother so? It's your fault. You shouldn't have been born.

But I am so glad you are here. God smiled when you were born.

Oct. 10, 1999 — 10:44 p.m.

Bradshaw Exercise

Hello little baby Micha, it is I, the Tooth Fairy. I have heard the conversations and I also feel very sad. Let me tell you this: I am so happy that you are here. Welcome, dear one.

God smiled when you were born. There is no one like you in the entire world. You are unique. You are special.

I want to hold you. To hold you tight, to croon sweet words to you, to keep you warm. I want to kiss you, and to make you laugh. To make you giggle. Your laugh is so spontaneous. It is wonderful.

Babble away, my dear one. I am here and I am listening to you. I will never leave you alone again. Do you see me with my pretty pink dress, my tiara, and my white boots? Open your big, beautiful green eyes and look at me. I am here. I move my magic wand above your head and you fall asleep, wrapped in joy and love.

In the meditation, I could hear and see adults in the dining room, playing cards while Micha in her crib is alone in the back room. She is not sleeping. She is listening to the conversation. The voices are those of my grandmother and my grandfather, my aunt Josephine and my mom. They are playing cards, but now the conversation has turned to me.

My grandfather is saying how I am shaming my mother. People can tell I am not her husband's daughter. What is she planning to do?

She says that unless her husband questions my origin, then she will say nothing and let him believe I am his daughter. My aunt says that surely he is not that stupid, but my mom says that he loves her a lot and he may not say anything.

My grandmother is silent. My grandfather calls my mom all kinds of names and storms out of the dining room. He comes to see me. He is angry. He wishes he could just choke me so that I would die and that would be that. He hates me and calls me his little whore.

Already, he thinks I am something vile; something to throw out with the trash. He curses me and leaves. Then my aunt puts her coat on and leaves. I think my grandfather and grandmother are living with us, or it is us who are living with them. I am not certain whether this happened in Drummondville or where my grandfather and grandmother lived, up north. I do not know.

I am always confused about where I was born. My mom tells of living in Nova Scotia with a Scottish lady. When I asked where I was born, she says she came back to Drummondville when she got pregnant. She said she came to live with her parents. So I am confused. Did they live in Drummondville and at some time move up north, leaving my mom the old apartment? When did they move to the Laurentians? I only remember the apartment in Drummondville from the time my brother was born. I was five years old then

I vaguely remember the man I thought was my father. I don't think my grand-parents were living with us then. There is a photo of me, with my mom, at about two months. In every other photo I am alone, except for one photo with my grandmother, taken when I was about four.

This has always confused me. I remember a few things about their house in the country. I remember the solarium: the add-on that closed off the balcony on the second floor. That is where I slept on a cot. It was all windows and all light. The windows were a series of tiny little square panes. Where was my mom? I remember a line of rowboats by the lake. I remember Carnaval in the winter and the ice sculptures.

I am so glad you are here. God smiled when you were born.

Oct. 11, 1999 (Dream)

Aliens

I only remember images. The dream, or dreams, had to do with aliens again.

1. At the airport, trying to hide from them. Children, too. Especially one little girl.
2. I open a door and I find a stairwell. However, I cannot go down as there are two or three steps and then a huge drop to the next stair, which is narrow and set at an angle. I cannot

jump; it is too big a drop and I think I will hurt myself if I try. The stairwell is made of beige granite. I turn back to look for another way. (The past?)

3. I am outside looking at a mountain made of jagged rocks, all grey. I think I could rush at it with the car but that would not be the best way to reach the top. Going around would take longer but would make more sense. (Has to represent my mind.)
4. The little girl is hiding inside a baby carriage. (Me hiding.)
5. When the aliens come, I'm taking a shower. I am not alone. There is someone else with me (I don't recall who). The alien looks in but leaves us alone. He is rounding up everybody he can find. (Clearing?)
6. The carriage is running away on its own. It is motorized. (Difficulty in accepting this. Running away.)
7. I see the aliens going about the grounds of the airport. They look similar to us, but their faces are distorted in some fashion (like the Elephant Man). They are in vehicles that look almost like convertibles. There's the feel of something out of the past. (Distorted self?)
8. Finally, I am caught. One alien comes over to speak to me (I think).

Note

There is more about the little girl and about the door to the stairway but I have forgotten.

I am well rested today. This has been a good weekend for working with John Bradshaw's book, for writing, and for drawing.

Most important, I am relaxed and no longer so terribly tired. I am in better shape for the trip than I was last week.

Oct. 11, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Bradshaw Exercise — Toddler Debriefing

[Note to file: The tapes for these exercises were given to Hell to share with others, and I never recovered them.]

1. Where indeed was Paul? Mom says he saw me for the first time when I was two. What a shock that must have been.

Where was he? I was born in '44. The war ended in '45. He then went to Bermuda, according to my mom. And then on to the Dew Line. She speaks of him working as a plumber, but I think I was four or five by then. After the events with my grandfather. I have no idea what my mom did.

2. I do not recall warmth or being held. I don't really remember anything from that period. Not even the potty training. It is a blank in my memory. A big hole.
3. No. My brother was born when I was five.

NO ONE. I AM SURE.

Did my mother live by herself then? Was it a quiet three years or three years of terror? Was my grandfather there? I know nothing except that her husband was not there, except maybe he dropped in for short stays. He couldn't have cared much for the green-eyed toddler who looked so clearly like his best friend.

I know now that my mom was a victim of both physical and non-physical violence and of incest. Her father beat her many times with a strap. When she was a young girl, the rules about boys were stringent and she had early curfews. She was adventurous and sexually precocious, constantly in trouble.

Dear little Micha,

It's me again, the wonderful Tooth Fairy. How are you? I have had no communication from you. Please tell me if you are comfortable. Are your needs being met? Are you happy, child? I want you to know that I can make a difference. I visit you from a place of power so I can protect you and take care of you. I want to love you so much and to play with you.

Michelle the Tooth Fairy

Written with my left hand:

Dear Michelle Tooth Fairy,

You look funny when you make faces. I am okay but very alone. Mom is almost happy with just the two of us. She reads to me a lot. She sings, too, and plays the piano. I am glad of your company. There

are no children to play with. I have lots of colouring books and paper dolls. I am calm and happy.

Do come and visit often.

Micha

Oct. 12, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Bradshaw Homecoming: Parents' History

So what do I know about my father (sorry, not!)?

1. He married my mom in 1942. He was in the Navy at the time and it was WW II.
2. He was brave. He volunteered and joined the Navy before he was drafted. My mother once told me that he was already overseas when the Navy came looking for him, thinking he was a deserter because he hadn't answered the draft notice and his father had thrown it out.
3. He was a plumber. My mom says he'd rather go to the movies than go to work.
4. My mom says that he is not my father. He was cuckolded, poor fellow, by his best friend.
5. I barely knew him. I remember very few things about him. He taught me to float in the water. He spanked me once (I had played with matches and set fire to the drapes). He used to scratch his back on the door frame. He had an argument with Mom.
6. He was home only for a year or two.
7. I liked him.
8. The next memory of him is when I was fourteen. I had asked him to pull me out of the convent.
9. One June morning, I picked up the phone to hear my aunt say, "Let me speak to your mother, your father is dead." I was fifteen. He was forty-one. He had died of a heart attack.
10. He paid for the convent and my education, so, after the funeral, I went to work full time. No more school for me.

What do I know about my mom?

1. She tells me, time and time again, "I want to live my life."

2. She had children, but I suspect not one of them from the man she married. When I asked why she hadn't given me up for adoption, she answered, "I was married then, it didn't matter." It hurt when she said that.
3. She is an alcoholic. She's only stopped drinking these past four years, after she was operated on for a malignant tumour on her large intestine.
4. I believe she was raped at a young age. She has told me her father had fits of anger and would beat her and the other children.
5. She once told me that she had seen her father raping her then eighty-seven-year-old grandmother. He was addicted to sex.
6. There were four boys there who'd been adopted after their parents were killed in a car accident.
7. She often talks of the village where she grew up. I think she was happy there. But she was unhappy when they moved to Drummondville.
8. She is the youngest of four girls. She was very beautiful, with natural red hair and a natural, beautiful body.
9. As far as I know, she has been smoking since she was eight and drinking since about that time.
10. She went to school and to business college. She is very intelligent.
11. She adored her grandmother. She took care of her and was with her when she passed away.
- !2. She pitied her mother, who died when I was eight.
13. She is very vivacious and adventurous.
14. To this day, men are drawn to her like bees surrounding a queen.

Oct. 13, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I don't know what was going on. Wish it would come out, whatever it is. I have a bad headache and I'm not certain about how I feel. Frustrated; sad. Pain in my belly. Burning, really. Coughing and more coughing. This is getting to be boring. Cough, cough, cough. Boring.

Note

After almost every adjustment, I go into fits of coughing. Extreme coughing, almost as if I had whooping cough, which I did get at age three-and-a-half or four. It was so severe that the doctor requested a pint of blood from my mother, to save me. I also do a lot of crying.

Oct. 15, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I was in a dark place. I wondered where I was. It wasn't scary. There was no pain. No sound, no images. It was an enveloping blackness, almost warm. I liked it there. But Hell pulled me out. Too bad.

Oct 20, 1999 (travel diary)

Lima

I am finally on my way to Machu Picchu. I met the group at Miami Airport, where we boarded our plane for Lima. There was only one other Canadian, Johanne. Our tour guide, Anna, is Brazilian but speaks excellent Spanish. One young woman, Valerie, also speaks Spanish. There are ten of us, one man and nine other women.

I'm beginning to feel out of place with these Americans. Most of them are practically shamans and work with crystals, while I'm just a simple secretary going through some very heavy stuff.

Oct. 22, 1999 (travel diary)

Cuzco

It has not been an easy trip and so far I have not been very well. I must admit I have not had a very good time. Cuzco was horrid, either because of the altitude or because of something spiritual, or both. The only consolation I have, and that may sound mean, is that Anna was also sick this morning.

The city of Cuzco is so very high that I not only had trouble breathing, but got an incredible headache. We visited the Spanish-built churches. Each is built over an Inca temple. I began to feel oppressed to the point of being weak and dizzy.

The day before yesterday, we visited the Coricancha Temple, not quite buried under the Church of Santa Domingo. Coricancha means enclosure of gold. An earthquake in the 50s revealed parts of the

temple that had been covered by the building of the church. Inside the church you could see partly resurrected temples (Temple of the Moon, Temple of Water) and an observatory. I did a sort of meditation there and at one time it felt like I was back at home on Hell's table, the feelings were so strong.

Once outside, we sat on the grass and talked about why we were here. Everyone seemed to have a sense they should come, but did not really know why. Valerie, who travelled by herself, and who is pregnant (four months?), confided that she felt she had to come to Machu Picchu because of the baby. She carries a rather large crystal in a special Peruvian pouch. I wonder why she keeps it so secret?

Oct. 24, 1999 (travel diary)

Machu Picchu

How I love Machu Picchu. I get a lot of energy from this place. The City keeps shifting back and forth, from brilliant to dark, from many buildings to just a few. As I stood at the very top, I could almost hear the music, but not quite. I thought I saw two white-robed men playing trumpets at either end of the City.

Valerie helped me sort things out a bit with the others. I had called the City 'the Citadelle,' and some of the ruins 'cells.' This seemed to upset my companions. They thought I was referring to Machu Picchu as a prison. My French can get me in trouble at times.

Valerie talks so little. Tall and very pretty, about twenty-four, she has more energy than any of us. She seems in a world of her own. She always carries the pouch that I now know protects a fabulous skull-carved crystal. She helped me understand that I should keep silent about the visions and emotions I was feeling. She said that I would give my power away if I talked about that to the others.

I didn't tell Valerie that I do not like all that crazy talk that Anna feeds her regarding the baby she is carrying. Anna tells her this crazy yarn that she's carrying a great priestess from the past of Machu Picchu. That she will be the mother of a very special soul. This kind of talk I always find disturbing. I am skeptical about all that nonsense.

Oct. 30, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Bradshaw Exercise

Dear little Micha,

I have come today to tell you how much I have changed since November 1998. Now, I am at your side. You can count on me. You only have to say something. You only need ask. You need only do. I am entirely at your service. More so, I love you.

Michelle Tooth Fairy

Dear Mommy,

Where were you? I was calling you for help, but you weren't there. Why did you abandon me like that? You left me in the hands of someone who hurt me badly and, afterwards, you ignored the whole thing as if nothing had happened.

Daddy! Daddy! There is no daddy. Daddy, you do not love me. You were so far away. You only loved mommy. I wanted so much for you to love me, even if only a little bit.

Dear Michelle Tooth Fairy,

Come and get me. Come and take care of me. When you are with me, there is less pain. When you start to feel the pain, too, then I will start healing. I need you. Do not abandon me like Mommy and Daddy did.

Micha

Who I am:

Caretaker – Number One in school – Invisible – Quiet – Super achiever – Star – Responsible – Unafraid – No talk – Watcher in the night – Keep silent – Not say how I feel – Be vigilant – Be the perfect little girl – Be smart.

Feelings – to feel – to feel joy or to feel pain.

To feel the pain. It is not a question of remembering. It is a question of feeling.

Feel, Michelle. Feel. Feel the pain. It is okay now to feel the pain, and it will lessen Micha's pain. Feel it. Feel it.

Oct. 31, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Bradshaw Exercise: Alert

I had to be alert and vigilant in case my mother fell asleep with a cigarette and set fire to the place.

I had to watch over Simon. Change him and feed him. I, not my mother, took care of him.

I had to be serious all the time. Show how intelligent and smart I was.

My grandfather hurt me. I want to remember, to feel the pain, but it eludes me. Why?

Micha, I love watching you grow. I will be here for you to test your boundaries and find your limits. It's okay for you to think for yourself. You can think about your feelings and have feelings about what you're thinking.

I like your life energy; I like your curiosity. I'll set guideposts for you, to help you find out who you are. I LOVE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU ARE.

It's okay to be different. You have your own view of things. It's okay to imagine things without being afraid they will come true. I'll help you separate fantasy from reality. It's okay to cry even though you are growing up. You can ask for what you want. YOU ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR BROTHER!

It's okay to explore who you are. You can ask questions if something confuses you.

Nov. 3, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I took the time to feel each adjustment. To pay attention to the sensations. The small squares shimmered and changed from dark grey to light grey to white. They moved along my spine.

Nov. 5, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt drained of energy. Everything burns: my neck, my belly, my stomach. I try to feel and feel, but it is still hard to know what I'm feeling.

Nov. 8, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I stand my ground. I dig my heels in. I am ready to take whatever is coming. I can take the pressure now. Not run away or try to shift every sensation away from my body. My lower belly hurts now during an adjustment.

Also, I recognize the panic in my solar plexus, but I dig my heels in. I no longer run. There is pain but it is only temporary. There are images, but now I say, "Yes, know this is what happened; accept this fact. It happened. There it is."

Also today I knew when the adjustment was over. I like that. I think if I know, then it means I am paying attention. Today, it feels like my neck, shoulders and upper back have been hit by hundreds of (well, at least several) ping pong balls. I am sore all over!

Nov. 10, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Letting (I hope) my spine do its thing. When I think I want to faint, I tell myself no. No, no fainting. It's just a little pain. I can take this. I love these adjustments lately. They feel great in spite of the fact that the top of my shoulders and neck are tender. It feels good.

[Question for Hell: If I feel good, does that mean I'm doing something wrong? Shouldn't I be coughing or crying or something?]

Nov. 19, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I try and listen to what my body is saying. I follow what it does. If there is pain, I let it be. I do not tell it to go away anymore. Pain where I would not permit it before. Pain. So I cry. But the pain is happy.

Nov. 22, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...TILT! [**Note:** this was written across the page in big letters. I had seen some images I simply could not deal with at the time.]

Nov. 24. 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...The pain in my head, in my neck and upper back, is so strong. I think my body wants to connect all the dots, but it is a painful process. There is no map. Just a sense of direction. I may be here forever.

Nov. 28, 1999 (Computer Journal)

The Kingdom of Micha

At the first level, Michelle fought the monsters as they came, not worrying too much about the outcome of her journey. She had a good weapon. Not a sword, but a boomerang, Network Spinal Analysis could be hurled at the monsters and knock them down fairly easily. Michelle gained power and felt pretty good after slaying the first boss who went by the name of Jos. is Dead.

Then she was given a sword. Family Secrets was its name. On this level, she found many hidden scripts that helped her put the story of her adventure in perspective. The monsters were uglier and meaner, still she managed to reach the final boss and defeat him. That boss was named Illegitimate Child.

Then she was told about a better and bigger sword. Homecoming was its name. But this sword had to be bought. She paid a great price for it (all of her resources were drained) and she had to learn how to wield it, as it was heavier than the others and tricky to use. In order to get to the final boss, Michelle had to unravel the secret of Homecoming. She went in search of its origin and found that her journey would ultimately lead her to do battle with an incredible monster. He had taken over the Kingdom of Micha and held its princess captive in a dungeon where he tormented her with the many demons under his command. He was difficult to find and she would have to uncover several drawings that, put together, were a map to where she was to find him. Frightened by what the drawings were showing, she often retreated to some of the places she was familiar with, to gather her courage and to hone her skills.

Eventually, she made her way to the dark forest and there found the entrance to the demon's lair. She soon found out that the way to the place where the final boss was hiding was a labyrinth. It contained many traps and there were more monsters to fight than ever. However,

Michelle had a fairy or two with her and she was revived several times after heavy battles against hideous monsters and many ghosts.

At one point, she found a fountain. There she rested and had a wonderful dream. When she awoke, she discovered that another sword had been laid at her side. She picked it up and found it to be a marvellous weapon.

Lost in the labyrinth, there was no way out other than through the maze. Now, she had the most powerful sword of them all. It shone in the dark and it could detect any monster, no matter how small or how big. She liked this sword best of all. She read the runes running along its fine blade. It was called *The Twelve Stages of Healing*. It helped her orient herself as she moved deeper into the maze. The sword shone brightly and showed her every hidden door and every secret turn of the maze.

She was fearless. She moved toward the big boss, certain that she would defeat him. When she entered its cave, she could smell him but she could not see him. He was laughing and taunting her. She stood firm, confident in the abilities that she had gained on her journey and liking the feel of the sword in her hand — the sword shone at its brightest as she moved from place to place, searching every corner of the lair. She was positive she would flush him out, but there was a trap door that she did not see. She fell through, and crashed to the bottom. There, waiting for her in all his hideous evil, was the big boss's twin. Bigger than the other, he swooped down upon her and felled her. She could not fight this new monster. She had concentrated all of her energies on defeating her grandfather; she was powerless before his double. She was unprepared. She had no weapon against him. He struck her one more time. Too late, she realized she had come into the maze without a shield. Her sword was shattered and she swooned and fell to the ground. Far away she heard a little girl crying. She had failed in her quest to save the Kingdom of Micha. As she lay there, defeated, the last little piece of heart that she possessed turned to stone.

Game over

Nov. 28, 1999 (Letter to Hell)

I have come to accept a lot of things.

I have pieced together a little bit of the story of my mother. She was raped (very likely) by her father. Maybe she was raped by all four of the boys my grandfather adopted. Maybe she was in love with one of them. I do not know. My mother was never very particular with her lovers. Adoptive brothers, best friends of her husband....

When I was fifteen, she had my cousin, her sister's son, stay with us for about two months. While they had their affair, there was food in the refrigerator. I was already working full time and I knew how hard it was for my mother to make ends meet. I never judged her, she was only trying to survive. My cousin was a few years younger than she was. My aunt was my mom's eldest sister. I think there was a fifteen-year difference between the eldest and the youngest child, which was my mom.

Yes, I have come to accept a lot of things.

Recently, I accepted that when Micha does a drawing, it is not necessarily exactly as it happened. But perhaps some of it is true. I accept that there is true stuff and false stuff — that I cannot trust my mind remembering, but that I probably could trust my body remembering.

After the session that Tuesday night at the healing centre, I fought Micha for several days. I could not let her draw the next picture that I knew she wanted to draw. She wanted to draw another man. Yesterday, I let her do the drawing. This is definitely her last drawing.

I CANNOT ACCEPT THAT THERE WAS A SECOND PERSON THERE!

This is where I stop. This is it — the crash is complete. The point of no return. I am completely annihilated.

I have lost the most precious thing I have ever had: me.

I will see Dr. Sheppard Tuesday morning. Perhaps I should ask him to send me to the loony bin. Maybe I won't even have to ask. I doubt, though, that any kind of treatment can put my psyche back together again.

NUTS!

CHAPTER IX

Crystal Dreams

Nov. 29, 1999 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Good thing is, there is no more pain. Bad thing is, I think I am not here, inside me, anymore.

I spoke too soon about the good thing; the old familiar pain is back.

Dec. 5, 1999 (Computer Journal)

Repressed Memories

I sit here looking at the drawing, and it seems to me that I must be inventing this. How can such a horrible thing have happened? I tried not to separate myself from Micha when I did this particular drawing. As a result, this one has a title, and I wrote the names of the people in it. I will not destroy this drawing. As I look at it time and time again, it may stop me from swinging to the NO side again.

Perhaps even with Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing Therapy, I will not remember. I am fifty-five years of age and maybe it is too late to open up this part of my mind. In the stuff I downloaded on EMDR, when they mention studies, I get the feeling the subjects are quite young. I am post-menopausal and already my memory is showing signs of deficiency, and here I am trying to remember something that may have happened — that did happen — fifty years ago.

When a child has unspeakable things done to her, done by caregivers, by people she has learned to trust and love, doesn't it make sense that she would dissociate from the present moment? Maybe at a young age it is easy to withdraw into a trancelike state.

The only memory I am trying to recover is what was recorded by my body. Is this the kind of memory that senile old people have? Cayce said that there are some old people whose souls no longer inhabit their bodies; the soul has left the body, but the body continues on. It knows

how to function on its own as it carries within itself the memories of every cell that composes its flesh and bones. These are not what I call memories. I associate memories with the personality, not with the cells of the body.

I wonder if only the soul has the faculty to remember, and it needs the connections of the brain to do so. Maybe in experiencing trauma, because the soul has left the body while the trauma is inflicted, the person — especially a child — will not fully remember what happened because the ‘personality’ simply isn’t present. Our reality is a function of the mind, not of the brain, and I believe the mind belongs to the soul. When it dissociates from the body, the connection is broken and there is no consciousness available to record what is happening. The images are stored, but not processed.

The question then is, can these old images be processed by the mind later on? A reel of what happened is stuck in my mind, in some sort of loop. When I finally process a drawing or a clearing, or simply do some processing on my own, a splicing seems to take place. But splicing it is, which means that some images are cut away and remain on the floor. They never get integrated into the story.

The brain, unless damaged, records everything without discrimination. The mind, on the other hand, is selective. It accepts what it thinks is of value in creating its own reality. It probably ignores a lot of stuff, and it may purposely discard or disregard things that hurt or confuse the soul. The mind chooses this or that to create its view of the world.

Dec. 18, 1999 (Dream)

Little bits of dreams

Lying on the pavement outside a door. It is night and it is pitch black.

Walking on the street where it is raining very hard. Again it is pitch black.

I cannot see. At first it is because my eyes are closed, and I am trying very hard to open them. It is a struggle. When I finally manage to do so, everything around me is still all black.

I see John Deere machinery in a large parking lot. All green with yellow letters. There are tractors and hoes and harvest machines.

The number fourteen somehow came into the dream.

EXPLANATION

Heavy machinery: Difficult work but related to the land, to harvesting (there is something good in the end; there is growth).

Green: Healing — growth.

Yellow: Mind, cowardice — also sunshine. Since it is farm equipment, I will associate yellow with sunshine as well as with the mind. There is some cowardice on my part, no doubt about it. The thesaurus associates cowardice with the noun 'spirit.' It also means 'being yellow.'

Blackness/blind: Do not want to see. Cannot see. Black also represents evil, the opposite of light. Black night of the soul?

14: Equals 5.

1: Universal Oneness.

4: Body.

5: Immediate change. $2+2+1$ means Strength (1), Weakness (2), a division of self (2).

Lying down: Laziness? Cannot open door, so I sleep? I also associate sleep with dreams and dreams with the unconscious and the unconscious with the soul. With going within myself. Am I sleeping on the job (thinking of the farm machinery)?

Closed door: The past is closed? Something shut out (my past?).

Jan. 2, 2000 (Letter)

Dear Dr. Sheppard,

I write for two reasons. One, I might forget part of what I want to say and, two, I may lose my nerve. By writing what I have to say I can express not only my feelings but also my thoughts.

At my last visit to you, I left in total confusion. I am convinced I have invented the entire scenario concerning my grandfather's adopted son. I think the EMDR method does not work for me. It seems to me that I can 'select' the scenario. That scares me.

At our last session, when you asked if there was someone else in the room, it seemed to me I could either say that there was someone who was my uncle and who was playing along with my grandfather — the

two of them...well, I will say nothing more about this. So I looked for another story. The good man, the one who rescued me.

I have come to the conclusion that everything is an imaginary story and I want this to end. I have had enough. Enough is enough.

Happened? Did not happen? Happened? Which scenario is right? Even assuming that something did happen, unless I remember, I will never know the truth. My grandfather is dead. As for my mother, I will never confront her with this tale.

This story has taken over my life. It's as though every one of my thoughts is centred on the strain to remember. I want it to end. I play the story over and over again in my head, and it is affecting my thought processes at work and at home. I find myself just staring into space, then suddenly realizing that I stopped doing whatever I was doing, or what I was about to do. I wake up in the night, not certain that I was sleeping. Was I just thinking? Was I just straining to remember? I am thoroughly confused. I am no longer certain where reality is or where fantasy starts. It seems to me that I am stuck in a bad movie that keeps rewinding and starting again, but never comes to The End. To hell with the story.

I need to know the absolute truth. Until then I cannot go on.

At this moment, it seems to me that I am one hell of a liar.

So, I come to the reason I wrote this letter, and that is to say that I wish to stop the sessions.

Thank you for listening as you did. I liked our talks. I just cannot do this anymore.

Jan. 14, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Lots going on in my back. I did not know how angry I am, but I cannot lash out at her (my mom). My spine wants to release that anger but I don't know how. Loved the neck treatment.

Jan. 17, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...many feelings. At one time, it felt as if my chest was constricted, as if there was a heavy weight on it. In the middle lower back, one particular vertebra was burning quite a bit, as if some adjustment or change was happening. Later, I felt that go away when I experienced some sort of tension in my upper back. Somewhere

hidden in my spine there is a lot of pain. I may get there yet. I came in feeling great. Now my back hurts, upper and lower, and I have a headache, as usual.

Jan. 18, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Rainbow Crystal

Last night I was very miserable. I had probably gotten up too quickly after the clearing, but I was so cold all I wanted was to put my coat on. I was so terribly cold I thought I would never be warm again. When I arrived home, I immediately put on flannelette pyjamas, thick wool socks, and my poncho from Peru, and got into bed and covered up with several layers of blankets. I listened to part II of the Epstein tape. When it was over, I was crying. I *know* about Innate Intelligence. I have never doubted it.

The crystal I saw in the flash of a second, was that Valerie's skull crystal? Did its quirky, smiling face actually pass before my inner eyes? I thanked it for helping me. I know it does. I have nothing to prove it by, but there have been too many coincidences not to believe that her crystal has taken the time to help with my healing. I am very grateful and my thanking it was honest. That is when I remembered the Rainbow crystal that appeared to me at the end of our last meditation in Machu Picchu.

When we had had our ceremony at the vortex, I felt really silly with my puny little crystal cluster. The others had special ones, very particular to them, very precious. Valerie had the skull crystal. I had nothing except this little one I had bought in Ottawa; nothing much. As someone said, it is what it is. Still, I wished I could find a really special one among those the native people were selling by the dozen. It is said that one should only purchase a crystal if it speaks to you. None had spoken to me, and I kept wondering if there would ever be a special crystal for me.

At our last meditation, while the shaman was chanting and Anna was saying a blessing, I saw in my mind's eye this incredible structure. It was at least twelve feet tall; a pyramid made of crystal. It radiated all the colours of the rainbow and twirled and hummed. It sat squarely in the middle of our circle. It was magnificent! As I sat there admiring it, even though my eyes were closed, it started to move, almost

collapsing into itself, and it dove (that is the only way I can describe it) into my forehead, entering my third eye. The chanting stopped. I opened my eyes. The meditation was over. The lights were gone. The group was relaxed and, though it was pitch black, I think we all felt connected to each other and everyone was enjoying the night.

I did not purchase a crystal in Machu Picchu, but I had been given an incredible, mystical rainbow crystal. I could never lose it. I could never break it. It would be with me everywhere and for every moment of my life. I did not understand the meaning of the rainbow crystal, but I was very thankful for it. I also thought I understood why so many of the Inca statues have a rainbow on their foreheads, which they wear as a crown.

I came back to Ottawa flying high from the visions and experiences at the Citadel, but all it took was one clearing day at Hell's healing centre to lose my wings and come crashing down, and crash I did. I lay there in several pieces, unable to put myself together again, then the darkness came and I thought it was the end of me. No more Michelle. All gone! But there must have been some life still left in me, because when I went to visit Stéphane, all it took was one comment from my mother at the dinner table, in front of his family and his wife's family, to make me feel as if I'd been kicked in the stomach, and to send pain through me again. Soon my right arm started to hurt. I can type with a sore arm, but I cannot drive if I can't lift my arm for the pain or feel my hand for the numbness. I need that right arm in good working order to shift gears. I made an appointment with Hell for an adjustment. He lent me the tape and I listened to it last night and drifted into a meditation with the rainbow crystal and Micha.

There it was again, right there before my closed eyes. I took it and I brought it into that awful room where Micha is hanging from the ceiling. It is so cold there. She is so cold — all naked and dirty. I took a piece of the rainbow and I wrapped her in it as I took her down from the hook. I told her, as Dr. Sheppard has taught me, what a marvelous child she is. How brave and how strong she is. I told her how she made me the strong person I am today. How I raised my son and how I managed as a single mom. How I got this great job and bought

my own place. I told her that this strength comes from her and that I am very grateful for it.

Then she was wearing a wonderful dress that was all lights and colours, and she laughed and giggled, stomping her naked feet. She was so beautiful to watch. She twirled and danced, and I wished I could paint the picture I saw. I joined her and we danced, holding hands. We were dancing inside the beautiful pyramid; right inside the colours of the rainbow crystal. We were no longer cold. We were not separate, we were one. I know — we know — the rainbow crystal is there now, and every time I go into that dark place I will bring Micha inside the crystal, and there she will shine and sparkle and she will be as warm as toast, and I will laugh and giggle, watching her dance, and I will no longer be cold.

That is the gift of Machu Picchu, the gift of the rainbow crystal. It is my crystal forever. I cannot hang it around my neck; no one will ever see it; but I will cherish this magical secret.

Jan. 19, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...relaxed for a change. The neck treatment is wonderful. It warms me up somehow. I don't feel cold tonight. I feel rather sleepy. I think, but I'm not sure, that some space opened up in my neck. Also felt at times, as my head turned all the way to the right, that I may be searching for something. Tonight I seemed to be in the park where I fell off the parallel bars when I was seven years old. That's when I hurt my neck so badly.

Jan. 23, 2000 (Letter to Hell)

I wrote what is on the reverse side, the night of December 5. I just wanted to let you know that your meditation tapes are appreciated, in spite of the fact that I always resent it when you ask, "How do you feel? What is going on?" (Because it is usually different from everybody else!) I do not play well with others. But please know that I do pay attention.

Jan. 26, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...as if I had a good clearing today. I may finally have figured it out. When Hell puts pressure on the back of my neck, it

resonates in my chest. That is probably why the coughing. Also, my heart seems to beat faster. I simply love the neck treatment.

Jan. 29, 2000 (Dream)

Butterflies

It is late, yet I want to record the dreams from this morning. Hopefully I will remember enough to make some sense.

1. E.T. again. It has been a while since my last dream about alien invasion. Now, I only remember looking up at the sky and watching these small flying bombs coming down. Somehow Valerie was in the dream. But alas, I have forgotten it all.
2. Dreamt of butterflies. Monarch butterflies, more precisely. Black-and-orange butterflies. I was sitting in bed and they seemed to be coming from the closet at first, and I thought they were moths and thought no wonder Eddy's clothes are full of holes. Some seemed to come from my comforter. There were small ones and big ones. I was a bit scared of them and wished they would fly out the window and leave me alone.
3. Dreamt a bird came to me and spoke to me. I woke up angry at myself that I did not pay attention to what the bird was saying. Worse, I remember in the dream putting the bird outside the patio doors. The bird had a long beak like a hummingbird's. He was a shimmering green, I think. He might have been a hummingbird, but I did not recognize that in the dream because he was walking on the floor, not flying and fluttering his wings, the way hummingbirds do. Of course, I do not remember what the words were that he spoke to me.

Note

I am so stupid. The dream shows how little I pay attention. How could I have had something so mystical as having a bird speak to me and not listen to it and, even worse, how could I have helped him out the door rather than inviting him to stay inside with me? Stupid, stupid, stupid....

INTERPRETATION

My dream of E.T. I cannot explain, as I remember none of it. The butterflies and the hummingbird have to be about Machu Picchu. Valerie in the E.T. dream also has to do with Machu Picchu.

But I cannot interpret the dreams because once again there's too much missing, to say nothing of the fact that I need to pay more attention when someone or something speaks to me.

Jan. 31, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I am not so afraid to get into that space anymore. Even if I can only let the pain in a little at a time, I think it is okay; then I can release a little bit of it out also. I no longer feel stupid, crying. I am glad now that it does happen. Tiny, tiny little baby steps. But I think, now that the clearing is welcomed, I won't be leaving here feeling so awful.

Feb. 2, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...And so it continues. Sitting on the edge of the table for the neck adjustment, I find myself in that dark place. I see nothing, but at least now I can let the pain come through. At some time tonight, as I was again face down on the table, Hell put some kind of pressure on my lower back and, as surely as if I had been back there again, I felt a strap lash across my lower back: Whack! Grandfather's leather strap. I think this is a beginning.

Feb. 7, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Sleepy. Very sleepy. I tried hard not to clutch my stomach when it was hurting. I am getting better at letting the pain through. Head hurts, but in a different way. It feels unreal; very heavy. A real sleepyhead. I know things will keep on processing for a while.

Feb. 9, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I look forward to the adjustments now. I know there is much pain and I don't mind it anymore. When the adjustment starts, my heart feels strained, but I get used to it. Sitting on the edge of the table for the neck adjustment always brings me back to that

place. Tonight, after lying face down again and more adjustments, it seemed that my right leg was very small, a little girl's leg. A strange feeling, very uncomfortable. My hip bothers me, and the middle of my back, so I suppose more processing will get done these coming days.

Feb. 11, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...My eyes smart. They feel very dry; no moisture in them. Lots of pain. So much of it. Just pain, no images. So much that I think at one time I fainted. That is, I fainted in that place, not here.

Feb. 14, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt my arm moving, sort of pumping up and down. When I became aware of the movement, it seemed to me that I knew what my arm was recreating, so I stopped it. Also lying on the table again, when pressure was put on my lower back, I could feel pain shoot all the way up to my head. At least, I perceived it as pain.

Hell, will you explain to me what this spitting is about? Am I trying to get rid of something I do not wish to swallow? Or is it a result of some physical stimulation to my saliva glands? Today, my head is on fire and I want to cry a lot, but it seems I can't.

Feb. 14, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Of holy men and fallen women (Retyped from Machu Picchu)

I watched Johanne board the bus. She looked particularly distraught and her grey hair was tousled. She must have been very pretty before drug therapy turned her body into the Michelin man. Someone had confided that Johanne had lung cancer and had been told by her doctors that she would not see the coming summer. I admired her courage and thought how terribly difficult this trip must be for her. The last one to climb aboard, she apologized for being late and holding up the bus this bright and early morning, as we were about to leave for Ollantaytambo and the train station. She then apologized to everyone again for making us late two days earlier, when we'd visited Tambomachay.

Tambomachay had been an extraordinary site. Some of us had climbed all the way to the top to visit the Temple of the Condor, while others remained on the lower level to examine the huge stones that

made up the puzzling constructions on the plaza. Johanne had been too weak to visit the main area and decided to go back to the bus to rest. She hadn't heard one of our guides tell us the driver would take the bus to the other side of the site and wait for us there, so she'd gone back to where the bus had dropped us off. She sat on the ground, in the hot sun, patiently waiting for us to return, while we, one by one and drifting in from whatever direction our meandering had taken us, made our way to where the bus was actually waiting. Soon we were all there, except for Johanne. Worried, one of the guides went looking for her. We had been waiting nearly an hour when he returned with Johanne and, by the time the bus left the parking lot, the sun had set and it was getting dark.

Anna had decided to take us to a ceremony with a shaman nearby. The cave was small and narrow, and we huddled in the dark, our eyes smarting from heavy incense. We stood uncomfortably close to each other and listened to the shaman's muffled prayers. He, of course, spoke in Spanish, so that my mind had drifted into a half trance, transported by the music of pipes and drums played by three young musicians who happened to be camping there that night. I admit I failed to understand what the ceremony was about. There had been no illumination. And for the hundredth time I wondered why I had come to Peru.

Once we emerged, the warmth of the cave was replaced by chilling winds, but when we had climbed to a high terrace, the young men made a fire, and we joined hands and danced around it. We felt close to the stars, and in spite of the cold we were enjoying a most beautiful night. Johanne looked dejected and, as the circle broke, I hugged her, then everyone hugged everyone, and we warmed each other.

We finally made our descent, looking forward to the shelter of the bus, while the moon, not yet full, lit our way. Anna had been the only one who carried a flashlight and wore a decent coat to keep her warm. When we left in the early morning, we hadn't been told to take along something warm for the evening. So it was, then, that Johanne felt responsible for our being so cold that night.

As Johanne apologized profusely for making us late again, I watched her look around the bus for a seat. She decided to sit next to

me. She apologized once more for the misadventure in Tambomachay, then she said, "You hugged me, that night. Thank you!"

She didn't know that hugging was rather new for me, and that I was painfully relearning to permit myself enough vulnerability to hug anyone, even my son. I told her a story I'd heard recently, about two holy men.

"There were two holy men travelling in the vast country of India. One day, they came upon a river they would have to cross to continue their journey. Upon its bank stood a beautiful princess. She wore exquisite shoes and splendid garments woven with gold. She stood there, unable to cross the river because it was muddy and would surely reach up to her waist, and her beautiful dress would be ruined. She asked if one of the monks would carry her to the other side. Barefooted and in their monk's robes, the river posed no problem for them, so one of them picked up the princess and carried her across the river. He deposited her on the other side, all nice and dry, and he and his companion continued their journey.

Several hours later, the younger monk turned to the other, very annoyed, and said, "I can't believe you did that. You know that we are not allowed to touch women." His teacher looked at him in surprise and replied, "I left her on the shore of the river hours ago; why are you still carrying her?"

Johanne said, "Michelle, I understand. I will not mention or even think about that incident again."

Johanne soon fell asleep. It was not quite 7:00 a.m. and we were finally on our way to Ollantaytambo and the station there, to catch our train to Machu Picchu. As the driver coaxed the bus into more speed, I watched the Urubamba river wind itself around the red terraces of the valley.

The road was narrow and full of twists and turns, yet the driver manoeuvred the bus with ease. I thought him very clever, as clever as his ancestors had been when they ran surefooted through the mountain passes to bring the King his daily ration of fresh fish from the sea. The bus moved on past the terraces, past the river, past my past. I thought of Hell back home and silently sent him my thanks. It was in retelling that story to Johanne that I finally understood.

Goodbye, Jos. See the foam on the water? See it crash upon the rocks. See my tears? See them gone forever. I will carry you on my shoulders no more; not your alcoholism, not the choices you forced upon me, and not the guilt that came from them. Why you chose death I will never know, but it does not have to be my choice, no matter how much I love you or miss you. Wherever you are, I will not follow. Do not wait for me; I have embarked on a journey of my own.

Feb. 16, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Tonight, every adjustment to the lower back, no matter how light, was very painful. When it was to the neck, it felt good. When the adjustment was over, the feelings were so intense I felt like bouncing myself off the walls just to get some relief. Now as I write I feel fine, just a bit tired. As usual, my head feels like it is on fire. But I don't mind it anymore. My ears are hot, too, tonight.

Feb. 21, 2000 (NSA journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...It was beautiful. There were birch trees everywhere, all white and green. The sun was shining through the branches, very bright. There was a small creek. I was twirling and twirling, as if drunk from all this beauty. I was looking for Jos.

"Jos., where are you? Why am I looking for you?"

It is fall and everything is gold and white. Jos. is there on the hill. I call to him, "Come see me." He's there. He is wearing blue. "Jos., Jos.," I cry out. He smiles.

I start yelling in anger. Everything goes dark. All dark. "Jos., Jos., don't leave." But he's gone.

I can't believe I am still crying over Jos. How much longer?

Feb. 27, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Beliefs

Self

I believe there is something inherently wrong with me. That I am basically flawed.

I believe that, when I meet someone, the impression I give is that of a bull in a china shop and it takes people a long time to warm up to me.

I believe women don't like me because I look like Attila the Hun and men don't like me because they think I am a lesbian.

I believe I am too big, that I talk too loud and too much. It turns people off.

I believe I bring out the worst in people because I am unable to defend myself or to stand up for myself, so they trample all over me.

I believe I am wishy-washy, just like Charlie Brown, even though I admire Peppermint Patty for her individuality. The same with Tigger. I like him best of all the Pooh characters, yet I know I am most like Eeyore — always down in the dumps, always thinking nobody cares.

I believe that I have to please people for them to like me. I am constantly being helpful. I am a regular Miss Congeniality all the time; a Goody Two Shoes.

I believe that I am a whore, a slut, a harlot, and that nothing will make me clean again. Unlike Mary Magdalen, for me there is no Christ to forgive my sins.

I believe I am smart and intelligent, but I am too timid to accomplish anything of any value.

God

I used to believe that God did not need to take away from someone else in order to give me more. Now He has taken from me to give more to someone else.

I believe there is a God, but I have now come to believe that He doesn't care about me — or anybody else for that matter — yet I cannot help myself and I often pray for others. I believe that is stupid, yet I still do it.

I used to believe in prayer. That the prayers of a just person were answered. I have changed that somewhat, yet I still believe that, if I pray for someone else, God will hear and do something — even though I am convinced that is a futile belief.

I used to believe that God would always take care of me — but I have now lost my position at work, my salary will go down, and I will

find myself scrimping along again. My quality of life will go down and I believe that I will never recover from this loss.

Love/Marriage

I believe my mother has always hated me, that the only reason she now likes me or says she loves me is because my brother hurt her and scared her into becoming sober, and she will not forgive him. I believe I have no worth in her eyes, except that now she has temporarily transferred all the love she had for my brother to me. If ever he came back into her life, she would find a reason to fight with me and no longer be on speaking terms.

I believe I am weak — that I have failed in both my marriages because of that.

I believe I failed in my first marriage because I was unfaithful, in spite of the fact that my husband had had a girlfriend for over a year by then.

I believe I failed my second husband miserably because I did not manage to get him off his alcoholism. I believe he counted on me to help him, but I couldn't do it.

I believe we lost the house in 1983 (the interest on the mortgage went up to 18%) because I believed I did not deserve a house and all the beautiful things that come with it. I felt like a whore who had been taken in from the cold, out of pity, by someone really nice. When I met Jos., I had no sense of self-worth whatsoever. The little self-esteem I'd had when I married Donald was all gone by then.

I believe I am incapable of truly loving. Two marriages are the proof of that. The fact that I have no companion is also proof of my inability to love. I do love my son — but I think I go about it the wrong way all the time.

Life

I believe that this lifetime is a punishment for something terrible that I did in some past life.

I believe I failed miserably at whatever it was I was supposed to do in this life. I have failed at two marriages, I have no decent career and, at fifty-five, I am still struggling financially. I believe this is proof of my inadequacies.

I believe I have nothing to show for my fifty-five years of living. Would it not be for my son, no one would ever know, or care, that I lived.

Feb. 27, 2000 (Dream)

The Connector

I remember so little, yet this was a long dream.

Dream 1: I had gone on a trip. When I came back, I wondered about the dirty laundry I hadn't done before I left, as I had no clean clothes left. I saw my clothes soaking in a large tub. They had been washed by my mother-in-law. I wrung out my navy blue pants to hang on the clothesline along with some of my bras. These were all the dark ones. I wondered where the white ones were.

Dream 2: From behind a cement block of some kind, or more like a column, in some large outdoor area, I was hiding behind a young man and we were looking at an oncoming army. The young man was about twenty, tall, slim, with dark wavy hair. He reminds me of some young actor but I do not recall who that might be. I am not clear what or who the enemy was. He touched my neck and it vibrated. He said he was The Connector and we should look to get away, but to do so we needed a certain pair of reading glasses. These glasses had been hidden by the enemy.

I am going through several big wooden chests, opening them one by one, looking for the glasses. I had seen someone put them in just such a chest. But the young man had taken them already. I went looking for him. I found him in a room made of wood, almost like the old log cabins. He sat on an old bed with two little boys, one about eight and the other maybe five. He was teaching them how to use the glasses in order to escape.

The last image I remember is being in an old dungeon, going down some stairs. I could hear the screams of someone being tortured. Some huge contraption was being used. It had huge teeth and it tore through the wall of the stairs. Someone, somewhere, was turning a huge wheel and, as the contraption turned, I knew it was tearing into the back of the prisoner. He was The Connector.

Comments

Since I've been writing down my beliefs and realizing how restricting they are, and how much it hurts to let them go, and how much pain they actually cause, I associate both dreams with beliefs and with healing.

INTERPRETATION

Dirty Laundry: An old theme in my dreams. My mother-in-law represents most of my beliefs because, while I knew her, she reshaped my beliefs in God, Jesus Christ, and reincarnation, just as much as the Edgar Cayce books did. She and Edgar Cayce reinforced the beliefs I had acquired in the convent. This was in the 60s, I was married to Donald, and my mother-in-law became a very important part of my life. Today, I find that some of the beliefs she instilled in me are very restricting. To her, everything was karma and, though she attended my wedding to Jos. and we visited her many times, when I asked her for help when everything was falling apart, she answered, "It is obvious that your karma is to be with alcoholics," and she would not help me. I was very hurt and terribly angry at her for many years. It is just this Christmas that I have mended this a bit by sending her a card — which she answered. I loved that woman more than my own mother.

Dark Clothes: Negativity

Navy Pants: These are my favourite pants, yet they are now falling apart, they are so old. I am even thinking of not wearing them anymore because they look so shabby.

Brassieres: They were black, and brown, and navy blue. I associate them with being restricted. I am looking for my white ones, the ones I prefer. But there was no white batch in my laundry, the entire wash was dark-coloured clothing.

The Connector: He touched the base of my neck and my entire spine began to vibrate. He is a facilitator, a healer. He could represent my Higher Self. I associate the vibration with the alignment of the chakras.

Children: The bible says, "Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." I associate the children

with Network and EMDR. Both are facilitators for healing and both techniques are rather new.

Glasses: They were all clear, as glass is clear. No colour to them. I associate them with “Looking closer” — “Studying” — “Reading” — and, of course, “Second Sight.”

Torture: The tearing instrument, ripping into the back (chakras) and causing pain, I associate with the wheels of reincarnation/karma. There is no escaping the pain. On the stairs, in the dungeon, I knew that this was inevitable. A necessary process.

Mar. 1, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt as if I was starting a new round. Going maybe a little further still. Felt mostly as if a passage was being prepared. Seemed there was not much going on, yet felt like something hidden is moving. I was very stiff afterwards. Now it is getting better.

Mar. 3, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...You know how, when you have the flu and you throw up all night, you retch and you retch, but nothing comes up anymore? Well that is how I felt tonight. I felt retching spasms. There was no screaming. No scream would come out even with my mouth wide open. It would start deep where my belly is, move up and up and through my throat, but no sound was there. I am not sure if it is because I don't want to scream or if I am now looking for a scream that is no longer there. What if I am now inventing this? Maybe there is nothing there anymore. Maybe I am all screamed out. Maybe the spasms are simply what I think they are. How should I react? What you do think, Doc?

March 6, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...My wrist bothered me immediately, then my arm, a lot. I know now why the silent screams. Even though they are silent, tonight I understood that it is a release just the same, and that they are part of my healing. Tonight I am very tired from the adjustment. When I come back from that place, I usually feel very cold but not tonight. Tonight I am burning up. It is hard to feel like Michelle again. I mostly feel like Micha. As Micha, I found out tonight that

I cannot do anything, Micha cannot do anything to save herself. What she did is refuse to give in to the screaming. It was a form of control.

March 8, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Used to be I was always cold. Now, I am always burning up and feeling feverish after a clearing, but it seems that these days it is always the same, with no change. Today, I could feel a dark place. I could see the dark and I wanted to go there, but I could not find how to do this. Later I saw dominoes, big ones, black with white dots. But not clearly enough for me to rearrange them in their proper order or sequence. I am very tired these days; my energy level is very low.

March 11, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Sacrifice

At the House of Healing, under a living tree in a corner on the second floor, a dead branch nests precariously in a white porcelain bowl, its black bark jaggging up in twisted attempts to stand on its own. Midway up, at its very centre, a break exposes what was once the living tissue of the tree. There, a thorn juts out into its surrounding space, and I think I hear it screaming silently.

Every time I look at it, I think this is what I look like inside. My tree of life, my chakras, my kundalini energy, whatever you may wish to call it, is dead. It was murdered a long time ago. The vortex that twisted it into its present shape still continues its act of disfiguration. Embedded deep, that thorn is in my heart.

There is a legend in *The Thorn Birds* about a bird that searches for just such a thorn. Then, impaling itself upon it, the bird sings a song so sweetly that the world, standing still, listens in ecstasy. Sometimes I close my eyes and pray that such a song springs from my soul, in the pietistical hope that it pleases this God, whose good pleasure it is to demand sacrifice in return for resurrection. And I shudder as I remember that he would not even spare his own son.

March 15, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...You ask me to go where there is so much pain. Yet when I get there, even after the crying and the pain (I am amazed at

how I can feel this), I actually feel better. Makes no sense. Tonight was so intense. I have been so tired these weeks. Yet, I feel as if something is shifting, almost like I'm an iceberg about to go topsy-turvy.

March 29, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...My left leg is bothering me so much. It has been such a long time since it hurt like that and I am very impatient with it. It was difficult to go back to that place. It had been such a long time since I was there, either here or with EMDR. Very hard to go back. But now I can resume where I left off. I saw a C-14 in large green letters.

March 31, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt lighter. I feel good. I think what happened tonight is what you call a release. Good. The images were there, but now I don't try to keep them out. Big difference.

April 3, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...There is a burning furnace in my stomach. My head hurts, of course. I am determined to get it all out of my system. There is pain almost all the time now, physical pain, and I get the feeling the processing no longer remains contained on the table. It stays with me and is always bringing me surprises.

Does it ever, ever end?

April 5, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I don't know if you'd call it remembering, but it certainly is something akin to that. I feel the pain. I know what is happening, yet I see nothing. The images happen at the beginning, but when the pain comes, all is black. Just pain. How could anyone do such things? How?

April 10, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...My heart was racing from the first adjustment. Sometimes that happens, but usually after the third or fourth. Lots of pain in my chest, in my lower belly. Very difficult adjustment. I

think I prefer it when I make more noise or cry. I now feel terribly sad. My chest still hurts, and other places too.

April 12, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Most of my feelings are gone now. But I can say that a lot of the pain I was feeling is gone, too. Thank you.

April 17, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I don't want to make so much noise and I try to keep quiet, but sometimes it just takes over. I am aware, as I make all that noise (coughing), that I am being loud. Yet it seems I cannot control it (or that) at this point. Today I felt the panic very strongly, and I am proud of myself because I worked at getting past it. The only memory that I have is the pain. Maybe after the pain, there will be the memory.

April 19, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Everything now seems to be so far away. I like to just be, to let each adjustment do its thing, to not breathe for a while and just feel. But the sitting adjustments are so different.

I do want to resist and not go there. Then I tell myself I must. It is when I finally let it come through that I end up making all that noise. Yet I still don't know why. Where does all the screaming come from? Where does it reside inside me? It's not in my head, it seems, so where is it? All I know now is that this is good. Lots of things happen in between adjustments too, but that's okay. It appears that I can be in two worlds: the world of Network and my little everyday world.

April 26, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...not good. Actually, I've been unwell since last Friday. Aside from that, tonight I felt trapped, incapable of releasing any of the pressure from the different adjustments. Everything burns: my back, all along the spine and my neck. I ache along my entire back. My right arm, too. I am so sad. This is not right. I should be happy.

It seems to me that what happened so long ago could have caused me a lot more problems. Still, here I am at fifty-six and I've never been in a hospital. So why do I react like a stupid victim and like it was the

end of the world? For that matter, why do I keep coming back for more of the same? Trapped — cannot release — I'm trapped.

May 4, 2000 (letter to Hell)

I will not be coming to see you for a while. No, I'm not quitting, I am merely pitching my tent for a rest. Now that I'm back 'down,' I am amazed at what I see.

I'm tired. Too tired; completely exhausted. The iridologist is helping me, but that too is tiring. I collapsed on Easter Sunday. The clearing on the Wednesday after Easter seemed unnecessary.

On the Friday, I overreacted at work and undid a lot of the good work I had done to keep my job. I broke down and cried like an idiot in front of this man who used to think well of me — but not anymore. I am trying very hard to undo this, but I doubt it will ever be the same as it was before. I had shown I was capable of handling stress, and any amount of work, for that matter. Not anymore. He will probably reduce my work load but that will be to my disadvantage.

I need rest, lots of it. I should not have come to your centre Easter Saturday; I had the flu all night and had only slept from 5:00 a.m. to 8:00 a.m.; not enough sleep. Generally, I am finally sleeping better now. It is important to be rested for the conference in the Maritimes next week, as I'm expected to be back at work on the Monday. There will be lots of workshops and lots of new things to learn (can you teach an old dog new tricks?)

The clearings take too much out of me; enough for now. At this moment, I'm not certain I'll attend the next clear day. I think we should just forget this one and leave room for someone else to participate. I will be at the concert for certain; I'm looking forward to it.

I find that I'm not so confused anymore. I'm not saying that I don't want to go back, just that I need rest. I am pitching my tent to rest not only my physical self, but my emotional self, as well. When I start the clearings again, I will be stronger and, as I go up the spiral again, I will probably have a better understanding of the twelve stages of healing.

I have come to accept that 'bad things happen to good people,' and that I am not alone. Some have had it much worse. I think whatever

happened is definitely in the past and, although it has coloured my life for over fifty years, it does not have that power anymore.

Tonight I am seeing Patricia. She is a very good iridologist.

May 26, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...It is quite a thing, to go back there after so long, but now I think differently and feel differently. No more being scared or feeling crazy, or both. No more wanting to run away. My words are different, too. Less those of a victim, more those of someone regaining their power: "You are not allowed!"

Soon (or not), I will get to the other side of the pain. My right wrist has been trying to tell me something. I try to listen, but I only hear static. Hopefully, some clearing will help me tune in better. Thank you for so much healing. Who would have known?

May 27, 2000 (Computer Journal)

The last dialogue with Micha

Me: Hello Micha, it's been a long time since we talked. There have been many changes inside of me since then. Still, I have a question or two. You said I only needed to think of the rowboat and that I would remember. I still do not remember. What can you tell me?

Micha: It is long ago and very painful, perhaps it is now so far away from your memories that you cannot ever remember. Things were very ugly. If I had told you there had been two men, what would you have said?

Me: What about the drawings, are they for real?

Micha: Yes and no.

Me: That does not help. I want to know. Please give me an answer.

Once upon a time there was a pretty little girl who was three-and-a-half years old. She lived alone with her mother and was happy, even if her mother was not very motherly. There were books, crayons, beautiful colouring books, and some very nice toys.

Then her mom decided to go away on a trip with her lover, and she brought Micha to her grandmother, who lived in the country. Her grandmother was unwell and spent her days reading in bed, so Micha was often left to look after herself.

Her grandfather was very angry at Micha. He hated her because she was a bastard child. One day, he decided to take Micha to his workshop. That was his own special place and his wife never went there.

This is where he took Micha, pretending he would make her a special toy. So Micha went with him into the shop behind the house.

The first thing her grandfather did was put Micha inside a large wooden crate and lift an anvil onto the lid, while he thought through what he wanted to do. In the evening, he took her out of the crate. To weaken and subdue the child, he had not given her any food all day. Micha simply stared at him, terrified, unable to understand what was happening. He then showed her the round saw, which he turned on and then proceeded to take her right wrist and hold it very close to the saw, as if he was going to cut her hand off. He did the same with the other hand, making her believe that if she said anything, she would lose her hands. There was no doubt in Micha's mind that he would do just that. So, secure in the knowledge that Micha would not talk, he proceeded to torture her.

In the middle of the ceiling, a large, rusted metal hook had been twisted into a beam. A large chain hung from it. This is where he tied Micha with an old leather belt. He buckled the belt onto her wrist and hung her other hand from the chain. First, he beat her with his special leather belt, the one he'd used to beat his children when they were little. He knew exactly how to whip the belt so that the skin would swell, and then he would lick the little drops of blood as they broke through the skin.

Micha screamed at first, but the more she screamed, the more violent he got. She soon fainted. He then took advantage of that situation to sodomize Micha. Unfortunately, Micha woke up during his best moments and her bowels released. Very angry, he picked up the feces and smeared them all over Micha and put some in her mouth. He was spent, but still furious. He put Micha back inside the wooden crate and replaced the anvil on top of the lid.

Micha's grandmother knew that her husband had taken the little girl, but she did not intervene. Was she afraid of being beaten? Was praying to her God all she could do?

The following day, one of their adopted sons came to visit. He was as perverted as the older man. He picked Micha up out of the crate and took her upstairs to bathe her. Standing in the bathtub, she let her uncle scrub her clean with strong soap and cold water, without saying a word. He did not bother with hot water, he just cleaned the child as quickly as possible. He even washed her hair. Then, wrapped in a clean towel, shivering with cold and terrified beyond words, Micha was taken back to the workshop and her grandfather.

It was autumn and cold in the shop. Hands bound behind her back, completely naked, she was laid on her stomach on top of a small bench. One forced her mouth open with his penis while the other sodomized her. They were playing see-saw. When the two men were finally satisfied, she was put back in the wooden crate. Micha spent another night inside the crate. She could only use part of the box for a toilet and she was very hungry.

The next day, when the younger man had gone, her grandfather tied her up again, producing more welts and licking them, and playing with parts of her anatomy she knew nothing about. He would whisper vile words to her, calling her his little whore and saying things like, "You like that don't you?" "You're such a little whore." Micha hurt everywhere and parts of her body felt on fire. She fainted again. When she came to, she was back inside the wooden crate. She heard some voices and, as the lid lifted, she saw another uncle. This one took Micha upstairs, gave her a warm bath and put her to bed in a clean bed, in clean clothes. She had a little bed inside the solarium, where a balcony used to be, but it had been closed in. She developed a high fever and a very bad cough, which was what saved her, really.

Her mother came back and the doctor was called. However, a week had passed, very little remained to show what had been going on, and Micha made certain that she would not say a word about the ordeal. The only after-effects appeared to be whooping cough and the vomiting Micha did several times a day. She said nothing. She did not want to lose her hands.

There, Michelle; there is the story. As for what went on in the row-boat, it is just as bad. This is enough for today.

May 31, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...What is my head trying to tell me? I see images, terrifying images, bad images, yet there is no emotion. It seems I can't have both. If there is lots of pain, there is no picture; if there are pictures, there is no pain, no emotion, just a feeling of revulsion. Everything is burning: my neck, my head, my upper back. It's like being hit with a four-by-four. That would cause about the same degree of pain. I am not as nauseous, but I am quite dizzy.

It is amazing how just the one adjustment last Friday got the ball rolling again. I feel as if I am in Phase II. Phase I was getting over the incredulity, the denial, the fear. Now, I no longer fear or disbelieve. Well, a little bit. To arrive at the kind of memory I want is, for me, the only way I will truly believe this. But I am 'reparenting' myself. That is good for now, but the process goes on, whether I care to pay attention to it or not. I am here again, but even if it is the same space, it is somehow different.

June 3, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Not much to say. My upper back hurt. Same old, same old. Otherwise, I'm good.

June 9, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Wow! Thank you! Too much for words.

June 10, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Ugly is me!

I have been feeling so good lately. I've lost a bit of weight, I exercise a little three times a week. After two years of averaging three hours of sleep a night, I now sleep like a baby. And the stress, the mountain of stress from work, from Micha, from my mother, from Jos., has all fallen away.

The month of April has come and gone and, lo and behold, my salary was not slashed. Working as a simple clerk is turning out to be fun, challenging and creative, although not necessarily in that order. Eddy is repairing the damage that was done to him by both his dad and me. I am finally able to stand back and watch him struggle out

of his cocoon, while he develops strong wings that will enable him to fly as high as his journey takes him.

Seeing Dr. Sheppard and working with my core beliefs is helping me sort out why I can't let go of Jos., and why I am so angry at him and at my mother. With Hell, I seem to have concluded one level of the adventure and started another. I do not know how many bosses there are, or when I will arrive at the final big monstrous boss; however, I feel strong at this stage and am very willing to explore this new territory and battle the enemy, no matter how many unexpected villains there might be. Right now I look at my sword and it is shining brightly, made stronger by the magic of my first victory. So, when I visited Hell yesterday, I was in top form.

I have learned in the past year or so that it is always a good idea to pay attention to Hell when he speaks. It has been my experience that listening to his gentle coaching takes me into surprising areas of the journey, and his unobtrusive words hint at strategies for the battle. So it was yesterday.

The clearing brought me into a space where I was crying a lot. Not from the pain of Micha, but from a different pain, it seemed. I joked about being a crybaby. I always feel so foolish and stupid when the crying comes. Hell asked if I wanted to explore this further or shut it down. I had tried to stop the crying but in doing so I had awakened that familiar pain in the pit of my stomach. I thought I should follow his suggestion.

I laid back down on the table, quieted everything inside of me and had one long look at it. I saw it so clearly. Already, in the preceding few days, I had experienced the feeling of wanting to pull something out of my stomach, through my mouth or even the top of my head, just as a magician would pull out a long braid of handkerchiefs. The difference here is that my braid was not brightly coloured reds and yellows and greens, and certainly not made of silk. Rather, I could see a long coil of dirty rags, all linked together and woven into a grey-brown rope. I wanted to pull it out, but Hell suggested that I might want, instead, to ask it what it wanted to do. I followed his instructions.

When I stopped trying to pull it out and instead tried to give it the space and attention it wanted, it seemed to change from soft, tightly

woven rags into a rope made of glass shards — black and dangerously sharp. I was afraid it would hurt me terribly.

Again, under Hell's coaching, I listened to the words and repeated them. "I am giving you space. I acknowledge you. Please feel free to express yourself in any manner you may choose." I was terrified. I did not want to stop the process, but I was shaking hard, a horrified witness to what it was doing.

Then it moved! But it moved below my navel, not up toward my throat or my head, as I had been trying so hard to make it do since the beginning of this healing journey. Again, Hell suggested I acknowledge its move and give it the space it wanted. I saw it change from a tightly coiled rope made of black glass shards into a soft snake with smooth, bright orange skin and black rings. It slithered down toward my groin. As I struggled to give it space, I saw the space of my lower abdomen as a large, square grey box. The snake moved to each corner, pushing at the angles, as if stretching the space available to make still more room.

Then Hell said something that I was not so sure I wanted to do. He mentioned that I might want to have a conversation with this beast. Maybe, Hell suggested, I could ask for its name. Maybe I could listen to what it had to say. Talk with this beast? Ask for its name? Listen to what it had to say? Why would I want to do that? I hated it! I saw now only a dark grey mass. It took up all the space, filling all of it and yet straining at the limits, pushing against the walls. It had no form or shape. Just this dirty grey stuff, like the dust bunnies in the bag of a vacuum cleaner.

I told Hell: "It's ugly. I call it Ugly."

When I named it, it sang! Not that I can tell the song or the music it was singing to, or even that I could call it singing, but for certain it talked to me; if not in words, in a language that my soul is very familiar with. As I listened to its song, Ugly revealed itself to me and I recognized it. Ugly was more than all that hate I had ever had toward myself. Ugly was me! Whoa! All my life I had hated Ugly. I had ignored it. Each time it had wanted to make itself known to me, I had shoved it down further in the hidden corners of my being. Yet there it was, covered in layers and layers of denial. Strangely, it seemed not to hate me.

Ugly is the real me. The Michelle I know today is only a veneer I have put on, layers and layers of it. Ugly is the real piece of art, but all I have ever presented to myself and the world is coating after coating of veneer. I think I meant well. Maybe I thought this true self I called Ugly needed to be embellished with veneer. However, as I added each coat, the self became darker and darker, to the point that I forgot what the original masterpiece looked like. I even forgot that I had added all that veneer. The Michelle thus created is a grotesque disfigurement of the original creation that I AM. I suddenly understood that. Ugly is the Me I created, not that it created. This is the real original — Me, not Ugly. I think in that instant I grew up.

I remember, at the beginning of my journey into healing, I wanted to quit (something I wanted to do a lot at one time), and Hell had asked the question, “Don’t you want to be all that you can be?” I was angry (I was angry a lot in those days), and I thought, why would I want to be more of this miserable self that I am? Now that I understand, maybe, just maybe, I can start being who I really am. I have a feeling, though, that the process of stripping all that veneer might be painful and very likely something that will take me still further into this journey of darkness and light.

Being all that I can be? Now that I have a shot at it, I am certainly willing to give it a try.

June 14, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I had lots of things going on while Hell was working on my lower back. Then it was in between my shoulder blades that I felt everything. Very hot. Burning. I was hot. The music from the CD player sent me into a sort of dream. I dreamt or saw a big stone wall. First it was huge, as if I was way too close or had become very tiny. It was all grey at first, then I saw that it was made of fieldstones with mortar in between. Then I, or it, receded and I saw it was a wall, very common in the country. It separated two big fields. Nothing was cultivated, just lots of green grass and flowers. The stone wall went east and west. It was at least two feet thick, but no more than waist high. I did not know if I should turn right or left or jump over the wall.

Then, with the sitting-down adjustment, all became different. My neck suddenly felt ice cold and wet. This lasted for quite a while. I had

to check with my hands to make sure it wasn't really wet. Face down again on the table I felt as if I were swimming, with my arms flailing. But something was holding me back, like a strap or a belt, and someone yanked me out of the water. Then came the desire to vomit.

June 23, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt totally exhausted. The kind of exhaustion you get from pushing your body to the limit. Like a marathon, or swimming across the lake, or racing. I am completely spent. I was there. The bad smell. The image of my grandfather's groin. The ejaculate. The smell. The stuff in my mouth. I was there. Now I can honestly say I have a memory of that happening in my past. Only one, and I find it difficult to deal with. Now that one image will not go away. Unlike the drawing, this memory brings with it all the feelings of taste and smell, of being forced. It is difficult to look at. But now that it is there, it will not go away. But at least I am in the right place to deal with this.

June 26, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt empowered. Like in video games, it seemed I was storing up energy that I could then hurl at my grandfather. "You son of a bitch! You can't do that to me! Take this and take that and hurt! You can't do this anymore! I simply won't let you!" And I would throw a ball of fire at him. Zap! Zap! I felt terrific. All that energy. I loved it.

Then the clearing was over and I moved something in my neck. Lots and lots of pain. Overwhelming pain, and I cried. It seemed to me that I was grieving for last Friday — there had been no time to grieve the memory flashback. Places to go. People to see. The party at work. I would not have gone, but three people depended on me to take them there. I think that sometimes I need two clearing sessions in the same day. In spite of all that stuff going on, I feel things are going well and there is healing.

June 28, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Someone was pushing on my head and holding it under water. I was struggling, trying to fight and get my head out of the water. I swallowed a lot of water. I was wearing a light orange

bathing suit. I was very little, maybe three-and-a-half. I promised. I told him I would not tell, but he still continued. Then I was so cold, so very cold.

June 30, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt as if the snake from the other day was trying to move up my spine, but could not get past my neck, where I saw a gelatinous substance blocking the way. Lots and lots of it. The snake was trying to move the stuff with its mouth. It would grab a lot of the stuff in its mouth and try to move it away from my neck, but without success. It was just shifting the stuff, but not dissolving it. I think it tried to swallow some but there was too much of it to do any good. I tried breathing into my neck, and then I saw metal teeth, like those from a circular saw. It was tearing into the tissues. Lots of blood and sinews and stuff, but I did not find it gory. Then the teeth changed into scales on the back of a reptile. Hard scales were jutting out of my neck. There they got stuck. I was unable to change or soften the scales. Now it is still like that; I think I am influenced by the Epstein book *Hell* lent me. I must be stuck in a perspective again.

I can see myself going up the stairs. I am dressed in a little dress, but am still damp from the lake. I come in the kitchen to sit down for supper. My grandfather is already there. My grandmother puts a plate in front of me. We are all silent. Not a word is said. I AM SO ANGRY!

July 5, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I know why my wrist hurts when it does, but I could not figure out why my upper arm hurts. I think it is anger. So much of it. But I am so afraid of anger. Anger is destructive. I can easily hurt myself if I let go, or hurt someone else. I am confused about anger. Not supposed to have any. Supposed to suffer in silence and offer pain to Jesus, that's what I've been taught. Only those who suffer go to heaven, etc., but at this stage of my journey and adventure with *Hell*, I am so angry. So angry, yet afraid, yet confused, and my arm hurts. So do my ears. I feel my ears will pop from the pressure.

July 10, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...He's going to kill me. Even now it feels as if he has that power.

Aug. 2, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I like it when the adjustment puts me in a half-dream, where I am not sure if I am dozing or not. This time it felt like something was different. Instead of just having sudden movements up and down my spine, it felt as if, from time to time, I was rolling to the side. It felt nice. Sometimes too, my whole lower body seemed to move down on its own. Not so tense.

Aug. 18, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...The same rhythm. Something akin to the kind of singsong four-year-olds like to sing as they jump on one foot and then the other. Hum, hum. Hum, hum. Hum. Hum. Hum, hum.

Aug. 21, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...The dream asked, "Where is your nightmare, Michelle?"

I answered, "I don't know. It was so long ago. I think I misplaced it."

The dream asked, "Do you think you could find it again?"

I answered, "I don't know. I think I misplaced it somewhere." I searched for my nightmare.

"Dear Dream, I really don't know where I could have put it. I think I put it away in some drawer there in the back. But I don't remember where." I opened a drawer or two, but it wasn't there. Then I remembered I had put it in a wooden box with a single leaf motif on top. The box is inside a red pouch. It is red velvet with gold strings. But where did I put the box? I couldn't find it.

The dream said, "It's okay, because when you do find the box, it will open of its own accord. You just have to press on the leaf and wait." So I think, okay, maybe next time. Seems there's no rush for this.

Aug. 23, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Today is bad. But maybe it will get better soon.

Sept. 13, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt great. I found out I am NOT a victim. Micha fought the bastard, tooth and nail. Also, today I bit the beast in my right side, the way Conan bit the vultures. I saw blood ooze out. It squealed, and its little bitty eyes filled with fear. I tore it to pieces with my teeth. It may not be dead yet, but it cannot be as strong. We will see where this leads.

Oct. 3, 2000 (letter)

Dear Valerie:

What I am about to write is very difficult for me, only in part because I have been very sick with pneumonia and bronchitis for the last four weeks. In fact, my entire respiratory system is down. Some helpful people tell me this is something emerging from the past. I tell them that's nonsense but, deep down, I know they are right.

When I went to Peru, I had no definite idea why I was going, or why it seemed that I was called there, but in Machu Picchu there was incredible meditation and healing, having to do with a past life.

That afternoon in Lima, you talked of child abuse, and I mentioned that I was experiencing what might be repressed memories, and that I felt I had been abused by my grandfather when I was a little girl. Although I have never been able to say more than that before, the past has finally become clear enough in my mind that I can tell you — and, in a way, myself — the rest of the story.

This past year has been very difficult, with incredible stress at work. I think my being sick is partly because I was given a new, but lesser, job and was unable to take a vacation, even though I was totally exhausted. More wearing still was the work I was doing in therapy, with two different doctors. One, a doctor of chiropractic, uses a method of healing called Network. If you don't already know about it, you can find information on the Internet; if not under Network Spinal Analysis, then try the name of the founder of the technique, Donald M. Epstein. He wrote a book about this called *The Twelve Stages of Healing*. I have followed these stages for the past year. Every adjustment brings about some sort of response from the nervous system. Sometimes I cry as my emotions overflow, sometimes nothing seems to happen.

Some people find themselves laughing, while others experience anger. In the past two years there has been much healing, I think, but there has also been much anguish and pain, connected to me as a little girl. When I was little, I was called Micha.

The other doctor I was seeing practices EMDR (Eye Movement Desensitization & Reprocessing). Again, if you feel you have some time, which you probably don't, with two kids and a job, you can look it up.

To this day, my struggle is about whether or not the memories are real and not invented, as in False Memory Syndrome. The images and strong feelings started to come as a result of Network. There, the chiropractor does not talk, so cannot implant false memories. As for EMDR, I am not so sure, but I started this kind of therapy only about a year ago when I was already having many so-called memories, so I think this doctor could not have implanted false memories, either.

However, what I remember is so grotesque, so unbelievable, and so painful that I constantly struggle with whether or not the memories are real or invented. Did it happen? That is my problem. Let me tell you the story of Micha as I now 'remember' it or, more appropriately, as I wove the threads of memories as they surfaced willy-nilly, not in sequence.

One summer day, Micha was making sandcastles in the sand, next to her grandfather's huge rowboat, beached on the shore of the lake. The house where her grandparents lived was just a little way up the street. He was a carpenter and had a workshop at the back of the house.

Micha loved swimming in the lake and outings in the rowboat. That day she was wearing a bathing suit, orange with white daisies. It had frills along the chest and around the legs. She felt very pretty in it, and she played in the sand with her tin sand bucket. It was painted bright blue and decorated with yellow flowers, and she had a little shovel to scoop the sand.

Her grandfather asked if she wanted to go fishing with him on the lake, and she gladly agreed. But there, in the middle of the lake, out of sight and far from shore, he did something terrible. Micha was screaming but nobody heard. Before he rowed back to the beach, her grandfather made it very clear that if she said anything to anyone, he

would drown her — which he proceeded to illustrate by throwing her overboard and pushing her head down under the water while holding onto a belt around one of her arms. Terrified, Micha promised never to tell. When they got back to the house, her grandmother was setting the table for supper. Micha said nothing.

After that, when he could not take her ‘fishing,’ her grandfather would take her to the workshop and do terrible things to her there. In the shop, there was a huge table with a circular saw on it. Every time he finished with what he called ‘playing,’ he would turn the saw on full power and terrorize the child by bringing her hands close to the blade, saying he would saw off her hands if she said a word.

Micha finally returned home when the summer was over. She felt safe again, but she remembered the warnings well and didn’t even tell her mother about the things that had happened.

Late that fall, her mother, who liked to go away with her lover, brought Micha back to her grandparents’ house and left her with them again.

Because her grandfather knew she was an illegitimate child, he hated her. He thought she was ‘dirty.’ He called her a whore. What else could she be? She was a bastard. Now that he was sure Micha would not tell (where was Grandmother?), he vented all his hatred on her.

Once, when he took her to the workshop, he kept her there for several days. What he did there, of which I have ‘memories,’ I will not relate. To write the words, or say them, would be to give power again to what happened. He even had a friend come and ‘play’ with him. Then some sort of miracle happened — Micha got very sick with whooping cough, so sick that her mother had to come back for her, and a doctor came to the house and gave her medicine. Finally, Micha was told to sleep, sleep and forget. And that is what she did.

So, there it is. I was three-and-a-half years old. The year was 1947. Is it true? That is my problem. How true are these so called memories? I have made several drawings. Words fail to describe what happened.

This is what I have been struggling with during this last year. Then something weird happened, four weeks ago. I was home with pneumonia, yet this was the first week and I did not feel very ill. I went

for a Network adjustment, which seemed to take me back into that horrid place, but this time I could see myself scratching and biting him. For the first time, I knew that Micha was a feisty little girl and had fought back.

That same morning, I'd had a strange dream about a wheel, something like a medicine wheel, but composed of three elements and two animals. I think medicine wheels are supposed to have either all elements or all animals. Still, it seemed worthwhile to draw it and try to make some sense out of its design. To the north was a bird that I thought was a crow (a mystical bird that used to speak with mankind), to the east was a turtle. I knew that the turtle represented me. That is who I am, slowly progressing in life but plodding on, no matter what. To the south was water; to the west, a sun. The setting sun maybe (as in something that is over?). For the middle, I'd woken up that morning with a feeling of some sort of cluster, so now I thought grapes, but that didn't make sense, even as the 'grapes of wrath.' Then I thought, no, they're mountains. Then I realized, no, it is my little crystal that happens to be a cluster. It's nothing much to look at, but I was told in Machu Picchu, it is what it is.

When I left the chiropractor's office, I was thinking of the medicine wheel. I stopped at the local mall looking for a turtle. I had the bird (a brooch from Phoenix, very beautiful, with a stylized eagle perched in the sun). I had the water. The week before, I had been to a wedding where they gave the guests little vials of soapy water to blow bubbles at the couple instead of throwing rice. There at the mall, I found a bead with a happy sun face handpainted on it, but I found no turtle, at least not for a price that made sense, like maybe \$1.50. On impulse, I bought a toy soldier (sort of a Star Wars toy made of cheap plastic, painted red). I thought it represented my grandfather very well.

When I arrived home, again on impulse, I sat down and wrote a letter to my grandfather. Not a nasty letter filled with angry words and self pity, but a letter with words of power. I thought also that I had received some insight into karma as I told my grandfather that what he had done had nothing to do with any kind of past life where I might have been a terrible person. (I had thought, over and over again, what an evil being I must have been in some past life to deserve the

pain he inflicted on me.) I told him that I had been an innocent child — he chose to vent the evil in his soul by sexually abusing a child. I was innocent. I was not bad. I was not dirty. I was not a slut. I was an innocent child. It was his decision to inflict such pain. It was his hate. It was his dirty mind and filthy soul, not mine.

But I also told him that I felt that it was while writing this letter to him that I was moving into my own karma and, hopefully, paying some sort of debt by the choice I was making now to claim back my power. I told him I was claiming my past, and my past's future, and I was claiming this present, where I told him that he could never, ever again hurt me.

I made up my mind to go to a special place beside the river that runs through the conservation area near here. I planned to step on the soldier to destroy him, as a symbol of destroying the past, then put it and the letter in a tin and burn them both, for purification. Then I would burn some of the incense I bought in Machu Picchu, do the medicine wheel, and say a prayer. I packed my little green diary of the past year's struggle through two different kinds of therapy, because I wanted to sit down at the park and use the few remaining pages to write what I was feeling right then. It seemed to me that, this way, I could achieve closure. But I still had no turtle.

The next morning was a dreary, rainy day. When I woke up, I remembered pictures of turtles in an encyclopedia made of beautiful picture cards, so now I had my turtle. I decided to go to work that afternoon, as I was feeling pretty good for someone with pneumonia.

I put all my objects in the little pouch I bought in Cuzco. I now had the sun, the bird, the turtle, the little water bottle, my crystal, a tin, the letter I had written the day before, some matches, the toy soldier, my diary, and finally some little stones to make the circle for the medicine wheel. I thought I would drop by the conservation area after work to perform my little ritual. If it rained (I planned to be there for sunset), then at least I was assured of not having any witnesses.

I put on my coat, picked up my purse and put the little pouch across my shoulder. On my way to the elevator, I dropped some garbage down the chute. Downstairs, I opened my mail box and glanced at a letter, then moved on to the garage, just a few steps away. When I went to put the pouch in the back of the car, I no longer had it with

me. I retraced my steps to the mailbox. I hadn't been gone more than a minute, but the pouch wasn't there. I thought maybe it had dropped down the chute when I threw out the garbage. In a panic, I asked the janitor to check the dumpster. It had been emptied recently and there were only a few bags in the box. There was no sign of the pouch.

I was devastated. My diary was gone. There were many drawings of Micha in pain, there were big bold words of self-hate and confusion in a wrenched soul searching for truth. Someone, somewhere, was reading these words and having the time of their life. So went my thoughts, over and over again, but the worst of it was that I had been denied the special little ritual, where I felt I was going to take back my power and get closure. In my diary, as in my daily thoughts, I kept saying over and over again that I needed proof. I have been constantly struggling through both therapies with the thought that Micha's story was invention on my part. It did not help to hear both doctors tell me that even if I had invented the story, it was obvious that it was something I needed to do. This only reinforced my desire to know the truth: what kind of sick mind do I have?

The only person I could ask about this is my mother. I keep struggling with my thoughts on this. Did she know? Did she care? My grandfather was a terrible man. She often told me how he beat her up. Maybe he did worse, too; she was the youngest of four daughters. My mom drank heavily all of her life, maybe for good reason. I simply feel that at seventy-eight, she deserves the happiness she has now, and I refuse to trouble her with these memories. As well, my mother has lied to me all my life, so no matter how she might answer, I would still have trouble believing anything she said.

Today, I am convinced that losing the pouch and being denied my ceremony is the proof I wanted so badly. However, it also tells me that I invented the whole thing. I finally have the proof I have been asking for, except that I was looking for proof it did happen, not that I am a compulsive liar.

I have been sick these last four weeks with two kinds of pneumonia and an extremely bad cough. What is going on? Is this the whooping cough of the past? I have stopped all therapies. I now believe that I must be borderline schizophrenic and probably should be locked up.

Writing this letter has been difficult, but I'm glad I have finally told you openly about these things.

CHAPTER X

Others

Oct. 6, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt lots happening in my legs. Some trembling. It felt good for a change, but when it was over, I was exhausted. It seemed it had been hard work.

Oct. 9, 2000 (Letter)

Dear Mag,

I wanted to thank you again for *The Seat of the Soul*. That was in April, and I had put it away for a while, even though there was only the last chapter left to read.

Last week, someone mentioned Gary Zukav and said I should read a book by him. I was thinking that I am forever reading these kinds of books, but obviously had gained nothing from them, or I would not be so sick. I had tried to apply all the metaphysical stuff that I have learned. It seemed to me I'd been let down. Nevertheless, the next morning I felt that I should find *The Seat of the Soul*. It wasn't far; all I had to do was reach out my hand and take it from the shelf by my bed.

The name of the last chapter is Power. Its sub-chapters are Psychology (of the soul), Illusion, Power and Trust. That morning, I read that final chapter even before I got up for a cup of coffee. What I read amazed me. This was exactly what I had been struggling with these last two years. I have read many books, trying to understand Spiritual Psychology (not the same as modern psychology). For months I had been trying to find the Illusion (core belief) that is in my life, in the hope that I could finally shatter it and gain Power. As for Trust in the Universe, in God, or in All That Is, whatever the name may be, well, I am so much better at telling Him what I expect of Him instead of the other way around.

If I'd read this last chapter when you first gave me the book, it would have meant little to me at that time, but when I became ill, I

felt I would never gain the power I was seeking so badly. In fact, I was convinced that I had lost my power, a power I'd reached for so many times, only to lose it over and over again. Reading about authenticated power finally set me straight.

Thank you for buying this book for me when you did.

Oct. 14, 2000 (Dream)

The gala

There was a huge gala I was trying to get to. There were lights, as if I were in an amusement park. I made a comment about 'conquering' and that the least 'they' could do was turn the lights off.

I followed some people to a place where there were steps, very steep, going down. But each person going down the steps sat down first, because they were so steep and probably dangerous. When it came my turn, I felt surefooted enough to walk down. The steps were concrete, painted dark blue. There might have been four or five of them. Then they turned to the right, into a wide downward passage (a ramp?), also painted dark blue. Again I remained standing. That part was covered, as if the steps led to a tunnel or slide.

I was in a large building, which I recognized because of the steps in the lobby. Three steps made of clear wood (pine) leading to? I remembered working for Bell Canada in that building. There were several ballrooms, all busy, and I wondered how I could find the function I was going to. I heard people talking behind a door, opened it, and saw an employee about to go up some stairs. I asked where Main Ballroom A was. She pointed to indicate the direction.

In a corridor, my eyes were blind. It seemed I could not open them. Some men who were leaving decided to accompany me back. As I was being led by one hand, my other hand was feeling along the wall and a wooden ramp running along its length, then they said I was there. My eyes opened. I mentioned being blind during the whole walk in the corridor, but they said nothing and turned back to leave. Two of them were men from work, now retired. I did not recognize the third man, who had white hair.

Inside the ballroom, I walked past people being served huge amounts of food. I saw plates filled with cold cuts, potato salad and other salads, and the guests were commenting on how good the food

was. The tables were all full and there was no place for a late arrival to sit. I saw a woman from work who is also retired. Her hair was dyed a lighter shade of blonde and it was cut very short. I have never seen her hair cut short.

I then decided to sit alone, as I seemed to find no table where I could sit and join people. I saw an employee, a man, who proceeded to put away the one table I was going to sit at. I kept looking and I noticed a table for two, and I went toward it. It was different than the table for one, its top was made of glass, but it, too, was put aside before I reached it. Then I saw a table for one, as a woman employee was picking it up and putting it away. I tried to stop her. I kept repeating, "Excuse me, excuse me." She got very annoyed at me and when she asked what I wanted, it seemed futile. She had put away the table; way, way up.

I walked away again and saw another late arrival, a tall slim woman, her hair dark blond. She too was looking for a place to sit. I told her I knew where there was a place for two and the dream ended as I turned to go back to the glass table that was set apart and seated two people.

Another dream I had in the early evening, when I went to bed at seven because I was so tired and still felt quite sick: I dreamt Hell was sitting on the far left end of the couch, reading something from his briefcase, which was on the floor. My son sat at the far right end. I was standing by the computer.

Comments

I don't know why it upset me to have the dream with Hell in it. I was upset when I got up at 3:00 a.m., remembering the dream. As to the dream about the gala affair, I felt like crying when I woke up and remembered it.

I have no idea why both dreams left such strong feelings.

Oct. 16, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...No, I saw: a honey-coloured wooden edge, as if on a table or bench, very worn in one spot. My hands tied with something grey. What I felt was terror, pain. I wanted to scream but held back because one cannot scream at Hell's clinic. It would not be right for the other patients. I cried a lot; big sobs of pain. I felt that somewhere,

at sometime, something had happened, was happening, to me that brought excruciating pain. I don't think crying brought any relief, it was simply something I could not help doing. I had no control over it. I talked with Hell; he said not to fill in the blanks. Draw, write my declarations, but no more. Say, This is what I saw, this is what I felt, this is what I experienced. The end.

Oct. 18, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt overwhelmed by something that will not stop. Feelings of my body shaking all over from the stress of this thing that will not stop. Stop! Stop the beating! My head hurts. I can't take this anymore. Stop! Please stop. Stop! I will snap in two. Too much. Too much. Stop! Stop! I cannot take more of this! It is too much. My head will explode. No! No! Enough! Stop!

Oct. 21, 2000 (Computer Journal)

The Sadness of Micha

It's like a disease, I can't stop myself. Always, I write. So much I write. In spite of all the journals I have lost. In spite of the ones I have destroyed and in spite of my last one being stolen.

Why do I feel so sad today? Is it because of the sleeping pills? I won't take any more. Why do I cry so, when what I want is to be happy?

There is nothing wrong in my life. How long will the shadow of Micha stay? Why don't I see how great my life is now and be happy? Why always so sad? Is this a sickness of itself? And if so, how do I heal this? Two years, and still joy escapes me, and my days are filled with sadness and many tears.

How do I give birth to Joy?

How do I let Sadness die?

Where is RESURRECTION?

I want the kind of fundamental change where one becomes so different that it feels necessary to change one's name.

Oct. 22, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Is it imagination or memory?

If I see a little girl spreadeagled on a table where there is a circular saw, what does it mean?

Does it mean I remember being on the table or does it mean my mind is making a picture, the way one makes a picture before drawing it? IMAGINATION.

I cannot call this a memory, yet it is no different than the absence of a picture of me getting a hug from someone, anyone, my mother, my grandmother, my grandfather, my father.

What bothers me is that I can see a picture of me tied to the table, but I cannot see any picture of me being hugged. It just is not there. There are no happy pictures. Where are they? All I can think of is that there were none. No hugs, no loving feelings.

During a Network adjustment, I cry so much. I get a feeling of such frenzy, a feeling that I cannot endure what is going on one moment longer. So what is going on? Why do I cry so, feel such terror and fear? These feelings are so intense that it feels as if I am about to either faint or jump out of my skin.

How could I push that further during Network? Is it possible without the fainting? How do I get there? How do I endure beyond endurance, to finally 'see' what is going on?

How?

Oct. 24, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Enough

Enough! I want to be happy, to look happy. I want to never again give the impression that I am a needy little child. I am all grown up. At fifty-six years of age, it is time I stop being this weepy rag. ENOUGH ALREADY!

Time to grow up. Time to stop Micha and let her grow up too.

Valerie called me, very upset. Why, oh why, did I write her that letter? Because I felt sorry for myself. Because I wanted someone to say poor, poor, Michelle.

Well, no more. No more. Time to grow up.

Oct. 25, 2000 ((NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Strange feeling. Unusual. Unpleasant. No images or, rather, silly ones. A flowerpot with red flowers. Something too close to my face. Neck hurts. Not so sad, but stomach hurts. I want to come here and not cry anymore. I want, if I do cry, to know why. I feel so fidgety these days. Something is going on. What? I don't sleep, so I have started to take sleeping pills. I wonder if that affects Network. But I must sleep. Being up all night and then going to work is simply exhausting and I make mistakes at work. This has to stop, to come to an end, to finish. There must be an ending. There has to be. When will I grow up?

Oct. 29, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Musings

I read my friend's book *Farther Shores*, by Yvonne Kason, but found nothing new. I don't think there was anything there for me. Wish I could use that method of trance-writing though.

A question to my guides: What link is there with reincarnation and my grandfather and me?

What I think is that life is not closed, but open-ended and with thoughts, feelings and emotions constantly in a flux. Some of these become entangled in too strong a vibration; its density creates a loss of spirituality. When this happens, the personality becomes enmeshed in its own fantasies and finds a need to act them out. If this happens, the entity loses ground in its incarnations and must often be sent to a special place (not a physical place, but a state of consciousness), where it must relearn how to bring its vibrations to a level more in harmony with its spirit.

The 'victim' will often have chosen to be the counterpart of the 'canvas' upon which one kind of personality finds expression, to be part of this scenario to further its own growth and understanding of spiritual laws. Especially where it is necessary to forgive and to love even what might appear to be evil men or women.

It is the same as those who become victims of crimes termed inhuman. Torture, sexual abuse, rape, all of these actions are played out in

scenarios to bring about awareness of spiritual laws of grace and love, however unseemly that may be.

Each soul in its turn learns what pain is. It is free to select its choice of event, but because this world, this plane, is a place where opposites contend, the souls who incarnate here will all eventually learn about pain. It is part of the course, so to speak: Pain 101. And certainly there are other courses, such as Joy 302, etc. The Earth is a school and all souls who enter its field will participate in its great scheme.

Guides: There is an example for all to look at and copy. That of the great Master Jesus, the Christ. Follow his steps. They will lead you to resurrection. That is what you are looking for, are you not? Resurrection — then Ascension.

Do not falter. Do not despair. You are on the path and it will lead you to your goal. Be patient. Be persistent.

Nov. 1, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I was trying to get out of the way. I find I hold, trying to be still, rather than allowing the body to move. Tonight, I think I did a bit better. Something happened to the left side of my brain. All of a sudden, there was lots of activity there. At that time, I thought maybe Hell was putting pressure. But he said no. We will see what happens.

Nov. 5, 2000 (Computer journal)

The medicine wheel

I have reread Valerie's notes on my dream of the medicine wheel. I have gone on the Internet and I have pulled out some myths about ravens and turtles. That the turtle is my animal totem seemed a bit disappointing at first — there is nothing glamorous about a turtle — yet I am not surprised. What surprised me was the myths. I like the Chinese myth the best; about the great dragon giving his life to the turtles so they will teach truth and wisdom to man. I also like the Norse myth for the raven: that Oden had two crows; Thought and Memory were their names. They flew all day and at night reported to Oden what they had gathered around the world.

In the dream, the medicine wheel was not complete. It was missing the east. I find it interesting that Valerie's bird (an eagle) arrived with

its head smashed by the large matrix clear crystal she sent. The sun was missing one ray. Valerie had put the little crystals loose with the large one. The turtle is the only survivor, so to speak. I guess I have much to learn still. I think I will not know what symbol is in the east until I die and I am reborn.

We will see. The raven and the turtle must have a very long conversation. I must pay attention to their discussion. Death is a very serious thing and so is resurrection!

Nov. 10, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...so fidgety. Yet there was that one spot at the bottom of my spine that left a sensation of pressure and of wanting to move up. It actually felt alive and vibrant, and nice. But I have a headache from the adjustment, as happens so often. Still, all in all, and considering I had a full stomach, the whole thing was pretty nice.

Nov. 13, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today it felt like I could not breathe. It goes from the head to the heart centre. Worse, the pain intensified until I could barely stand it. Stop it! Stop pounding. Stop hitting, I can't take more of this. You have to stop. Stop! I will die.

Nov. 14, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Connecting the two parts

I wonder if I will ever connect the two parts of myself that play out Micha's drama. I think I would get a sense of profound healing if ever I could connect these two parts; connect the image with the pain. Right now, and how marvellous is the human psyche, I either scream in pain where all is dark, or I see images and feel nothing except profound sadness. Or, is it that each resides in a different 'compartment' and therefore cannot be connected? Though I think that the nature of Network is to connect the two.

The pain on the right side of my head must have an origin. Since it was intensified at the last clear day, I can assume that it is connected to Micha. I wonder if I will ever have enough courage to go through such intense pain, so that I may reach the other side of my heart chakra.

The meditation at the Shakti Gawain lecture was all about sitting in total darkness and then reaching out through the heart chakra.

This adventure is most mysterious and so wondrous. It is filled with pain, yes, but also it brings a sense of cosmic energy dancing through me. I am slowly finding its rhythm. Slowing, dancing to its tune. Slowly moving to its all-loving source of direction.

Nov. 14, 2000 (Computer Journal)

My mom and her dreams

Mom mentioned that she used to have dreams of my grandfather sneaking out at night. I told her that they were not dreams, but that she did see him sneak out when my grandmother, who always took sleeping pills, was asleep.

She talked about him sneaking out at night to visit another woman, 'Fat Amanda.' She also talked about walking in on her father, as he and her grandmother were involved in fellatio. She said her grandmother looked willing. She thought this was between her grandmother and her father and had left the house again, to return an hour later. She said all was as if nothing had happened. She never mentioned it or talked to her grandmother about it. She had been fourteen years old.

I asked if he had ever hurt her. She answered, "That was so long ago that it doesn't make much of a difference anymore. It was simply too long ago."

I think I can see how she would want to believe that her grandmother was willing, rather than believe her father forced himself on an eighty-seven-year-old woman. What a terrible life my mom must have had.

I love you, Mom; I will never tell you my story. I think you deserve to forget and live what is left of your life in peace. Time to heal you too, Mom. My anger is gone. There is only sadness and a feeling of admiration for your courage and your zest for life, in spite of it all.

Nov. 16, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Telephone conversation

I asked, "Mom, did he hurt you real bad?"

"It doesn't matter anymore," she said. "It was so long ago. It really doesn't matter anymore."

What kind of childhood did she have?

I don't know exactly how the conversation turned to child abuse. We were talking about her boyfriend, Sam, and the fact that he had been sleepwalking of late. She said he had seen a picture of an eighteen-month-old baby that had been badly beaten by its father and that he'd gotten very upset. He'd said he could not understand how a father could beat his own child. Then the sleepwalking started.

Every day, she said, he talked about the little girl he and his wife had adopted when they were just a young couple. But something had gone wrong concerning the child, who was five years old. Sam always talked about his wife's jealousy, and said the little girl had been taken away from him, but he never quite made it clear how that happened.

I told Mom that he might be sleepwalking because he wants to see the little girl again. Twice she has found him out in the hall. Since he sleeps in the buff, she gets very upset and is afraid some of the neighbours might see him and call the police. Once, she caught up with him at the elevators. She gets angry at him and treats him as if he were not asleep. I tried to explain to her that even if his eyes are open, he is actually sleeping.

I told my mom that something in the story of the little boy who was beaten had awakened pain in Sam. Something that troubled him very much. We talked about family secrets and how nothing was ever revealed when things went very wrong in a family; that nothing was ever said; that there might be such a secret in Sam's life, that maybe there was a very sad story there. The sleepwalking was a sign that Sam was very troubled.

She went on to say that you did not tell these things to other people. She would never tell anyone about her father cheating on her mother. She would never tell anyone about seeing her grandmother with her father in the kitchen. I said as gently as I could that maybe if she had talked to her grandmother, she might have found out that she was not consenting at all but had been coerced. But she shrugged it off. It was so long ago.

If we had had this conversation even a year ago, I would have been upset at her way of shrugging off the incident as something of no

consequence, but now I know better. I can relate. I can understand how it is so much easier to believe that her grandmother would agree to oral sex at eighty-seven years of age, rather than believe that her father was forcing her. Isn't it what I have been doing, too? I would rather believe that I invented the story of Micha than believe that my grandfather beat me, raped me and held me captive for three or four days, when I was only three-and-a-half years of age. It is called cognitive dissonance, I think.

I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I can never tell her about Micha, and I will never know the truth from her. She doesn't know the truth herself.

A long time ago, when she'd been very drunk, she told me she had come home one day to find her father raping her grandmother. She was quite upset as she recalled the event, but when she spoke yesterday, she was sober and very matter-of-fact.

All these years, the stories she would tell when she was drunk, I never asked her once to tell me her own story. Now it is too late.

Nov. 17, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Instead of feeling like I wanted to jump out of my skin, it felt like I was trying to expand. And to do so, it seemed to me that I had to be like a snake and shed my envelope. That's why I moved so much. Up, down, sideways, anyway possible to make room somehow.

Nov. 18, 2000 (Dream)

A dream or two

Dreamt I had parked the car and could not find it again.

Dreamt of snow. Lots and lots of snow.

Dreamt I was driving the car but I was in total panic and very upset because there was no steering wheel and I could not see, as the windshield was covered in mist and I could not find the lever for the wipers. Jos. was sitting next to me. I was upset, too, because a little while earlier he had been driving and there seemed to have been no problem. Except he had been driving from the back seat, where we had both been sitting. I was stopped by a cop.

Dreamt I was showing someone how gentle Network is.

Nov. 19, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Thought for the day

I picked a card today. It says, 'Focus on what you really want.'

1. Healing for my mom and me.
2. Be part of those who make a difference in the world.
3. Write screenplays, books, that will not only inspire or make people think, but also make them laugh.
4. Be happy.
5. For my son to follow his destiny to the best of his being.
6. No more financial worries.
7. A beautiful dwelling (which I have, but need to upgrade).
8. A loving relationship that will be inspiring, uplifting and that will last till I die. I want him to be my best friend, not just my lover.
9. To paint for myself, for others.

Nov. 24, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...He called me his little whore, when I asked why he was hurting me so. He said I was a bad girl and deserved to be punished. Once, in the box, I hit my head against the side, over and over again, until I fainted. I wanted to stop the pain. But when I came to, it was dark and I was alone. I was cold, so cold I could not stop shivering. I think after a while I fell asleep or fainted again.

Dec. 3, 2000 (Dream)

Late dreams

Two dreams this morning, as I slept in until 10:00 a.m.! I think, even though I remember so little, they are both very important: the first one benign, the second one fraught with danger.

1. Someone was going to all the corners of all the rooms with sage. They would bow and bless each corner. In the dream, I realized this was something I am not doing when I burn sage. I will do this in the future, for there is much to bless, honour and be thankful for.
2. I only remember a little of what must have been a very lengthy dream. I remember hugging my brother, who was way taller

than me, almost like hugging my son. Someone, a woman, was sharing my room while a young man was sharing my brother's room. In the hall, I saw bedding left there to be washed (I thought Oma would do it). Twice I went to the bathroom to take a shower, twice I opened and closed the door quickly, as I found my brother and the young man there. I did not see my brother, it just seemed that he was there, and I barely saw the young man, who wore an orange Speedo bathing suit. When I finally did get the bathroom, there was clear water in the tub, about 6 inches of it, and as I swirled the water to move it toward the drain, I picked up several razor blades (at least 6 or more) that had been invisible in the water, as they were made of very thin, translucent metal.

Note

This dream of blades in the water concerns me. I do not understand its meaning. The water was clean and clear, and so were the blades, but what they represent is a mystery to me. The bathing suit, orange in colour, has to be a reflection of the movie *Unbreakable*, where the monster wore orange coveralls. Also, the thief wore orange leather pants. I have to see from Edgar Cayce what orange and razor blades represent.

In *Dreams: Your Magic Mirror*, orange means health and energy. The interpretation of a dream with a blade reaffirms good and evil in the world. And the 'cutting out' of unseemly things.

The Speedo covers the genitals. The second chakra. I opened the door twice to close it just as fast, not wanting to see more.

Orange: Maybe the movie, where the bad guy wears orange, will or has changed my interpretation of that colour. In the movie, he bullies his way into a house, kills the father, rapes and kills the mother, and keeps the two young girls (children nine and twelve) tied up in a closet. The colour orange is used over and over again to show violence.

Invisible blades in the bath water: I have no explanation for this one.

We both shared a room: Shared memories? Shared sexual abuse?

Dirty sheets in the hall: I think they were dark blue, not certain now of the colour. They were on the floor in the hall as if the stay was

over and we were moving on, only the sheets were to be washed by the owner of the house: Oma.

Dec. 5, 2000 (Letter to Hell)

It is so important that I understand what is going on inside me. Would you be able to answer a question or two?

What was going on yesterday? Is that a 'normal' Network response or am I putting on a show here? When I cry after an adjustment, it seems I cannot stop. What is going on? I am trying very hard to connect my head with the rest of me. Is that the result? I was totally exhausted last night. Is that also 'normal'? And why, if I feel so tired and emptied out, do people tell me I look ten years younger? I always think I am exaggerating. I always try to put on the brakes. But most of the time, I do not seem to have much control over my reaction to the adjustments. Is that also normal?

Dec. 10, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Time for myself

Since Friday, things have been difficult. When I got home on Friday, I cried so much. My wrist has been especially bothering me. I don't know what triggered this. Maybe the stress at work. Working with a friend and trying to please her is difficult. Who knows?

This weekend I find it difficult to do anything but mope around. I never allow myself this kind of luxury, but now I am on vacation and feel I should take the time. We will see what tomorrow is like, as I will see both Hell and my EMDR therapist.

In answer to some questions I asked, Hell suggested that I watch *Bliss*. As usual, it was a very good suggestion and, as usual, I followed through because it is always a good idea to listen to Hell's suggestions.

The film is beautiful, but it is intended a lot more for someone else I can think of than it is for me. I am too old and, with my husband gone, it only makes me miss him all the more. The film makes me feel more alone than ever. Many times, after seeing Hell or my EMDR therapist, I desperately need someone to hold me and caress me lovingly, and to tell me, "There, there, it is going to be all right." The teddy bear in Hell's healing room just doesn't cut it anymore.

I am all alone on this healing journey. I know and recognize, and am thankful for, the guidance I receive. Still, it gives me little comfort. I guess one thing I should do is allow myself to cry as long as is necessary to allow my feelings to come through.

The film shows what would be ideal for victims of sexual abuse and incest, but it is not likely to actually happen. I assume that very, very few victims ever receive the kind of healing they need, though I think I am very close to getting this help.

Dec. 15, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...“Ask the little girl what she wants from you,” she said (the facilitator at a rebirthing session), but I did not ask. Besides, Micha is always silent. Today, I heard her say, “I want you to cry because I could not.” But strangely, today I could not cry. That’s because Micha wants me to cry consciously, not because of the adjustment or as a result of it.

She wants me to grieve, really grieve as an act of grace, not as a reaction to Network. I don’t know if I can. Today, it seemed I was very close to releasing the pain, to opening up that one vertebra and letting the pain shoot through. I am not sure if it was because I was not ready, or if this was not the place to do this kind of release. I ended up just breathing through it. If I had done that, I would have made a lot of noise, with much screaming. Still, I think it is only when I can release the pain that my grieving will be for Micha, not before.

Dec. 16, 2000 (Computer Journal)

Mom’s birthday

She is seventy-nine today. I wonder how her inward journey is going. Mine is in a terrible shambles. I try to stay away from writing, yet I can’t. It drives me, always.

Dreams

1. Yesterday I wanted to write down a dream, yet I stayed away from it. Now I have forgotten, unless it is the one about ants. I am not sure it was yesterday’s dream. Still, here it is:

I think I was in the kitchen; not sure. There were ants coming out of the woodwork around the cabinets. I was aware of where they were pouring out by the dozen. I stamped on them to kill them. Some

swarmed onto my right hand and they bit me on the wrist. They were very small, maybe no bigger than fleas, but they were ants.

The usual association with ants is work, and if they are coming out of the cupboards in the kitchen (everyday life), then it probably means that I have finally begun work on myself (the wrist) and maybe to eliminate all that bad stuff (the stamping).

2. Today I had many dreams, which I have forgotten, but I do remember the charcoal dog that was not a dog, but a small boar (about the size of a Scottish Terrier). A man threw the dog at my feet. At first I was very frightened. I thought that if I moved, the dog would attack me, so I stood very still. The man wore black, but I do not know who he was. Then the dog went over to a big hole in the ground and peed into it. It stood right over the hole, straddling it, spreading its paws on either side, and urinated. The hole was about one foot in diameter, yet the little dog could straddle it. Later I tried to play tug-of-war with it, with a white sock.

Playing with it, I could really see that it was no dog, but a wild boar. I could see the fangs, yet it was as small as a terrier. I do not recall what I was wearing or what happened to the man.

This week has been a difficult week. I went for past-life regression and found it very difficult, and yet very easy; go figure. I have an appointment for rebirthing on Thursday; I wonder how that will go.

Dec. 27, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Every time Hell touched my neck, it went straight to my solar plexus, but the lower back adjustments are beginning to give me pain in my lower tummy. I see images, but do I want to believe them? No! But I do let them be.

Dec. 29, 2000 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt that lots of pain is stored in me. I know that for sure now, but I still have either the images or the pain. I have yet to connect the two together as one. I am a little afraid of what will happen when I do.

CHAPTER XI

Time to go

Jan. 1, 2001 (Computer Journal)

The Third Millennium

There it is, finally, the third millennium. I wonder what it holds for me?

Today I went on the Internet, trying to find my birth father. I found a few things, assuming that my mom gave me the right name. I don't know what kept me so long at the computer this time. Usually, when I search for him, I give up almost immediately, but this afternoon I had a lot of time. I found a site that resonated somehow. The only problem is that there's no way I can be sure these are my relatives. When I downloaded the site, I started to cry, even before I read anything. Why this rush of emotion? I have downloaded site after site on the name my mom gave me, but for this one I cried. The others did nothing for me. What is it that triggered the crying? The photograph? Who's to say? Just one more way that shows how crazy I am.

Then I started to think: Why did I bother? What do I expect? Excuse me, let me introduce myself, the bastard child of your clan.

I went to see a friend yesterday, and we saw a movie and had a good laugh. For once, Mel Gibson was really funny, not just crazy. That Helen Hunt is really good.

In the evening, of course, we talked about Network and Hell. I said things like "I remember this or that image," and I described it. Then I thought, I am totally NUTS!

The past-life images I 'see' are the same as the images I now 'see' or 'remember' about my grandfather and, to tell the truth, I am totally confused. Now, as I write this, I think I will cancel my appointment tomorrow. I must have some sort of confirmation that I am doing the right thing; otherwise, Wednesday will be my last visit.

Jan. 3, 2001 (Computer Journal)

Cancellation

So I cancelled the rebirthing appointment. No doubt about it, she was very upset. She held back from calling me names, but she certainly did put me down. I felt awful afterwards; not from cancelling, but from her telling me that I'll never make it, that I am in a codependent relationship with my mother, etc. etc.

That is all very well, but I made a decision a long time ago that even though I don't need my mother, she needs me. I am hoping we will have worked out whatever it is that is between us by the time she passes away.

I find it difficult to believe the first session with this healer, because everything is so vague. Her saying, as Hell and my EMDR therapist say, that even if it never happened, I need these images to work out whatever, does not help.

If I am to be helping others, then I must be certain I haven't invented the whole thing. There have never been dreams or nightmares, that I know of, except for that man who would visit me in the night. I still think that was Jos. when he was too drunk to get himself out of bed. It could have been an out-of-body experience for him. At least it's important for me that I believe this.

Jan. 13. 2001 (Dream)

Driving

Dreamt I was driving with a friend, but the car would not stop, even though it wasn't going fast. I ended up on the sidewalk. No one was hurt, but my friend looked terrified.

I found a place to park, somehow. Later, I was at the mechanic's with my friend and I thought I might have parked the car at the wrong place.

I am driving the car again (a dream within a dream?) and the car has no brakes. I try to pull the handbrake as hard as I can, but the car still will not stop. It isn't going very fast. I slide down on the seat so that I do not see where the car is going, and I no longer try to control it. I just close my eyes.

Later, after waking and falling asleep again, I dreamt the following:

Two people were standing behind what might be a podium, while I sat in the audience (first row). They kept looking and smiling at me, with hands outstretched. A man and a woman. I do not recall the man, but the woman looked a little like the past-life lady I went to see; just more like me, a bit fat, but with blonde/grey hair. They were singing and, at one time, she screwed her head back and I wondered why. Then she turned around, with a big smile at me, and there, between the man and the woman, was a little girl (ten?), also blonde. They were singing and smiling, and using their hands to invite me to join them in the song. I tried, but neither the words nor any sound at all would come out.

Comments

I think the dreams used the car because I have problems with it at the moment and will take it into the dealership for servicing on Monday. I also think it might have to do with control and my trying not to control whatever comes up, but just to be with it and let it go where it wants to go, without putting on the brakes or trying to change the direction, even if I'm scared about the outcome.

The couple singing with joy, and the little girl, might represent the harmony I am seeking. I make no sound, I think, because I am still not sure that what happened to Micha did happen, especially after I speak with my mom. If it happened, she believes I have no knowledge of it, because she often speaks of bad things happening to other people, but never hints about herself or me.

Still, when I have a clearing, I can only believe what the clearing does to my body, but away from that I think I must be inventing the whole thing. It is very hard to accept.

Jan. 20, 2001 (Computer Journal)

Network Spinal Analysis

Rereading "Network Spinal Analysis: A Research Perspective," I remember now that when I read the article before, as happens so often, the first reading brought little enlightenment. Hell read part of it to me the other day and I tried to make some sense out of it. To quote, "...an NSA practitioner will seek to promote new properties...believed to assist in advancing spinal and neural integrity, wellness, quality of

life and self organization, allowing the expression of a greater degree of wellness.”

Then I decided to do my own little analysis and review the case of one practice member I know very well.

First, I looked at the physical, mental, spiritual, and emotional state of this practice member when she first arrived.

Physical condition (before)

Back (sitting bone): It had started benignly enough. Doing some yoga, I felt some sort of tearing of the tissues, but nothing to cry about, just a ‘what have I done here?’ It seemed to go away and I continued yoga, but then the pain started to bother me. I could not really sit properly anymore. I am a secretary, so I sit all day at a computer and type. But now, I found it difficult to sit even in my very state-of-the-art ergonomic chair. I changed chairs; I took one of my boss’s plush executive chairs and found it better for sitting, but not very good for typing. I went to see my family doctor. She sent me for x-rays but found nothing. Her diagnosis, “I cannot heal this. All I can do is give you muscle relaxants and painkillers.” Well that’s not what I wanted. I wanted to heal this backache, not take pills that would only make my stomach hurt more.

Stomach: My physician’s diagnosis was hiatus hernia. She gave me some pills and immediately my stomach got worse, so I threw them out and endured the pain.

Migraines: My family doctor prescribed Fiorinal but I stopped requesting it, I think I was getting addicted to it. The headaches would come suddenly, as if I’d been hit in the back of the head with a two-by-four, and this happened almost daily. At other times, the right side of my head would hurt to the point where I felt nauseous. So I took painkillers, three to start and then a fourth one a half hour later, usually repeated after four or five hours.

Legs: I got frostbite on my legs when I was twenty-three, walking to work in a really bad snowstorm, and though they never hurt as much as the doctor said they would, still my legs often ache. Sometimes the pain keeps me awake at night.

Insomnia: For the past ten years, I have slept no more than three or four hours a night. Sometimes, out of frustration, I will take a

sleeping pill for maybe one night, maybe a second night, but that is all. I simply do not like the way they make me feel during the day, so I usually end up not taking anything for weeks at a time. The year before I started with Network was my worst year ever for insomnia.

Menopause: I endured vertigo, insomnia, weight gain, loss of bone mass and mental confusion. My doctor suggested HRT, but I declined. She agreed to monitor my symptoms and see how I did. I had a bone scan to check for osteoporosis and was told that there is a tremendous loss of calcium in my lower back, down to 72%.

Mental: I was suicidal, there's no doubt about it. Not that I would have committed such an act, but still, not a day that went by that I didn't wish I was on the other side. I often thought I would like to just lie in bed and never, ever move again, so they would have to put me away. I would fantasize that I'd never have to make another decision, worry about loss of sleep, what I would eat, what I would wear. I would not have to worry about rent, about being responsible. I could simply be drugged all day and forget who I was. I think these thoughts were worse than those of wanting to be 'over there.' I felt powerless and despondent. I couldn't face life on its terms.

Spiritual: Because of my beliefs in karma, I believed that this life was a punishment for something terrible I had done in another life. I thought life was a sentence, a term, to pay for past crimes. I believed that I was fundamentally flawed, that I was dirty, unclean, and unworthy of love. I also believed I was incapable of loving anyone, least of all myself.

Emotional: My husband passed away five years after we were separated. I was angry at him for having made me make the choice, for putting me in a situation where I had to choose between him and life, because living with him was not life. I hated him for that.

I felt completely responsible for his death. He never quit drinking, in spite of the fact that he lived in a dingy one-room apartment, was on welfare, and had lost what was dearest to him: his family and his job.

My son was angry at me. My mother and I were trying to make our relationship work, but with little success. I was miserable. I hated

myself, my husband, my mother, and the world. At the time, it seemed I was always yelling at my son.

That is the state I was in when I came into Hell's office that October morning.

Have things changed?

Physical Condition (After)

Back (sitting bone): Reviewing a letter to my diary dated July 1999, I can say that I am better and that I can sit in my very expensive ergonomic chair. I also mentioned that there is much more to this healing than being able to sit again. I'm noticing that my entire being is being healed.

Stomach: Network clearings only intensified my stomach problems. My NSA practitioner referred me to an iridologist, and I have been seeing her for a year now. I cannot say that my stomach is better. It keeps me awake at night. The pain from the hernia can be quite severe at times. There are times when it seems my stomach and my esophagus close up more tightly than two pages stuck together. There are other health problems, such as parasites. The Iridologist only confirmed what I already knew. The medicine for this does not help my stomach. What helps my stomach is not eating any kind of wheat — very difficult to adhere to, as I am a starch junkie. I can only hope that with time I will gradually be weaned from gluten and at the same time be rid of the parasites it feeds.

Migraines: I have fewer and fewer headaches. Though it is not uncommon for me to have a migraine during and after a clearing, I have found that this usually lasts for no more than an hour. It does happen that I have migraines that last for several days, but I find that I don't take the painkillers anymore. I endure the headache, and it is bearable. Even when I was demoted at work, I managed to keep the painkillers as far away from me as possible.

Insomnia: Definitely not better. Network, I have found, has increased my insomnia. It is not difficult to find the cause of this: Micha. There have been times when I would not sleep for days and days. I mean totally awake the entire night, my mind in great turmoil. Micha! Micha! Dear God what is this all about? Overwhelmed by the pain I felt on the table during an adjustment

(and still do), and the spasms when I went to bed at night, I would find relief from this nightmare by drawing the dark images. The only way to get the image out of my head was to draw it. After days and days of fighting what I saw in my mind's eye, of calling myself names for having such a fertile imagination, I would finally do a drawing. Only then would there finally be some sleep — until the next image surfaced. I called myself all kinds of names at the time, I told myself I was using a gimmick to get attention, that I had an overactive imagination, or just simply called myself (with loathing) 'pitiful little Michelle.' Ugh! I never hated myself more than during that period of the healing journey.

To help me with the Micha issue, my NSA practitioner referred me to an MD who uses a therapy called EMDR (Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing), a method that helps to reprocess dysfunctionally stored experiences. I have found it quite effective, but less reliable than Network. To uncover repressed memories, an EMDR practitioner guides his patient in a way not unlike that of a hypnotist, but a Network practitioner says nothing, therefore he cannot implant any kind of memory that might later be deemed a false memory. At first, I found this attitude from the Network practitioner frustrating to the point of anger, but I am now extremely grateful for it. The fact that an NSA practitioner will not name anything, will not judge any response, will not comment, in a case such as mine becomes a solid platform to stand on when repressed memories of child abuse flood into the conscious.

Legs: My legs are better. Network adjustments have loosened up my hips and, with better blood circulation to my legs; they do not ache so much at night. Of course, exercise and walking is also a good remedy. One thing is certain, my legs do not feel as if there is lead running through the veins rather than blood. I take that as a definite improvement.

Menopause: I got quite a scare after having a mammogram last year, but they said it was okay. As for osteoporosis, I have to wait for the next bone scan to see where I am heading with this disease. I doubt that Network can be of any help with that.

Pneumonia/Bronchitis: I was very ill last October. For eight weeks, I struggled with pneumonia and bronchitis. I took two kinds of anti-

biotics, used puffers and had two x-rays. I was not strong enough, with Network, to try and heal this without antibiotics. I am scared to death of pneumonia. The coughing I experienced was so bad that even my neighbours were concerned. I don't think in this instance that Network was of any help, in spite of the fact that I did go for clearings.

Mental (after): I have experienced an ambivalent state of mind, a 'yes/no' kind of struggle. 'Yes, I want to heal/No, I can't take this anymore.' To my surprise, I have endured and I am no longer stuck at this stage of healing. My mind is made up to continue the process. As for my thoughts, I find that even when I was demoted, and had to struggle with the process of changing jobs, of having people either feel sorry for me or cheer my misery, I was not the least bit suicidal. No dark thoughts crossed my mind. I was distressed but not depressed. Quite a change of attitude. Again, I do not doubt for one moment that Network was a solid platform for me to stand on, when everything else around me was falling apart.

Spiritual (after): I went on a very special spiritual journey. I understand this is not uncommon for Practice Members. I travelled to Machu Picchu. There, my soul soared. I found forgiveness and learned more about who I really am. I learned that I was loved by whatever God there is and that, even though I might have done terrible things in past lives, if I faced them and acknowledged my imperfections, then I would become stronger for the challenges I had set myself. I carry the Citadel in my heart, and every day I remember it, bathed in light and filled with a spirituality that sings to my soul.

The feeling of being basically flawed is slowly being eroded by the clear days and meditations provided by my Network chiropractor, and by my visits to the therapist he referred me to. I am learning to love myself. I find that I am changing for the better. Each time I notice a change in my behaviour, I like myself a little better. This part of Network is quite a bonus. I do not know if all Network chiropractors provide such healing work, but I am very grateful mine does.

Emotional (after): My relationship with my son is becoming that of loving mother and loving son, and I thank God daily for Eddy's presence in my life. My relationship with my mother is still very

stormy. She is seventy-nine years old and I am not sure it would be a good idea to talk about memories of child abuse (that I am not a hundred per cent sure of) unless she were to mention the subject first. However, I am confident that we will work things out. There are times when I still get upset because my husband chose death rather than life, but I now have a much better understanding of why I feel that way. My new job at work might have been a demotion, but in the process I learned good things about myself.

Jan. 28, 2001 (Computer Journal)

Crybaby

I hear it all the time now, but it is stronger at night. It seems all I have to do is lie down and close my eyes and the feelings are intensified. Help! Mommy! Help!

I first heard the screaming inside my head about a year ago, and I wanted to stop it. I did not want to go where the pain is. I told Dr. Sheppard about it and, with EMDR, it seemed to go away for awhile. At the last clear day, I screamed it out loud. Again, it went away for a while. But now it is back and it seems that it will not go away again.

I cannot stop this anymore. I cannot stop myself from going for an adjustment. If I tried to do so, or tried to stop the screaming, I think I would do myself serious injury. The repressed memories seem to have a life of their own. Pandora's box is wide open. The images are still a blurred mess, but they are coming more into focus.

After an adjustment, I need to sit on the floor (lying down on the table to let the process do its work is impossible). I need to sit in the dark. I need to make myself as little as possible. I need to rock myself. I feel stupid when Hell and Paula come to soothe me. I am fifty-six years old, for goodness sake! Yet the warmth of their hugs fills a terrible void. They bring some sort of light that does not quite take away the black night, but it helps me to cry, or I should say grieve. It allows me to breathe out all that bad stuff inside of me. When I finally get up, I think that's enough with the self-pity already.

I hate myself when I cry so much. It seems to me that it is okay to cry softly, so that no one can hear, or to just let the tears roll down my cheeks, but to sob loudly seems unacceptable for someone my age. I am no longer four years old and I keep telling myself to stop it! What a crybaby.

Last Wednesday was a bad day, to say the least. Making a fool of myself by being hysterical is unacceptable behaviour. There were so many things going on inside my head, I was a complete emotional wreck. What if I had behaved that way when Jos. and I separated? Or each time Eddy was in the hospital? Or when I was demoted? I close my eyes and shudder. I will see Hell on Monday for an adjustment (I cannot stop this) but to attend his next workshop...? I know I should, but to face these people and have them look at me, thinking what an idiot I am and how disruptive my behaviour is, I don't know.

Besides, can I attend and pretend to do the exercise in the garden and say how everything is beautiful and lovely, and lie? I hate that exercise. The garden I have been visualizing is made of stone and concrete; there's nothing alive in it. Worse still, there is no 'sacred self.' How can there be? I am dead. That space inside of me is all black and my attempt to colour it gave me the grey garden.

When we had the first workshop and I saw the garden, I thought okay, so tonight I cannot visualize more than this, but surely it will be better next time. Only it wasn't and I had to leave — what was I going to say to the others about my garden?

Each June, I love to go to the Botanical Gardens in Montreal and sit in the garden of roses, for hours at a time, admiring them. The gardens have so many kinds of roses and they are so beautiful. You would think I could find one rose bush in my own garden. I came home that night to find that Eddy had rented *What Dreams May Come*. A strange coincidence. In the movie, Annie's inner space is like that. She says her most precious paintings are missing, that her roses used to be so handsome, but now there is no water pressure, no electricity. That's what my inner world looks like. There are no beautiful roses and I possess no precious thing. Worse, there is no benevolent loving creature to bring light and colour to my garden. I have told Hell and Dr. Sheppard that I am dead inside, but they do not seem to know what I'm talking about.

Something else is happening too. Whether it is good or bad I do not know. When Paula asked me those questions, the other day, I was surprised at my answers. The Micha story is so strange. My story is strange. I am aware how unbelievable it is — I don't believe it myself. But I find that, when asked by someone I trust, I will answer as hon-

estly as I can. I will also tell the person that I have no way of knowing how true the story is, or how much distortion there is. All I know, all I can honour, is what goes on during a clearing. I cannot deny the memories of my body. Those memories cannot lie, but the ones in my head may. I wait, too. I wait for whoever is listening to call me a liar, or tell me to shut up, or to grow up. I wait for them to tell me to stop the drama, to move on. When I am talking about Micha, I think someone should have me thrown into one of those padded rooms.

I'm also a bit confused, because sometimes I will tell about Micha and feel nothing, while other times strong emotions rise to my throat. Why? Why is it that I do not always react to the story the same way? The words are the same. I do not change the story. So why is it that sometimes I find it difficult to tell the story, while at other times I am totally numb, and speak as if I were speaking about some stranger in a sorry little story that would be better ignored than told?

And now I think I have to hurry and get this over with. If it is as I feel, and the momentum I am experiencing is unstoppable, what will I do if Hell ever decides to move away? I suppose I can always see Dr. Sheppard more often, or find some other sort of therapy, because it seems to me that no matter what I do, I always end up in the same place. Talk about being stuck in a perspective. Dr. Epstein, I hate it when people put me in a box.

Feb. 17, 2001 (Dream)

Where is my purse?

Outside, playing ball with a man. He throws a soccer ball to me and I retrieve it and throw it back. Or, as it seems to be most of the time, children chase it and throw it back to him until he isn't there anymore, and I throw a much smaller ball, the size of a tennis ball, which I throw at a woman, but she refuses to play.

A young man on a bicycle. He is from some sort of organization that polices the area. I get on his bicycle to hitch a ride back to my hotel, but fall off. I realize I've lost my purse and go looking for it and am filled with anguish.

I find my purse on the grass. It is white (the small white one I have for summer). I can tell it has been opened because the shoulder strap is tucked into the outside zipper.

Back with the young man, I dump the contents of my purse on some sort of table outside the building. There is a bottle of something (looks like water) that I empty on the grass. I see (dream within a dream) other such bottles that are empty, that I have scattered around the house, like I do with empty perfume bottles.

Walking inside a huge building, I am trying to get back to where I left my purse. I think my credit cards might be stolen. Ahead of me, in the corridor where I'm walking, but far enough away for me to not be able to distinguish faces, a young woman in a grey robe over a white gown and a nun dressed all in white are walking away from me. I mostly see their backs. The sister is helping the young woman, who tells her that she feels she will not heal. After all, she is a whore, how could she heal? The nun tells her that GC loves her very much ('GC' I understood to stand for 'God the Creator'). The nun was gentle and loving. I wanted to believe her.

I then sought a door to leave the building, but the one I found I did not use, because it opened into some sort of hall entrance and there were several men sitting on the floor. I did not want them to see me, so I looked for another door. I found a huge metal door to my right. It had enormous hinges and was at least twelve feet high. I pushed on the hinges and the door opened easily.

I found myself in a concrete courtyard and cars were coming from behind me, which puzzled me because I had just come out of the building. There was a man walking with a little girl, about four. I asked him directions to get to where I thought I had left my purse.

I think it is now dark and the man, now older and fatter, stops a car to ask the couple for directions. He instructs them to pray and, while their eyes are closed, he steals some sort of leather case. When he unzips it, I notice it contains leather gloves, ordinary winter brown leather gloves. I chase him to give the gloves back to the lady, but I cannot get close to him. I do see him pick up a nasty looking gun. It had been left by a previous robber.

Then I see a young woman, slim, salt-and-pepper hair, pale. She's a detective or a cop or something, and she too picks up a gun, one that is lying on the floor. I tell her she's stupid to pick up the gun.

Symbols

White purse: I recognize as innocence.

Young man on a bicycle: some sort of balance that I have lost (I fell off).

The bottle of water/perfume: cleansing.

Looking for my purse: seeking that which I lost.

Young woman in the corridor: me.

Men in the entrance hall: I did not want to confront them or for them to see me. (Whatever I still need for healing?)

Door that leads outside: leads to danger.

Gun: Sex, phallic symbol.

Gloves: Leather gloves? What is the expression about kid gloves? To treat someone with kid gloves?

PRAYING DOES NOT PROTECT YOUR INNOCENCE!

Other woman picking up a gun is me, too. I call her stupid.

Notes

I have been very sad at the thought of not seeing Hell again, as he is moving out of town. I have been calling myself stupid for having feelings for him. I don't think that I'm in love with him, but it is common for a patient to be infatuated with her doctor. Still, I have been hard on myself for having those feelings.

I do not wish to ever fall in love again. Falling in love is like picking up a gun, it will backfire on you at some time.

March 13, 2001 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Betrayed! What do I feel? Betrayed. What do I want? Comfort. No wonder I am fat! I had an adjustment today (new chiropractor). What was I remembering? That I was being drowned by my grandfather, as he pushed my head under the water over and over again, telling me he would kill me if I talked? Come on! It can't be! It simply cannot be.

March 20, 2001 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt that last week's adjustment left me processing for three more days. Today, though, after the adjustment I feel relaxed; it seems I did clear some stuff. But no memories, and I feel ambivalent about this. Am I glad? Yes! But I know I have to keep going. I only wonder how much longer it will take before I finally let the memories totally and completely in. Look them in the face and finally say, "There! It is

finally done!’ So much more to go through. I can only hope that when I want to quit, I will want the healing much more.

March 31, 2001 (Computer Journal)

A Direct Question

We talked on the telephone last night. My mother and I talk on the phone two or three times a week. I find that she reminisces more and more. She talks about her cousins and aunts, her grandmother, her sisters and adopted brothers, and invariably the conversation turns to her father, my grandfather.

The things she mentions are horrendous, yet she is very matter-of-fact and there is no emotion. It is a sort of wistful remembering of the good and the bad thrown in together, but mostly it is about when she was in her teens, and from there we usually end up with my grandfather.

Three times in the past two years she has mentioned coming home one day when she was fourteen or so, and finding him sexually assaulting her old grandmother. The first time, she said: “I walked in and there they were engaged in oral sex. It seemed to me that this was consensual sex on the part of my grandmother.”

I asked if she thought that, at eighty-seven, her grandmother could possibly be acquiescing to this kind of activity. She answered that she was not sure. Another time she had said, “I came in from grocery shopping and there they were — so I went right back out for an hour and came back later, and it was as if nothing had happened.” Then last night, she merely said, “I walked into the house and saw something and just went out again.”

She doesn’t remember that, a long time ago, when she was in her late forties and drinking heavily, she had mentioned coming home to find her father raping her poor old grandmother. She had said: “There he was thumping her violently, as she sat in the chair with her tiny, skinny old body jerking up and down, her face horribly contorted with pain.” Then she had burst into tears. She was terribly drunk, and I said nothing. Not that I didn’t believe her, it was simply that I was emotionally dead. This wasn’t the first time she had said such things to me when she was in that state. There was the time she’d told me I was illegitimate.

As I had done over and over again, I didn't say a word of this to her when she was sober. It seemed to me she wouldn't remember, so why bother?

Now things are different. She is seventy-nine years old; she is sober. She stopped drinking eight years ago. And I guess one could say that her journey is almost over. So it is that she reminisces about the past, and because I have been on a long healing journey of my own, I seem to be able to respond to what she says, to react in a more loving manner. I ask questions. I make a comment here or there. Gentle questions. Gentle comments. I am very careful, I do not wish to hurt her. I love her very dearly.

Yesterday, she was the one who phoned, maybe out of a need to talk about these things, because it didn't take long for the conversation to turn to Grandfather. She mentioned that her cousin who worked in a brothel downtown had told her that she had seen him there many times. She told me, and not for the first time, that very late at night she often saw him sneak out of the house to go visit the widow next door. He would use a window that opened onto the porch that connected with their neighbour's. She mentioned that her sisters had slept with him. She talked about a cousin who had reported to her mother that when she'd been babysat at his house, he had taken her on his lap and had played with her genitals.

In a soft voice, and still with no emotion, she said that, in those days, men who did such things to their children did not go to jail. They were not arrested. No charges were laid against them. Nothing was done — because nothing was ever said. No one ever talked about these things. She said your father was supposed to be the head of the family. Someone who would set a good example, who would watch over you and protect you, but if your father was like hers was, you didn't talk about it. Never had she ever told anyone what she knew, what she saw. She talked about the mornings her mother wouldn't get up to make breakfast, and she had to make breakfast for him. He would force himself on her, kissing her, touching her. She would slap him hard. But always he would do this, morning after morning. She said she told no one. I asked if he had raped her. She said she didn't remember.

Then she asked the question, point blank, "I've been thinking. I was so young then; I didn't think that he might do these things to his own granddaughter. I left you so often with your grandmother and grandfather. Did he ever touch you? Do you remember him touching you, doing things like that to you?"

So there it was, the million dollar question. I was silent for a moment. What was I going to answer?

I thought of one instance that I do remember very clearly. For some reason, I was next door, sleeping at the neighbour's place. My grandfather had moved in with her after my grandmother passed away. I heard my grandfather coming into the room where I was lying in bed in the dark, but not sleeping. I was maybe eight or nine. I could see him in the doorway. Then I heard Mrs. McConnell say, "Anatole, leave the girl alone and come to bed!" That is the only true memory that I have. As far as I am concerned, everything else is a false memory. I invented everything else.

"Do you remember?"

"Sorry, Mom. I was searching my memory but I don't remember if he ever did things like that."

There it was. I'd had my chance, but when it came down to the crunch, I could say nothing. How could I tell her anything when the only memories I have are those I get from Network or from EMDR? To me they're not real memories. I don't wake up every morning with memories of abuse. I don't have dreams. What could I tell her?

It's one thing to say that Anatole molested me when I was a small child, but to tell my mother that he believed I deserved punishment because I was illegitimate, that I was fair play because I was born in sin? And the story of torture and sexual abuse? What could I possibly tell her? And I don't know that this really happened! I don't believe it could have. I believe I invented the whole story. To hell with Network and EMDR!

Besides, she's so frail now, and so vulnerable. In the past two years my feelings towards her have gone from anger and resentment to realizing that she, too, has suffered tremendously at Anatole's hands and she made the best of it. She did the best she could with me and my brother. And, most of all, I have come to see her as a woman of courage, in spite of her alcoholism and irresponsibility. She has earned

my understanding, and she has the right to have a little peace before she, too, passes on.

The conversation continued. I mentioned that maybe she should talk with Aunt Sophie. Sophie is two years older than she, and since Aunt Josephine and Aunt Pauline have passed on, and I thought that maybe if she talked to Aunt Sophie she might find that she, too, had things to say about Anatole. Maybe she, too, had had to fight him off in the morning or at night, or maybe she, too, saw him sneak out at night or do things to their grandmother. Mom shrugged the suggestion off and said she doubted it. We are both very good at hiding our feelings, so we went on to talk about other things for a while, then I told her I loved her very dearly, and we hung up, and then I cried.

I cried for a long time; not just for me, but for her too. I prayed. I prayed, not just for me, but for her too. As for Anatole, he's long gone. There's nothing to say; it is simply not worth it.

I went for an adjustment today. The clearing took me back into that room. Downstairs at the healing centre, the Club was testing some speakers and the loud resonance and vibrations reminded me of the circular saw in the workshop. I saw my hands tied and Anatole pushing my hands towards the saw (which was making a similar loud noise), telling me he would cut off my hands if I said anything to anyone. This time, I couldn't stop the crying. Terry, the assistant, bless her heart, tried to console me but I simply could not stop crying. I felt so stupid. I am such a crybaby. What must the others think of me? I hate Network! I hate EMDR! Why am I bothering with either one? I thought there might be healing there, but tonight I think not. The first time I had asked my mom if Anatole had raped her, she answered, "It happened so long ago. It simply does not matter anymore." She's right.

And so I cry some more. I cry for her, I cry for me. I cry for all little children who cry in the night.

April 10, 2001 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I know how to open up. Or to let go. I know I've hit this wall of fear and that's what's stopping me. I know what is on the other side, but I am very afraid of the pain. Today, I managed to tell

myself that I am safe now. That it is okay. That it was a long time ago. What I ask is that I don't just think that I have forgiven my mom, but that I really have. But how does anyone know for sure? If I get over to the other side of that pain, then maybe I will know for sure if I really have forgiven. Today leaves me with the same kind of pain in my neck and in my back, yet that new doc says I did well. Did I?

April 17, 2001 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today, I felt a little easier, not scared anymore, not worried where it will lead. Much more relaxed. I think I have let go of a lot of anguish and confusion. Things are better concerning Micha. I am okay with the whole thing now and I no longer feel angry or hurt. I am well on the road to being entirely myself. Whatever part of me seemed to be missing has been found. The wounds are healing and the scars are less deep. Feels good. My back still hurts and so does my head. Yet I feel lighter.

May 11, 2001 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...I don't know what I was feeling today, but I know what I was not feeling. No fear. No resistance. No running away. When the panic comes, now I can breathe into it. I don't worry whether or not there will be images. I don't even think of it anymore. The breathing is easier. I get slightly dizzy, but it is not unpleasant. Would love to just go to sleep.

May 25, 2001 (NSA Journal after adjustment)

Today I felt...Mostly, each adjustment to the neck makes me nauseous. Not terribly, but enough. Surprised that there is still stuff from Micha. I feel relaxed but tired, and my neck hurts some.

Note

I stopped going to Network Spinal Analysis. After Hell left, several other Network chiropractors came and went, but the healing lost its momentum and I no longer felt like going to the centre. The centre itself eventually closed. I also stopped going to Dr. Sheppard. After my telephone conversation with my mom on March 31, I brought him what I had written and told him to close the file. He wished me well and that was that.

July 14, 2001 (Dream)

Angry

I am angry at Hell, there's no doubt about that. The dream I had last night shows it. And this morning, doing the exercises, I hurt my left side. What is the expression? A thorn in my side? I think that's why I have the pain. I hurt my side after Hell left and it comes and goes ever since.

Here's the dream, or rather the little bit I remember:

Dreamt I was on a train going through mountains. I was sitting on the left side. There were double seats on the right and single ones on the left.

I'm not sure, but I think at some time I saw a beautiful black wolf very clearly.

When did I see Hell? I'm not sure if it was after the wolf or before. Anyway, I ignore him. In the dream, I'm angry and upset at him for leaving me to find other sources of healing, so I simply ignore him. I think he talks to me but I don't reply or even look at him.

Later, I'm with a group of people. There's a leader, a woman, so someone is responsible for the group. We are all going to a movie, which I think we'd all seen before. Hell is there too. He has lost at least forty pounds. He looks good. Still, I ignore him and will not speak to him. When we come out of the theatre, it's raining. Hell has a raincoat, but I don't.

Later, that same woman who was the leader is alone with me. We are walking outside in a very large green area (a garden?). She tells me that my application has been accepted. I ask if it is part-time only and she says yes. I'm delighted. I tell her this is exactly what I need. Worried about salary, I ask how much. She says \$14,000. I think this is perfect! She says I have to start right away. I tell her I'm not sure I can start immediately because I cannot leave my place of work without notice and they are in a tight position, right now, with so little staff.

Somewhere in the dream, or it might even be right at the end of it, I'm sitting in a large room that is at the back of the train. Sitting on three rows of chairs are men, all Jewish. That was towards the end of the room, but I think I was sitting a little apart and Hell might have been ahead to my right. I wondered what I was doing, sitting beside

all these men, and thought maybe I should move up ahead in the train so people would not think I was with them.

Note

My head understands why Hell had to leave his practice, but my heart is angry at him because I had become so dependent on him. I miss his kind counsel, his clear days and his hugs. I miss his coaching in SRI and his standing 'above.' I miss his meditations and his healing touch. I understand that he had to seek his own healing.

I am angry! Was I in love with him? I would not be the first patient to fall in love with her doctor. At any rate, I'm beginning to think that the pain in my left side is my being heartbroken over Hell. There, I said it! I had come to need him too much, and that is not a good thing.

I miss you, Hell. You are my healer and nothing more. I have to let go of you. I know I have to, I just don't know how. Help me do this, dear God.

Aug. 18, 2001 (Letter)

Dear Grandfather,

I have travelled a long and arduous journey, these last few years, through a forest of dark, unholy memories.

You changed me. You transformed me from a happy child, innocent and loving, into a dark-hearted child. You took away my smile, my joy, my innocence, and you replaced them with self pity, self-defacing images, ugliness, and a sadness so profound that it would not let any light into my soul.

I spent months struggling with the images, telling myself I was making it up and that I was lying to myself. I wanted to believe that, more than I wanted to believe that you hurt me this much.

I realize now why I have such negative beliefs about myself. You put them there! You hurt me! You made me feel dirty! You are the one who dirtied me! You left me bleeding and soiled! You raped me when I was not yet even four years old! How dare you! You are sick!

All these years I believed there was something wrong with me, when all the while there was something wrong with you. Well, no more of this! Today, I finally see clearly. I was completely innocent. I believed your lies all these years, but not anymore.

I am not, not, a slut. I am not, not, a whore. I am pure. I was always pure. You soiled me. But now that I know this, I can clean myself free of you. I can be totally pure and no longer believe your lies. I was not born in sin. When I was born, God smiled, as He does for every child, as He did even for you. When I was born, God smiled on me and blessed me. I had forgotten that. I believed your lies, but now I know better. All these years, I have accepted your words as truth. Not anymore!

You were wrong. You were sick, and I mean it in more ways than one. Whatever happened to you as a child, that caused you to behave that way, must have been truly evil. Or were you truly evil? I do not know evil as you knew it.

Were you able to sleep at night? Did you never ask yourself why am I doing this? Did you believe the only possible way to know pleasure was by hurting me and your daughters as you did?

I remember little of you. Blue eyes, white hair, red-veined skin, sawed-off fingertips. As I write, I don't remember ever hating you. Surely I must have. If I didn't, I know that I must not blame myself for this. Through all the pain you inflicted on me, did you believe that pain brings pleasure and is that what you tried to teach me?

These many years of confusion about who I am, what I am, have stunted my growth; have caused ugly warts to grow on my face, have made me behave like a hag. But now, as I heal, the warts are disappearing. The hag is straightening up and lifting her head high. And, little by little, one little baby step after the other, I'm learning to love myself.

I have been afraid to look for the real Micha because I was afraid I would find that you were right all along, but you were not. I have finally stopped listening to your lies. No more can you mar me. No more can you possess me. For that is what I was: possessed by your evil.

Well, not anymore.

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ISBN 142516528-1



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